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VOL. 2780.

SKETCHES FROM FRENCH TRAVEL.

BY  
EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

IN ONE VOLUME.

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**By the same Author,**

**THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION . . . 1 vol.  
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SOME POINTS IN CENTRAL AND  
NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE.



## ANTIQUARIAN TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL FRANCE.

To those whose tastes lead them that way there is a certain special interest in a ramble through the smaller and less famous cities of France. There is doubtless an equal interest in doing the like through the cities of Germany or Italy; but the interest differs somewhat in its nature in the three countries. We are now speaking in all three lands of the lesser cities, those which do not rank, and which never did rank, among the great historic cities of Europe. Their examination carries with it something of the pleasure of discovery. The traveller is not likely to take with him any very minute knowledge of the local history. He makes it out largely on the spot, with such help from books and men as he can find on the spot, in the presence of the existing monuments which the course of the local history has left. He goes away, having as it were formed a new friendship. He has become possessed of a new interest; he seems to have acquired a kind of property in the place; every mention of it which he afterwards comes across speaks to him with a life and meaning which it had not before. No man could venture to assert this kind of personal claim in any of

the great cities of Europe, in Rome (Old or New), in Athens, in Venice or Florence, in Cologne, hardly in Rheims or Rouen. Such cities can belong to him only as they belong to countless others. But a smaller city, known perhaps before by name and little more, when it has been once examined in this way, becomes a kind of possession. The central French cities have special opportunities in this way. Every one has a history; few have, what so many Italian cities have, an European history; but all have a history of some kind—a history which has an interest, especially when spelled out on the spot among the monuments of the spot. Each city had its bishops; most of them had counts or other lords. And the doings of those bishops and counts are pleasant to study, at all events under the shadow of their own churches and castles. There were municipalities also, and there is a certain satisfaction in an age of monotonous prefects and mayors, when one finds for oneself, from some epitaph or other inscription, that the magistrates of one town were *consuls*, those of another *échevins*, those of a third *capitouls*. A few days' examination of this kind will not of course put the traveller on a level with the local antiquary in point of local information. But such an examination, carried on in several places, will perhaps open to the inquirer some things in each place which the local antiquary fails to see. He will actually know far less of each place than he who has given his life to the study of that place; but he will be better able than the man who has studied one place only to compare one city with another, and to mark at a glance what is most truly characteristic of each,

We have specially in our eyes, on the strength of a recent visit\*, a group of cities, chiefly but not all, coming within the district known as the Morven. This natural district does not seem exactly to coincide either with any old principality or with any modern department. Part lies in Yonne, part in Saone and Loire; along with part of the undoubted duchy of Burgundy, it takes in some of the border counties of France, Burgundy, and Aquitaine. In some parts, as about Autun, the scenery is bold and hilly, almost mountainous. And of its hills one is crowned with the immemorial native fortress of Bibracte, and another with its Roman successor at Augustodunum. The inhabitants are spoken of as a hardy and vigorous race—a race which may be recommended to the study of economists, as something very like village communities is said to have prevailed among them till quite modern times. But it is with the cities that the historical inquirer has mainly to deal. And it is greatly to his comfort that most of them lie out of beaten tracks. They keep their nationality; they have not become cosmopolitan. The traveller is not lodged in buildings which are at once palaces and caravanserais, where every place inside and out is swarming with his own countrymen, and where he has hardly the chance, even if he tries, of speaking and hearing any language but his own. The land is not spoiled by tourists. The traveller must be content to speak and hear only the language of the country, and to live in many respects as the natives of the country live. And in the chief cities at least that is not a life to be despised. He will be very comfortably housed and fed in *hôtels* which

\* In 1881.

may claim to keep their historical circumflex, as with them the word is not the sign of modern English grandeur or affectation, but is simply the natural French for the natural English *inn*. There he will find himself, not an impersonal No. 497, but a human creature, placed in a personal human relation to the landlord, or, better still, the landlady. A good deal of this is common to all those lands which the traveller finds civilized enough and not too civilized; but it is certain that no one anywhere else understands the art of keeping an inn as a Frenchwoman of the right kind does. It is in itself not unpleasant to spend several days in one of these cities, to go in and out, to con over its monuments leisurely, and to have no dealings with any one but those on the spot who may be able to give help.

These mid-French cities again, for the pleasures of discovery at least, have some advantages over places both to the north and to the south of them. It is in some sort a gain that they have less to do with the general history of later times, that in some cases their main historical interest belongs to the days of Cæsar. There is more to find out; we are brought among newer things and persons, and this process has its interest also as well as the process which we may call that of recognizing old friends. At some points again we find ourselves distinctly in a border district; we see how men did, and spoke, and built in lands which were not exactly French and not exactly Aquitanian, but which show signs of influences from both sides. We light on unfamiliar names and stories. We ask, for instance, why the cathedral of Nevers should be dedicated to Saint Cyrus, and why Saint Cyrus should

appear, in the sculptures of the church and in the acts of its chapter, as a naked child riding on a pig. An effort of memory may or may not call up the remembrance of the infant martyr Cyrus or Cyriacus and his mother Julitta. But it will at least be news to hear how a King Charles—whether Charles the Great or Charles the Bald seems uncertain—dreamed that he was hunting, that he was in grievous danger from a wild boar, how a naked child appeared and said that, if the King would clothe him, he would save him from the boar. The King promises; the child mounts the boar and guides him by his tusks to die by the King's hands. The clothing is explained by the Bishop of Nevers to mean the complete rebuilding of his church, in which Saint Cyrus already had a small chapel. And if we take with us no very clear idea of the later Countesses and Duchesses of Nevers, we shall at least carry away an idea of one of them, when we read how she wrought for the church of Nevers a piece of tapestry representing the martyrdom of the two patron saints, and how, on receiving some offence from certain of the canons, she brought in their likenesses in the persons of the heathen torturers of Cyrus and Julitta. A higher interest attaches to the process of tracing out the essential differences between the cities themselves. Here, where every city is a Roman *chester*, it is instructive to mark the exact amount of influence which the Roman lines have had upon the modern town. We see Sens—not in Morven, but on the road to it—still, as far as the itself city goes, bounded by its Roman enclosure. We see Auxerre and Nevers, where the Roman enclosure is lost in the greater extent of the mediæval and modern city. We see Autun,

once the vast Augustodunum, which has shrunk up, like Rome itself, and which has girded itself with a later wall far within the limits of the ancient one, leaving the great monuments of Roman times to be looked for among straggling suburbs. We have the hill cities, the river cities, the cities which hold a kind of intermediate place between the two. The field is a wide and an attractive one. We may again come back to some special parts of it in greater detail.

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#### N E V E R S.

ONE of the class of mid-French cities of which we have spoken in a late article is Nevers. It cannot in any age count among the great cities of Europe; it cannot even count among the great cities of Gaul. It fills no prominent place in history at any time. It appears in the ecclesiastical map as the head of a diocese; it appears in the civil map as the head of a county which grew into a duchy. But neither on the ecclesiastical nor on the temporal side does Nevers claim the same historical importance as some of its neighbour cities. Its bishopric is younger than many of its neighbours, and neither its counts nor its bishops play the same leading part in the affairs of Gaul or of Europe as the counts and bishops of some other cities. They have their local history when we come to look for it; but there is no name which stands out at once without our having to look for it. There are not at Nevers,

as there are, say, at Chartres or at Le Mans, counts and bishops whose names of themselves make us wish to visit the place which was the scene of their rule. Nor is the general aspect of the city so striking as that of some of its neighbours. It stands well above the Loire, at the point where the great boundary river is fed by the small stream of the Nièvre, which gives its name to the modern department. The rushing stream—"quel torrent révolutionnaire que cette Loire"—flows on, bringing down with it, when we saw it, masses of ice; but here it flows between very low banks, not, as in some lower parts of its course, between chalk-cliffs in which men build like sand-martins. The revolutionary tendencies of the stream are shown by its fondness for floods, and sometimes for the stronger measure of sweeping away the bridge of Nevers. But in the general view from the bridge—the best place to take in the general look of a city—the cathedral church seems too completely dominant; it needs some balancing object, whether of its own class or of any other. The church of Saint Saviour, close by the bridge, which would have supplied a foreground, has left only fragments, and the ducal palace, which would have supplied a rival object, barely shows the tops of its pinnacles above the houses. The minster itself too is of no very graceful outline; a long body with a single side tower. The history of Nevers supplies nothing to equal the history of Auxerre and of Autun, so its general view cannot be compared either to Auxerre with its three churches rising above the Yonne, or to the one great church of Autun on its hill, girt with a mass of walls and towers of every date and of every purpose.

But if from the bridge we climb up the low yet steep hill on which Nevers stands, if we walk diligently through her streets and carefully note her buildings, we find that we are walking through a city which can quite hold its place among neighbours which seem far more striking at first sight. We have said that the remains of the church of Saint Saviour face us as we cross the bridge. The tall Romanesque doorway which is still left might easily be taken for a gateway. Go in, and we find the remnants of the minster, columns and arches to match the doorway, and those capitals which are not in their places, a wonderful store, are carefully stowed away in the museum formed in the grand gateway tower of the city known as the *Porte du Croux*. We may, without climbing the hill, make our way to it, and take on our road almost the only remaining tower of the city wall, known as La Tour Goguin, and also a small building of singular interest, the desecrated monastic church of Saint Genest. Here we feel that at Nevers, as becomes a city on the Loire, we have reached the borders of another artistic world, a world quite distinct from that of England, Normandy, and proper France. Save that the capitals are not classical, but rich with figures and all the usual Romanesque ornaments, we might think ourselves at Palermo. The plan is that of the Greek cross; the arches are pointed; but, as at Palermo, as at Périgueux, the pointed arch is here no sign of coming Gothic. Or again, still without reaching the upper city, the inquirer might take the turn to the right; he might track out the walls of the city and the course of the Nièvre, and make his way through the lower streets to the

abbey church of Saint Stephen. Here he will find one of the most perfect Romanesque churches in Europe, but one of yet a third type. The church, built between 1063 and 1096, and consecrated by the famous Bishop Ivo of Chartres, is as far as may be from being either classical or Norman; the ruder types of the earlier Romanesque linger on, even in the great western doorway. Few interiors of the same scale are more stately; unusually lofty, covered with a barrel vault, its four arches crowned by a cupola, it carries out the idea of its own type in the fullest perfection. And while it kept its three towers, few exteriors could have been more picturesque.

Here then is a store of treasures, ecclesiastical and military, of which none except the least important, the *Tour Goguin*, take any part at all in the general view. We reach, by whatever path, the upper city, and here we find the two great central objects, Church and State, sitting becomingly side by side in the form of the cathedral church and the ducal palace. The latter supplanted the more ancient castle of the counts in the later years of the fifteenth century. Traces of the elder building remain behind; but the present building stands out as a very perfect example of a large house of the time. Its enrichments are a treasure-house of legendary sculpture; the tale of the Knight of the Swan, and other tales too, may be studied by those whose tastes run in that direction. Lovers of earlier forms will turn to the great church hard by, and, above all, to its western end. West front it has none; transepts, strictly so called, it has none; but it has, what might almost make us fancy ourselves carried away among

the two-headed churches of Germany, an apse at each end. The western one is the older, most likely not the apse itself, but the crypt beneath it; and two tall columns in the eastern one belong to the same early style as Saint Stephen's, and bear the date of 1024. Seemingly the original church was, like St. Genest, a Greek cross, only with its apse to the west. The architects of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries enlarged the church to the east, and built a new apse at the east end, without destroying the elder one at the west. The church, in short, like some others in Italy and elsewhere, has been turned round. The later part forms an interior of great beauty, perhaps not the less satisfactory to an English eye because its proportions are rather English than French. At Nevers we are not overwhelmed with the soaring majesty of some of the greater French minsters; the building comes more nearly down to the level of our own faculties. We are able to study as well as to admire.

But Nevers has also attractions of more recent times. The city, proud of its palace, of its counts, dukes and duchesses, is proud also of its park and of its poet. Is it a very shameful confession that an English traveller may reach Nevers and hear the name of Adam Billaud, the cabinet-making poet of Nevers in the seventeenth century, for the first time in his own city? His house is to be seen; his story may be read in local books, how, after enjoying most princely patronage, he at last died in want. Tastes differ, and, while some may give their time at Nevers to musing on Adam Billaud, others may be, as we have shown elsewhere, more curious to find out why Saint Cyrus appears in the singular guise in

which local art delights to carve him. Nevers too has its old art of china-work, which has not yet left it, and which ought to make the city dear to the votaries of culture. Let us hope that the present inhabitants of Nevers endeavour to "live up to" the pretty works in this line which they still continue to turn out.

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### A U T U N .

WE have casually mentioned Autun in speaking of several of its neighbour cities. One can hardly feel any doubt in saying that it supplies the greatest historical study of the group. None of them so thoroughly tells its own tale; none, it may perhaps be thought, has such a tale to tell. What the tale is, and how Autun tells it, may perhaps be best understood by recording a mistake actually made. We went to Autun, with a general notion of what was to be seen there, above all of the two great Roman gateways. We took up our quarters at the *Hôtel de la Poste*, and sallied forth the next morning to begin our inquiries. We soon found that we were by no means lodged on the highest point of Augustodunum. We went, according to the safe rule in such cases, up, up, up, knowing that the cathedral church is pretty safe to stand on the highest ground in the city. We went on; we made our first acquaintance with the minster of Saint Lazarus, of which more anon; and we gradually found out that its conventional east end is far more nearly south. We then went out of the city

at its south side, and followed the Roman wall on the west side till we lost it in the lower part of the city. A number of small streets led down northwards to the railway station; it therefore seemed needless to go further; a railway station, like an amphitheatre, commonly lies outside the walls. We took for granted that the northern side of the wall was lost, and we followed a bold town wall, with many turrets, which plainly was not itself a Roman work, but which might well mark the line of the eastern side of the Roman enclosure. We followed it, and in so doing we compassed the greater part of the present city, but, to our great surprise, without coming across either of the famous gateways. We presently found out our mistake; we had compassed by far the greater part of Autun; we had not traced out so much as one whole side of Augustodunum. It had not come into our mind that the railway station could lie within the city wall, or that the Roman gates lay in what might almost be called open country, to be reached only by a good walk to the south and east from any point which we had yet come to. The truth is that by far the greater part of the Roman wall of Augustodunum is still in being, though nowhere in a very perfect state. The later wall coincides with part of its western and part of its northern side; the modern city has in fact shrunk up into a corner of the old one. The space between the older and later enclosure is partly open, partly filled with straggling suburbs. Like Rome itself, like Soest in Westphalia, Autun is the exact opposite to that much larger class of cities which have expanded themselves more than once, and where the Roman wall perhaps is altogether lost, per-

haps survives as the enclosure of an inner acropolis. We see at once that Augustodunum, the city of the *Ædui*, was not a mere military post which has grown into a city, but that it was deliberately planned as a great city, as a city in short on so great a scale that in later ages it shrank up into about half of its old circuit.

A visit to Augustodunum ought properly to begin or end with a visit to its predecessor Bibracte; for antiquaries have now agreed to place Bibracte, not at Autun itself, but on the height to the north-west, now called Mont-Beuvray. The hill may be seen from Autun, and the description of the place makes the antiquarian mind long to be there; but the mountain fortress is hardly a place to be made out in the winter without a guide; and the chief of *Æduan* antiquaries, ready to act as a guide in the summer, shrinks from taking on himself to climb the mountain in the middle of January, when the snow has not wholly passed away even from the far lower height of Autun. But there seems little doubt that Augustodunum was founded under Augustus as the head of the *Æduans*, instead of Bibracte, and that it grew while Bibracte decayed. The circuit of the Roman walls is assigned to Augustus' own reign; the city took the Emperor's name with a familiar Celtic ending. The name, or its contracted form, has lived on through all changes; but it is to be noticed that in mediæval times the name Augustodunum is rare. *Ædua*, *Æduorum civitas*, and the like, just as in the case of other Gaulish cities, are the forms more commonly used. The walls take in the whole slope and top of a hill of considerable height, though overtopped by far higher hills to the north. The highest point to the south-east

was crowned by the special fortress of the *castrum*, which afterwards was the stronghold of the kings and dukes of Burgundy, when the Æduan city became their capital. By their grant it became the cathedral close, the *high city*, as distinguished from the *lower* or *ducal* city at the bottom of the hill. Between the two lay a void space, which was doubtless the forum of Augustodunum, though in mediæval times it got, and in modern times it has kept, the name of the *Field of Mars*, though the true Field of Mars of course lay outside the walls. The difference between the higher and lower towns forms a large part of the local history. Francis the First threw them together into a single enclosure, whose extent shows how far the city had fallen away from its old greatness. On the west side, where these walls follow the Roman line, they preserve a large part of the Roman masonry. It is work of Augustus' day, wholly of small stones, showing neither the Titanic blocks of the older part of the wall at Sens, nor yet the layers of brick which mark the work of a later time. At one point, the south-western corner, a Roman bastion has shot up into a tall tower of the twelfth century. Here the dukes, when they gave up the rest of the *castrum*, still kept up a castle for their own jurisdiction. The main features of the Roman enclosure are the two grand gateways which still remain. We can hardly set them up as rivals of the Black Gate at Trier; but they may surely hold their own against anything else of the kind elsewhere. The gate on the north side, called *Porte d'Arroux*, from the river which flows just beyond it, is a most striking object from all points of view, but especially as we go down towards

it from the town. By some process of optical delusion, the smaller arches of the upper range, standing out against the sky, look like the arches of an aqueduct at a much greater distance. Here indeed are mighty stones; the building has the true Roman impress, the impress of a work which we feel may stand for ever, if it is not wantonly overthrown. The other gate, that of Saint Andrew, so called from a church which was made out of one of its flanking towers, has, perhaps owing to its different position, hardly the same majesty of general effect. But it is really a better design. The smaller arches on each side of the two great entrances are slightly advanced after the manner of small towers, so as to give a greater effect of light and shade. And besides these two great objects, a crowd of other Roman remains may be traced out. Beyond the gate of Arroux lies what is called the Temple of Janus, a Roman building certainly, but which has strangely the air of a Norman donjon. On the hills to the north-west soars the pyramid of Couars, the rival of Gaius Sestius at Rome, but which, by a more cruel fate than that of Gaius Sestius, has lost all its covering of smooth stone. Whether, unlike Cheops, a pinch of dust remains of its owner, piles of wood and faggots hinder us from examining.

From this pyramid and from the paths in its direction we get our best general views of Autun. Autun was once described as "la ville des beaux clochers." That description belongs to it no longer. Nowhere have the parochial and monastic churches been more mercilessly swept away. But the cathedral church in the *castrum*, that is, near the south-east corner of the city,

still abides, and its stately spire and the two smaller towers of its vast western porch group wonderfully with a crowd of small towers, military and domestic. It is such a church as should be on the height of Augustodunum. The first impression of its interior might almost be that it was *Renaissance*, with much of Gothic forms cleaving to it. And *Renaissance* it is, only *Renaissance* of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, not of the fifteenth or sixteenth. The arches are pointed—we know already what that means—but Roman tradition still abides in the squareness and flatness of the fluted pilasters, which form the leading feature of the design. The mind of the architect went back to the great works of past times, then doubtless far more extensive than now, which formed the glory of his city. Within the church of Autun, hardly less than on the gates of Augustodunum, the artistic spirit of those who traced out the vast circuit of the walls of Augustodunum still lives.

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## TOURNUS.

IT is a striking descent from the high ground of Autun to the point where the traveller who, we will suppose, has turned off at Sens, again finds himself on one of the great highways of Europe at Chagny. The valleys through which he passes are remarkable for the contrast of their opposite sides. The hills are steep, even rocky; but where the southern slopes meet the

sun, the vine grows abundantly, while those which look to the north are left to their native ruggedness. The railway, borne in several places on bold viaducts, passes by several villages or small towns, with here and there a tower of a church or other building which might make us wish to halt. Chagny itself, where the trains allow a short time to see what it contains, will supply, amidst its dirty streets, a church with distinctly good Romanesque portions. Once again on the main line, we soon find that, in one way of looking at things, we are hardly in central France, or even in central Gaul. We find ourselves skirting the once border-stream of Saône: we look across from one Burgundy to another, from the fief of France to the fief of the Empire, from the land where Philip the Good and Charles the Bold were Dukes under the superiority of their kinsman at Tours to the land where they were Counts under the superiority of Cæsar. We pass by the city whose name *Cabillo* used to be represented according to the strictest analogies in the shape of *Challon*, but which it is now the fashion to write *Châlon*, as if on purpose to suggest a confusion with that more famous *Châlons*, whose name rightly represents the *Catalauni*, and suggests the great day of the Catalaunian fields. But Cabillo too had its counts and bishops, and its “petty battle” is memorable in the history of our own Edward the First. But it is not for Challon that we are bound. We go on further to a town—it has no claim on any ground to the rank of a city—whose name is most likely unfamiliar to most English ears, but which a few may have been stirred up to think of visiting by the vigorous likenesses of its great minster

given years ago in the architectural works of Mr. Petit. This town is Tournus, a town which never had counts or bishops of its own, but which looked up in spiritual things to Challon and in temporal things to Macon. We have come to a place which practically answers to one of our own abbey towns, to Crowland and Glastonbury, to Peterborough and Saint Edmundsbury, a town whose whole importance was derived from the presence of a great monastery.

We say that Tournus practically answers to one of these towns; for it is certain that Tournus would have been nothing without its abbey; but historically the two cases do not seem to have been quite the same. The English towns of which we speak strictly grew up around their abbeys, and but for the abbeys they would never have come into being at all. But, as early as Charles the Bald's day, Tournus was an inhabited place, with a church of some kind and a fortress of some kind, as King Charles gave them all to the abbey. Its position upon the border-river, above all, if the bridge which now spans the Saône had any such early fore-runner, must always have given the place some military importance. And so we find that Tournus, small as it is, had walls and gates, that the castle formed one fortress and the abbey another. It boasts indeed of Roman fortifications; but they have to be looked for, and, in some cases, perhaps through the lack of guides, are not found. But the mediæval walls and gates have left just enough signs to leave no doubt that they have been. The town slopes down to the river; its winding streets are rich in houses of the late Burgundian style, with flat-topped windows and doorways, and one house

in the main street preserves a choice treasure indeed in unmistakable work of the twelfth century.

But the fame of Tournus must really rest on its churches, or rather on the one vast church of its mighty abbey. Two other churches, one of them desecrated, contain good work of the twelfth century; but in truth the minster of Saint Philibert is Tournus, for all objects of going to Tournus. Mr. Petit remarked long ago that the churches of Tournus seemed to mark a boundary line between the architecture of Northern and Southern Gaul. A great part of it is certainly unlike both. In fact the building is not easy to describe at all: it is so unlike anything else. The eye is first caught by a huge body with a tower at each end; for a moment we think of Wymondham in Norfolk with its perished eastern monastic church. But at Tournus ~~the~~ part of the church has gone; only the choir and transepts are a great deal lower than the western part. Nor is the western tower at Tournus a single one, as at Wymondham; it is one of a pair. Nor is it, as in so many French churches, a case of one tower of a pair being unfinished; the southern tower, which hardly comes into the general view, seems to keep the original finish, while the northern one has received a later addition, though in the same general Romanesque style. The towers stand at the west end, but it is not at the west end of the nave that they stand. West of the nave, of the same height outside, is a building, the lower part of which, with its huge low round pillars, forms a kind of *narthex* or inner porch, while above it is what goes by the name of Saint Michael's or the upper church, with aisles and clerestory, and another set of huge

round pillars. Strange as is this western addition, it is hardly stranger than the nave itself, on which Mr. Petit commented years ago. Here the same kind of great round pillars rise to a height outdoing Gloucester or Tewkesbury, and they support the strangest of roofs, with arches spanning the nave, and supporting a transverse barrel-vault over each bay. The general style both of the nave and the narthex is the plainest, almost rudest, kind of Romanesque; but the stateliness and majesty of the general effect cannot be gainsaid. One has a kind of feeling that Tournus nave is what the naves of Gloucester and Tewkesbury were striving to be. And, with all the general rudeness of work, there are a few smaller details here and there of an almost Italian grace. Lastly, to make the puzzle greater still, this huge and wonderful nave is ended to the east by a cupola, choir, and transepts—the other three limbs of the cross—which seem meant in scale for a nave of about half the size, and whose details exhibit the highest degree of grace to which the Romanesque style can reach. Few things of the kind are more elegant than the small light columns surrounding the apse; but they seem as if they were set there of fixed purpose to be as unlike as possible to the gigantic masses which support the arches of the nave. The crypt below has the same character. Here again we find slender columns—a few, it would seem, are Roman columns used up again—with enriched, but not strictly classical, capitals, all forming the most marked contrast to the earlier, plainer, and more massive crypts which are more usual elsewhere.

The general appearance of the inside looks as if

this elegant eastern part was the earlier, and as if the nave, in all its vastness and plainness, was built up against it. But such a reversal of the common order of things is hardly to be believed. The transepts, choir, and cupola must surely supplant something earlier; and, for some cause or other, the architect chose to give his new part of the building proportions quite different from those of the old. So graceful a work as is its interior can hardly be before the twelfth century: the simpler work may be of the eleventh. But this is mere guesswork; we write at Tournus itself, and the literary stores of Tournus seem not to be great. No doubt the history of the church is recorded, though its record is not to be found on the spot at a moment's notice. In any case, the effect of the building, the marvellous contrasts which it affords within the range of the same constructive forms, must always be the same.

Modern Tournus turns its best side to the Saône. The quay has a more flourishing air than the older streets, and the view from the bridge is, as usual, effective. The town is small; its inn is simple: but it may be easily dwelled in by those to whom palatial magnificence is not a matter of life and death.

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## TROYES.\*

It is always good, in coming back from a journey in Southern Europe, to tarry on the way at least long enough to look at some one northern town and its buildings. By "northern" must in this case be understood anything north of the Alps, and, to make quite sure, also north of the Loire. It is instructive to see how the lands fall into groups. England, France, Germany, with all their differences, form one whole as compared with Italy and Sicily. So Italy and Sicily—let us rather say, Lombardy, Apulia, Sicily, and the lands between them—form one whole compared with England, France, and Germany. Aquitaine and Provence, or rather all Gaul south of the Loire, form an intermediate region. In itself it would certainly go with the southern lands. But long-continued French dominion has brought in a great deal that is northern. There are not a few grand French buildings south of the Loire, just as there is here and there a very grand French building both in England and in Germany. If the churches of Clermont, Limoges, and Bayonne are French, so—there is no denying it—are those of Westminster and Köln. They are all exotics; they are all in a sense out of place; but there they are, and we could not wish them not to be there. But more than this, French influence has had an effect on the native style, and has produced a form of Aquitanian Gothic.

\* The visit to Troyes here spoken of was the last halting-place on the return from a Sicilian sojourn in 1890.

And that Aquitanian Gothic is real Gothic as far as it goes. It is not like the sham Gothic of Italy. So there is a Gothic of Sicily, just enough to show that real tracery, which could not be made in Italy, could be made in Sicily. But the Aquitanian Gothic goes further than this. It is plain that Alby could not have been built except by men who had seen French buildings. Yet it is equally plain that Alby is essentially Aquitanian and not French. In this way all Aquitaine must pass as a borderland. For our purpose, unless we go of fixed purpose to Limoges or Clermont, we must go north of the Loire as well as north of the Alps. We must get into the land of whose architectural language the national styles of England, France, and Germany are strongly marked dialects. There we shall fully enjoy the beauties of contrast, as compared with Italy, or Sicily either. We are no longer between the horns of the dilemma which follows us everywhere both in Italy and Sicily. In England, France, and Germany it is possible that a building may not be of first-rate merit, and may yet not be hideously ugly.

We go northward; and, as we go northward, we feel at every step that, if we lose something, we gain something as well. It is pleasant in Lombardy to see hay and hay-making. And, though an olive-tree is much more picturesque than a Lombardy poplar, there is a certain satisfaction in coming across trees which bear no fruit. Sicilian trees are so frightfully utilitarian, all except the palms whose dates never ripen. We go up Ticino and down Uri. Besides the thrill which comes from the very air of the eternal democracy, there are the kine in pleasant pastures; children, we please

ourselves by thinking, of the *Uristier* himself. We spend perhaps a few hours in Basel, pleased with a town which has roofs and towers and spires, but which does not contain a soldier or a beggar. To be sure they keep their churches under lock and key; but then Sicilians and Italians do that likewise.

But the place which we have chosen for our halt on our present course from south to north is the capital of Champagne. Troyes ought to be known to every Englishman for at least two things. It gives its name to the weights which are not *avoirdupois*, a fact which kindles a certain interest as we pass along the *Rue des Monnaies*. The *drachma* which we hope the Greek made for himself, the *uncia* which he certainly borrowed from the Sikel, must there be altogether at home. But Troyes is also the place of the treaty which decreed that France and England should for ever have a common sovereign. Surely against no treaty could better be set the pithy comment of the Chronicler—"It stood no while." Perhaps we ought at Troyes to think of much greater things than either. There can be no manner of doubt that we are a great deal nearer than we are at Châlons to the great fight of Roman and Goth, of Aetius and Theodoric, against the savages of Asia. But there is such a ring in the name of the "Catalaunian Fields" that Châlons will thrust itself in where perhaps it has no right. Anyhow both Châlons and Troyes are within the Gaulish *Campania*, and the two cities have something in common. Here in the *Campania*, we do not expect to look out on the snows of Ætna or on the jagged rocks of Caltabellotta. *Treca, Civitas Tricassinorum*, is not, any more than Rheims or Châlons, one of

the cities which are set upon hills. Used to the hill-towns and to the coast-towns, the reason for whose site is obvious at a glance, we are sometimes inclined to ask why these inland towns of France and England were planted in one spot rather than in another. In lands where the source of rivers is too short, where their stream is both too violent and too casual, to admit of inland water-carriage, we are apt to forget the importance of rivers in lands where they are longer, deeper, and more steady. A city that gave its name, like Aigina, to a system of weights, was once clearly a place of no small commerce. And the opportunities for such commerce were supplied to Troyes by its position on a peninsula of the Seine, as they were supplied to Châlons by its position on a peninsula of the Marne. There are peninsular cities which are hill-cities also, like Bern and Besançon and our own Durham. And in our own island too we have peninsular towns, like Shrewsbury and Bristol, which, if not to be likened to the city by the Aar or the city by the Wear, at least outdo the capitals of the Catalauni and the Tricassini. At Troyes it is not too much to say that it needs some pains to find out that there is any site at all.

When we first reach Troyes by the railway, one of the first thoughts is likely to be the great distance of the cathedral church. Perhaps we have come with a picture of the church of Troyes in our heads which is not borne out by facts. We come with the notion that we are to see a church, if not on the level of Rheims and Chartres, yet at least on the level of Clermont and Limoges. The church of Troyes certainly has nothing like this to show, and the distant view does not do

justice to what it has to show. We hardly take in that the single rather clumsy tower which is all that we see really marks the head church of the Tricassini. But, as for the church being far from the station, the truth is that the station is a long way from the church. The church is in its right place, in the old city, in the peninsula; but the city has grown to the west and has left the church at the east end. In these flat towns, where there is no acropolis nor anything to mark one quarter from another, we may walk about a good while without finding out where we are. One may walk from the suburbs of Troyes across an arm of the Seine into the old peninsular city without well knowing what we are doing. There is no very thrilling emotion in crossing what one might easily take for a canal. But if we get the thought of the peninsula well into our heads, and then walk on through the small streets to the east of the church, the two arms of the river and the peninsular space between them will become a living thing.

Troyes is one of the towns where one gets really provoked at the frightful loss which it has undergone in the way of antiquities within comparatively recent times. The city naturally had walls. In the capital of Champagne the Counts of Champagne had both a castle and a palace. It is easy to see from what is left that Troyes had a good store of wooden houses; and a crowd of monasteries and churches stood within the town and its suburbs. Of all this we have nothing left but the cathedral and several other churches, a bit of wood-work here and there, and a town-hall of early *Renaissance* which is not altogether unpleasing. It is perhaps these words "early *Renaissance*" which suggest

the most distinctive architectural lesson to be learned at Troyes. The churches that are left to us there supply some remarkable studies of the transition from Gothic to revived Italian. Of that style we have in England plenty in houses, but very little in churches. In France there is a great deal in churches also. And in these instances where it came naturally, it is always worth study; though surely, of all the forms of the building art from the walls of Cefalù onwards, it is the very last which a rational man would choose to imitate. A wide field was opened at Troyes for work of this kind by a fire in the year 1524, which destroyed several churches, which were rebuilt at various times in the sixteenth century. The most prominent, though not the most remarkable, example of this kind of work in the city is the large church of Saint John—near the middle of the town, we are tempted to say, though it stands outside the peninsula. Here we see, what we are very well used to in most parts of France, a lower and earlier nave, in this case of the fourteenth century, unequally yoked with a far loftier choir. That choir, as far as its mere lines go, is not lacking in grandeur, but it is displeasing through the extreme wretchedness of detail. The architects still carried about with them something of the traditional conception of a great Gothic church, but they had lost the art of making good tracery and good mouldings. Sometimes it is simply poor and feeble; sometimes it distinctly shows the influence of *Renaissance* models. In either case we feel sure that the architect would have done better if he had been able. We simply see his unavoidable failures. For he did not fail of set purpose; so to do is one of the strange peculiarities of modern

Oxford. There failures are admired and imitated, as if a man, striving to dress himself according to the highest æsthetical pattern, should go about to reproduce the kindred "failures" of Beau Brummel's valet. Those who admire the new schools, "Jumbo's joss-house," the two new detached houses at Trinity, and other queer performances of the same kind, would find an architectural paradise in some of these churches at Troyes. Saint John's is a small matter. That has its fellow at Gisors and at plenty of other places. Greater things will be found in two other Tricassine churches. Saint Nicolas is a good deal more advanced in confusion of styles than Saint John; but its most remarkable thing is the huge "calvary" at the west end, a large gallery full of images. The triumph of this kind of jumble is at Saint Pantaleon. One sees that the architect was swayed to and fro by the contending influences of his time. Had he been born a hundred years earlier, he would have built real Gothic; had he been born a hundred years later, he would have built real Italian. Being born when he was, he could not build either, but brought in Saint Pantaleon's "particular order." The great lines of the building are those of a French church run wild. Many French churches are tall, narrow, and short; but surely no other church is proportionally so tall, so narrow, and so short, as Saint Pantaleon at Troyes. If you look to any point of the compass there seems to be no nave at all; if you look up to the vault there seems to be a great deal. What the piers are it is hard to say; they are so disguised by sculpture and hidden by big pictures. But they support pointed arches. The clerestory is as tall as any

French architect could wish it; but the clerestory windows are round-headed, and with tracery hideous enough to be copied by the next college that may rebuild itself. Between the two stages runs a wonderfully heavy *Renaissance* cornice, which sticks out as a huge round projection at each of the four angles of the *quasi-lantern*. They seem almost to meet and to block up the whole building. Never was there a church so cabined, cribbed, confined, in its original design, and further so choked up with all manner of fittings and ornaments. And yet there is no denying that it has a kind of uncanny stateliness; height always does a good deal.

One is glad to have seen these strange buildings, which have their place, such as it is, in the history of art. They can be endured, and something more, when they come naturally. And though these are the most characteristic things in Troyes, they are far from being the only things. Saint John's has a nave, as well as its aspiring choir. The church of Saint Mary Magdalen is privileged above most French churches by keeping its splendid *jubé* or roodloft, a feature against which the demon of destruction has waged even more fiercely in France than in England. Here we have the latest Gothic of France, just before it began to be corrupted. The *jubé* is a gallery rich with niches, arches, and dripping tracery. When we have anything of this kind left in England, it is, in any but the greatest churches, always of wood; here it is of stone. It is the same kind of difference as there is between the wooden roofs of England and the stone vaults of France. And the church itself, unlike most of the others in Troyes, is a good

piece of early French Gothic, or, if we are to speak our mind freely, of Transition.

Troyes seems most proud of the once collegiate church of Saint Urban, begun in 1262 by Pope Urban the Fourth, a native of Troyes, on the site of his father's shop. Our thoughts run off to Cahors and Pope John the Twenty-second. It is a really fine specimen of the French style of that date, and, like so many other things, it has not escaped the fate of being compared to the *Sainte Chapelle* at Paris. To an Englishman it perhaps rather suggests Merton Chapel, all the more as it has a choir and transept, but hardly any nave. There is a scheme for finishing it, and a zealous ecclesiastic is not unlikely to ask the stranger to help. It has a grand set of windows and various sculptures. Lastly we come round to the cathedral church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. It is disappointing, though perhaps unfairly so. If only its front had been finished according to the original design, it would not be disappointing to any one who came prepared to find a church of the second and not of the first order. It seems absurd to compare Troyes and Toul, and yet the story of the two is in some points the same. In both a church of the thirteenth century has been finished with a front of the fifteenth or sixteenth. Or rather the point which makes all the difference is that the front of Toul has been finished and that the front of Troyes has not. At Toul the towers have both been carried up, and all the ornamental work has been wrought to perfection in a fashion which has made one of the noblest fronts in Europe. At Troyes a front was evidently planned quite equal to that of Toul. There is nothing of the kind

richer than the great arches of the doorways with their dripping tracery. But the doorways themselves are unfinished; the sculptures are yet to be added; the tympana stand bare. And, worse than all, one tower is not carried up at all; the other has been carried up in a poor kind of *Renaissance*. Once, to be sure, it had a very lofty spire; but that is gone; and the spire could never have made up for the absence of the other tower. The whole thing, as seen from the outside, is cut short and imperfect. It would need an inside of transcendent merit to make up for so disappointing an external view. The very awkward outside of the cathedral at Bayonne only makes us more delighted with the rich vision of beauty within. At Troyes we get only a good, but ordinary, French inside of its own type, which would perhaps be a little better than ordinary if its vault were not quite so depressing. Altogether the city of the Tricassines has a good deal to show and to teach us, if we carry only moderate hopes thither; if we go expecting to see one of the really great cities of France, our hopes will be a little dashed. That is all.

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### SOISSONS AND COMPIÈGNE.

Laon, Soissons, Compiègne are names which do indeed bring us into the thick of Frankish history. To many minds indeed the associations of the last of the three names are likely to be altogether modern. Laon and Soissons have played their part in the wars of this

century, as well as in wars far earlier; but Compiègne has had the peculiar destiny of being kept in prominent life as a dwelling-place of kings and rulers from the earliest days to the latest. On the whole, the abiding historical interest of Soissons is the greatest of the three. Laon, Laudunum, *Lugdunum Clavatum*, of prominent importance during the Carolingian times, above all in that last stage of Carolingian history when Laon, the kingly seat, had to hold its own against ducal Paris, is not a place of very special moment in earlier or later times. But Soissons is memorable in every age from Cæsar to the German bombardment. It was the last seat of Roman power in Gaul, perhaps the first and last seat of Roman kingship, that is, if Syagrius son of Aëgidius really did call himself "Romanorum rex." It was the first seat of Frankish power after Chlodowig had led the Franks out of their marshes; it was the place of the marriage of the heathen Frank with the Christian and orthodox Burgundian. Soissons in short is the real centre of the events which led to the establishment of Teutonic dominion in Northern Gaul. In the ninth century again it is the scene of the battle which for a while overthrew the Carolingian dynasty, and gave the West-Franks their one king from the ducal Burgundy. There Charles the Simple was made a prisoner, to become, as men so well remembered five hundred years and more after, the victim of Hugh of Vermandois at Péronne. In all later wars, down to the last, Soissons has borne its part; but it seems to be now resolved that its warlike career shall be over. The modern fortifications, which stand outside the mediæval walls

of which some parts still are left, are going through the process which, in the language of the seventeenth century, was known as *slighting*. Of the story of Compiègne, Compendium, dwelling-place of kings in all ages, perhaps the most striking point is when Lewis-from-beyond-sea and his brave wife Gerberga, driven from Laon, hill and tower, had only Compiègne to their kingdom. Compiègne too is one of the places which play their part in the story of the Maid, from her vision at Domremy to her burning at Rouen. Here she was taken, in the diocese of Beauvais, within the jurisdiction of a French prelate so loyal to his English masters that the Maid seemed in his eyes guilty of heresy and witchcraft.

And after all, was she so much in her place at Compiègne as she had been at Orleans and Rheims? The mission which her saints had given her was over when she had delivered Orleans and led her king to his crowning. This she saw herself when she said that she had done what she was bidden to do, and asked to be allowed to go home and feed her goats again. Compiègne remembers her, and with good reason; only there is no need that her name should displace that of one of the makers of Compiègne on one of its chief monuments. Soissons must have been wonderfully rich in great churches. Here, as at Toul and elsewhere, the first question is, what has become of the smaller ones? But at Soissons the hand of destruction has fallen most heavily on the great churches also. The cathedral church was once only one of a crowd of minsters, by the remains of one of which it is still somewhat overshadowed. Not far from the Bishop's

church, the church of Our Lady, Saint Gervase, and Saint Protasius, rose the lowlier collegiate church of Saint Peter and the great abbey of Our Lady, founded by the wife of the famous Ebroin, that mayor of the palace of the seventh century whose character has been put in such different lights in his own age and in ours, but whose name we can show, from contemporary English writing, to be in our own tongue *Eoforwine*, fellow of Latin Verres and Aper. Further, at the two ends of the city, rose the abbey which bore the name of Leodgar or Saint Leger, the no less doubtful contemporary of Ebroin, and that other abbey of Saint John of the Vineyards, one of the many places of sojourn of the banished Thomas of Canterbury, whose remains are still the dominant object in Soissons. Greatest of all, beyond the river, hard by the dwelling-place of the kings, rose the abbey of the local Saint Medard, the foundation of that Chlotocchar who deemed that the King of Heaven must be great indeed, since he could bring to naught so great a king as he who ruled over the Franks. First anointing-place of Pippin, place of imprisonment of his Imperial grandson, it sank in the wars of religion, and never rose again to its old greatness. Of the monasteries of Saint Crispin and Saint Crispinian, saints one day to be no friends of France, there is little to say.

Of this amazing group of minsters side by side, that which should have been the head, the cathedral church itself, has suffered but little in its main fabric. Trier, one may fancy, has spoiled us, and sets us complaining if the Roman and the Frank have not left their visible memorials behind them. But it is unreasonable to repine when one has such a building as

Our Lady of Soissons before us. All that it wants is to be finished. The outside, both in the nearer and the more distant view, looks imperfect, simply because the northern tower of the west front has never been carried up. This leaves the southern tower the one tower of the church; in the near view this of course makes the front sadly unfinished, while in the distant view one fancies that it is a single western tower, and for that, though most dignified and well proportioned as one of a pair, it has hardly height enough. For the rest, the nave, choir, and north transept are singularly of a piece. It is the south transept which gives the church, from any point where that feature is conspicuous, a marked singularity of outline. It is much lower than the rest, and apsidal. The difference of style and date between this transept and the main building is very slight, but they must belong to two wholly different designs. The transept is a most perfect example of that stage of French architecture where the main arches are all pointed, but where the abaci are still square and hard, where the windows are still single lights, perhaps round-headed, perhaps pointed, but without any approach to tracery. Of this style, that of the very end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, it would be hard to find a more graceful example than the south transept at Soissons. The round apse has a very narrow aisle, and there is a double range of triforium, a higher one below with windows and a lower above, and a clerestory over that. The lightness of the single columns both in the arcade and in the lower triforium is wonderful. From the east face of the transept projects an apsidal

building, forming chapels on the east both of the arcade and the triforium. The whole produces a perfect forest of small slender columns. Only how came this most graceful building here? One might conceive it part of a transverse triapsidal church, as at Noyon, in which the eastern and northern limbs should also end in apses. Yet it is hard to believe that there ever was such a church at Soissons, at least if it was all of a piece with the present south transept. If so, we must suppose that the rest was destroyed almost as soon as it was built, and the south transept, for some unknown reason, spared. Perhaps it is more easy to believe that it was designed to transform a Romanesque church into a building of such a kind, that the change was begun in the south transept, and that then the design was changed for one slightly advanced in style and on a considerably greater scale. Within, the effect of this transept is most graceful and charming; so it is in the very near view outside. Yet, beautiful as it is, we feel that it is too pretty and toy-like for one of the main arms of a great minster. The lofty north transept with its great window, far less striking in itself, is more satisfactory as part of a whole. At a distance the transept gives a strange effect to the outline, the north transept being of the same height as the nave and choir, and the south transept much lower.

The rest of the church is of one design, but in the apse the style is a very little later than in the south transept. The windows are still single lights, and though the apse is surrounded by chapels, they have nothing of the complication and projection of the

apsidal chapels of later date. Pier-arches, triforium, and clerestory, range together throughout the church; the design is simple and well proportioned, the triforium takes its place as something not insignificant, but quite secondary, between an arcade and a clerestory, both of them tall, but neither of them disproportionately so. Without being at all one of the greatest or most enriched of French churches, Soissons, as seen within, is certainly one of the best planned. The piers are columns with slender vaulting shafts attached to the inner face, the abaci octagonal, with capitals floriated with singularly flat carving. The clerestory has only the most rudimentary approach to tracery, two wide lights, with a circle in the head cut in the solid. The great window of the north transept and the rose window of the west front are of course later.

The west front, if both towers were carried up, would be bold and well proportioned. The towers were meant to rise, the one that is finished does rise, a bold stage above the body of the church. But we have to forgive, if we can, the disguise of the main gable by a row of statues, and there is something not quite satisfactory about the three great doorways. Those at Rheims, if we think they destroy the harmony of the front, are still perfect in themselves. The effect of those at Laon is somewhat spoiled by the kind of cavernous canopy under which they are set. At Soissons there is something of the same kind of canopy, and, if any of the doorways ever had statues, every trace of them has been most ingeniously got rid of. On the southern one there can never have been any. Anyhow the effect is bare and poor, quite unworthy of

the outline of the front; in doorways of this size, if there are no statues or any other special enrichment, there is need of a depth of moulding which we do not find at Soissons. There is a much more elaborate doorway at the east end of the south transept. On the north side of the nave, near the west end, a large chapel standing northward is joined to the church only by a passage. Here again we get the same graceful and slender columns as in the south transept. Further west, against the north transept, are signs of a destroyed building with fully developed Geometrical tracery, which must have been the chapter-house or its slype.

But how small a part, even a hundred years back, much more when Saint Medard was in his glory, could this one minster have formed of the ecclesiastical wealth of Soissons. Of the other church of Our Lady, Leutrada's church of nuns, our only relics are in the cathedral itself, whither the figures of two of its later abbesses have been carried. The church and monastery have utterly perished; the tower in which the devil was shut up has vanished since Joanne's *Guide* was written. One degree more lucky has been the collegiate church of Saint Peter, mutilated and desecrated as it is. The two western bays of the nave are left, a most perfect example of Transition of an unusual kind. One can hardly conceive a better design for a small and simple west front of the style. The round-headed windows, three in number, are of good work with some richness; the mid-doorway is pointed, with channelled jamb-shafts, and with mouldings to the arches, which carry us away to the Christian-Saracen work at Palermo. Nor does the likeness to Sicily wholly fail us within.

Two bays, with perfectly plain pointed arches resting on well-turned columns, need only—a large need, it may be said—for the capitals, well cut as they are, to be somewhat more classical, for the arches to be somewhat narrower, and for arch and wall to be clothed with mosaic, and we might fancy ourselves in the chapel of King Roger's palace.

The abbey of Saint Leger is better off again. It has become the seminary, and the church is used as its chapel. The western part of the nave seems to have been burned in the Huguenot wars, and to have been repaired in an awkward way with heavy columns and round arches. But even of the nave a good deal remains. It is now much lower than the choir and transepts. These are in much the same style as the main part of the cathedral; but the choir and apse have a character of their own. We have seen the aisleless German apses with tall windows of the full height, and we have seen the French apses with their surrounding chapels, varied to be sure by the flat ends of the two churches of Laon. Here the whole eastern limb is aisleless; but we have not the tall German windows. We have single lights over single lights, the arrangement of the pier-arch and aisle continued where there is no aisle. Indeed, as the windows of a crypt also show themselves, there are in the apse three ranges of lancets, with the triforium inscribed between the two ranges of windows. In the other bays of the choir there are windows with the same kind of rudimentary tracery as in the cathedral; so also in the transept, where they greatly widen. The crypt is mostly of the same kind; but in its western part it was possible to

see in the gloom some plain but well-wrought Romanesque arches and responds, with large cushion capitals, but seemingly no columns or piers. A very pretty cloister of more advanced Geometrical work than the nave is attached to the nave. From its eastern walk opens a vaulted building with two columns, which seems to have been the chapter. Of another church, perhaps only a parish church, that of Saint Nicolas, a few bays are left among the buildings of the college—in the French sense. Windows of the Geometrical type usual in Soissons strive to look over the neighbouring houses.

Outside the town lie what is left of two other monastic houses, the abbey of Saint John *des Vignes*, and of the greatest of all the holy places of Soissons, the abbey of Saint Medard. This central point of Carolingian history stood on the right bank of the Aisne opposite to the city, and now at least the traces of abbey and palace, and the houses that have gathered round them, form a small village standing detached even from the *faubourg* of Soissons which stands on the same side of the river. In the *faubourg* itself there is not much; a disfigured sixteenth-century house seems to be about all; the spire which raises itself prominently from several points of view is somewhat of a deceiver, as the church of which it is part turns out to be new. We walk on a little way over ground which may have seen the getting of the Marchfield which decreed that the Merwings should pass away, and that the kingdom should reward the long toils and great deeds of the house of Arnulf and the Pippins. A single round tower embedded in other buildings is said to be a remnant of a later house which arose on the site of

the ancient palace hard by the abbey. There is still less to remind us of the church which saw the first anointing of the third Pippin. The religious wars swept away much; what lived through them the Revolution overthrew, so that now the remains of this famous monastery are small indeed. We enter by a plain gate-house, and the eye is caught by some pointed windows to the right. The pointed windows prove to be modern; but they are inserted in a vaulted building of the fourteenth century which now serves as a chapel. It passes for the chapter-house, and it is very like the building so called at Saint Leger's, the vaulting rising from columns with floriated capitals. But it stands far away from anything else, and looks more like part of a tall substructure. Of the church nothing is standing above ground except a single base of an engaged shaft at a corner. But there is a wonderful set of Romanesque crypts, chambers [side by side], not showing a single pillar or any ornamental work of any kind except a little in the windows outside. A few broken tombs are left, and later niches have been inserted in the walls, as the chambers have been all used as chapels. We need not go about to prove that this is not the prison of Lewis the Pious, still less to prove that he did not record his griefs in French on the walls. And it is as hard to believe that a little tower with a manifestly modern top to it, containing a chapel, was the prison of Peter Abailard.

If both history and religion may lament the sweeping away of Saint Medard's abbey, it may be some slight comfort that the existing buildings are put to a benevolent use, as an asylum for the deaf, dumb, and blind.

On the other side of the river, or the other side of the town, a walk outside the walls, by the rampart of Saint Remigius, leads to another monastic house which has been far more deeply degraded than Saint Medard, more deeply even than *Notre Dame*. After all, the most striking object in Soissons and its surroundings is what is left of the abbey of Saint John. The two spires of the west front, nearly all that is standing, group with the single tower of the cathedral, and, being two, they overshadow it. Up to the height of the church the whole front is of that Geometrical style in which Soissons seems to have delighted; the upper part of the towers and the rich crocketted spires are of the late French Gothic, both well wrought, but strangely unequal, the northern one being much larger and taller. There is a singular curiosity in its design, a crucifix of considerable size wrought into the tracery of one of the windows. We go near, and study the doorways. To the south of the towers we mark a long building with pointed windows. We are then carried half way up the northern tower, to the height of the fallen church, whence, looking south-east, we have a Pisgah view of the fragments which are left of the abbey, a little scrap of the church, a broken-down cloister, Geometrical according to rule at Soissons, and rising above it a building which seems to be the refectory, with what look at that distance like Romanesque windows. The only purpose that can be found for these buildings is to use them as a military prison. Saint Medard's is at least devoted to good works of some kind, Saint Nicolas is a school, Saint Peter, by a queerer fate, a place for gymnastics. Even at *Notre Dame* the military inhabitants

are at least not supposed to be criminals. Saint John has sunk lowest of all. Whenever Europe awakens from its craze for vast armies, art and history and religion may perhaps win back something of what the powers of destruction have wrested away from all.

The same line of thought may naturally be carried on at Compiègne, where the cloister of Charles the Bald's abbey of Saint Cornelius is put to the like degrading use. It stands on one side of the street, while a small fragment of the church, a buttress or two, may be made out on the other side. That is to say, the great church has been wholly swept away, and a street bearing its name has been driven right through it. There is not so much left as there is of Saint Martin at Tours, where the two towers still live to tell their tale. Thus at Compiègne the common rule is turned about; it is the smaller churches which survive. Compiègne, never having been a bishopric, has no cathedral church; the abbey was gone; so, unless the town was to abide without places of worship of any kind, the *Rétablissement du Culte* naturally took the shape of a setting up again of the parish churches. Of these Compiègne has three of some importance. Saint German, in a suburb, seems to be the oldest in its fabric, a not very attractive example of plain, almost rude, Transition. The other two show how different was the English and the French conception of a parish church. The English parish church has an ideal of its own, wholly distinct from that of the minster; the French parish church affects the character of the minster as nearly as its circumstances allow. Saint Anthony, originally without the walls, keeps some thirteenth-century work in its nave;

the earlier Flamboyant time added some bays with imposts at least continuous and not discontinuous, and finished with a very good and simple west front, with no more sham about it than Yatton or Crewkerne, and naturally much richer doorways. But the later days of that style swept away the earlier choir, whatever it was, and added a tall and stately choir of the very latest Gothic, with apse and surrounding chapels, utterly dwarfing the remainder of the church. We may like the style or not, but the effect is striking, the more striking from its lack of harmony with the rest. It might have been the choir of a church of far greater size than the builders of the original Saint Anthony ever thought of. Saint James, in the middle of the town, is a church of Early Gothic, with a wonderfully plain triforium, recast in Flamboyant. Its single tower, well designed, and not so much damaged as might have been looked for by a little *Renaissance* finish, is one of the most striking objects in the town. It forms part of a design for a front with two towers which would have dwarfed everything in Compiègne, which has been begun but never finished, in advance of a simpler one. One was reminded of Wetzlar.

But the main interest of Compiègne is not ecclesiastical. It is, first of all, a dwelling-place of kings. The neighbourhood of the great *Silva Cotia*, the present Forest of Compiègne, often spoken of in Frankish history, doubtless caused it to become such, and Charles the Bald doubtless founded his abbey because his own house was near. Kings have dwelled on two—most likely on three—sites at Compiègne. The most ancient royal house is said to have stood in the middle of the

town, perhaps near the church of Saint James. Charles the Bald built a castle by the river—the Northmen were then beginning to sail up the Oise and all other streams. A huge round tower, part of which has fallen down, doubtless marks the place, though we need not suppose it to be actually of the date of the one West-Frankish Emperor. The popular name for it reverses the common order of popular names; it is not the tower of Cæsar or of the devil, but of Jeanne d'Arc. Lastly, nearer to the old central dwelling-place, on the other side of the town, came the castle of Charles the Fifth, which has given way to the present huge pile. It would be a hard fate to be set to design a palace in Revived Italian; but even in Revived Italian one might manage something which should have more character than this.

But Compiègne has some other things to boast. We are here, it seems, far enough north to come in for the beginnings of that class of town-hall which reaches its full height in the Netherlands. The *Hôtel de Ville*, of the early part of the sixteenth century, is not very large, but with its belfry, its statues in niches, and the Spaniard, the Englishman, and the Fleming, who are set to kick the quarters, it has a good effect, and the belfry forms one of the chief objects in the view of the town. But Lewis the Twelfth over the door is a modern impostor, and we know not whether to complain or not of an incongruous addition on each side. Perhaps it is better than if a modern architect had tried to adapt himself to the elder work. Inside is a museum, and an antique character is given to everything. The Mayor of Compiègne and his fellows discharge their

duties from chairs which are not of yesterday. Then again, beyond the church of Saint Anthony, is a piece of town wall with bastions, and hard by the great tower, not far therefore from the river, is one of the most interesting things in Compiègne, the *Hôtel-Dieu*. This boasts itself of the *Renaissance* woodwork, really fine in its way, in the chapel and in an adjoining building thrown into the chapel. But the really interesting part is the main building with the front in the street. A single wide gable, divided by a buttress, has a doorway and a window on each side of it. This does not look at all like a church, but more like an original hospital; one would expect to find a row of pillars of some kind down the middle. At present the solid wall, pierced in one place by a *Renaissance* arch, divides the building into two parts.

A local proverb says that he who goes to Compiègne will want to go thither again. We should rather put Compiègne, like Verdun, among the places which one is glad to have seen once, but which one does not greatly long to go to again. A first visit to Soissons, a second to Laon, a third to Rheims, makes us think that the proverb better applies to any one of those cities.

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## THE THREE BISHOPRICS.—I. METZ.

“The Three Bishoprics”—that is, the three bishoprics of the later Lorraine—was a phrase which had a definite political meaning for more than two hundred years, that is, from the time when France first began to meddle with Lorraine to the time when France altogether swallowed Lorraine up. The cities of Metz, Toul and Verdun, with their surrounding territories, were the earliest French conquests in that region. They were ecclesiastical principalities surrounded by lands of the Lotharingian duchy. After France had seized on them in the sixteenth century, after the Empire formally surrendered them in the seventeenth, they remained in the like sort isolated pieces of the French kingdom still surrounded by the ducal possessions. It was an odd state of things when next to French Champagne lay Imperial Lorraine with these French scraps dotted about it, and when beyond Lorraine lay French Alsace, with Imperial scraps dotted about it. To be sure, in every war the King of France occupied the duchy of Lorraine as naturally as he occupied the principality of Orange, but he did not become its acknowledged sovereign till more than two hundred years after the conquest of the bishoprics, almost on the eve of the great Revolution. While Stanislaus reigned in Nancy, his mightier son-in-law was sovereign of Toul. The events of our own day have parted the Three Bishoprics from one another's fellowship; they no longer form a whole or part of the same whole. Toul

and Verdun remain to France, while greater Metz has gone to form part of the *Reichsland* of Elsass-Lothringen, the one land where the German Emperor reigns directly as Emperor, and not in his lowlier character of King of Prussia. It would be curious to trace the history of language and architecture in this border-land, this piece of the Middle Kingdom, neither wholly French nor wholly German, but open to strong influences from both sides. As early as the tenth century the Lotharingian warriors spoke both tongues. After that the Romance speech certainly advanced and the Teutonic speech went back, till the latest events, causing many speakers of Romance to leave Metz and many speakers of Teutonic to settle there, have again made the last two letters of the name of Metz to be sounded in full by a majority of its inhabitants. And that name, cut short from six syllables to one, cannot afford to be further shortened. From *Mediomatrici* to *Metz* was a deep fall. And the fall was made early. It is in a *civitas Mettensis* or *Mettensium*, not in a *civitas Mediomatricorum*, that Gregory has to record the settlement of the eastern branch of the Merwings and Lombard Paul to chronicle the acts of its famous bishops, of Saint Arnulf, fore-father of the Karlings, and Chrodegang, whose discipline was so little to the taste of Englishmen at York, Exeter and Wells. As for the architecture, both German and French influences are to be seen.

At Metz one is perhaps specially tempted to regret this, especially if we come to the city from the German side. Above all, if we come straight from Trier, we are apt to leap over the events either of the nineteenth or of the sixteenth century. We come with our thoughts

full of things older than either. We do not venture to hope at Metz for such memorials of the kings of the oldest Austria as we find at Trier of the Emperors who were before them. We have long learned that Merovingian royalty was not much in the habit of leaving monumental traces behind it. But, fresh from the church of Nicetius and Poppo, we do cherish a faint hope that we may somewhere in the '*civitas Mettensis*' light on something to remind us of Arnulf and Chrodegang. But the churches of Metz have nothing to show us of their day, very little indeed of Romanesque of any kind. Metz, on the other hand, is decidedly strong in churches from the thirteenth century onwards, beginning with the cathedral church of Saint Stephen. Much has perished, much can be traced only in a fragmentary and desecrated state, many awkward attempts at improvement were made in the times of ignorance; but Metz can show, what is always a useful matter for comparison, several churches of different scales of the same early Gothic, all good in their own way, besides some things earlier and some things later which are worth notice.

We said that we do not expect the kings who reigned at Metz to leave visible memorials behind them. Yet there is nothing unlikely in the tradition which points to a conspicuous building in the *Geisbergstrasse*, the *Rue du Chèvremont*—in Metz everything has to be named in both tongues—as at least marking the site of their dwelling. A tall square something—tower is not quite the right word—pierced with many narrow square-headed windows, and with a vaulted substructure in its lower stage, forms one of the main objects in the

view from the neighbouring bridge. As it stands, assuredly no Merwing ever looked at it; but it is likely enough to represent the royal seat of Theodoric and Theodberht and Theobald and Sigeberht. And it may also mark the nursery of that little king of the seventh century—one cannot always without book remember the names even of grown kings in the seventh century—who, when the men of Austria asked for a king of their own, and the elder baby and his mother were wanted in Neustria, was told off to reign in Austria, with an aunt to look after him, and a mayor of the palace to look after her. But, if likely conjecture, this is mere conjecture. We cannot be so sure that Frankish kings reigned in the *Geisbergstrasse* of Metz as we can be that Roman Emperors reigned at the south-east corner of the present wall of Trier. Their possible dwelling does not fill the same place which the undoubted dwelling and undoubted works of the Caesars do fill at Trier. To those to whom Metz is something other than a city of modern fortifications, it is before all things a city of mediæval churches.

The head of those churches, the seat of the renowned bishopric, the cathedral church of Saint Stephen, is best seen, as far as its general shape or lack of shape is concerned, at a considerable distance on the north side. It is the north side, and Saint Stephen's points very nearly due east; but the points of the compass are put out of order by the fact that Saint Vincent's, the church in Metz second in importance to Saint Stephen's, and which forms a part of the same view, points nearly due south. This point of view is from the quay called *Richepasse*, beyond as many branches of the Mosel as

you can cross, looking immediately down on the widest branch of all, but that which the plan distinguishes from the narrower ones as *nicht schifbar*. The quay is a little lonely: it is hemmed in with barracks; passage is quite free, but few peaceful people seem to pass along; a fear therefore comes over the mind, specially when one is near the *Französischer Platz*, lest when bringing the spy-glass to bear harmlessly on the churches one might be thought to be spying out the fortifications with the eye of an enemy. But *Geist* does not trouble itself with imaginary dangers; it is in another land that one runs the risk of being taken up for looking at a cloister or drawing a broken-down castle. A compass to compare the orientation of Saint Stephen's and Saint Vincent's may draw on itself an official glance for a moment; but it is not on the military quay but on the civil bridge; the glance is that only of a civil policeman; the man of war, even if spectacled, can see clearly that the harmless instrument in no way threatens the German Empire. On the quay men of war meet you not a few; men of peace hardly any; but there is none the less *pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*. The outline of Saint Stephen's is strange. Height is naturally predominant, height so great as to produce the air of comparative shortness. The vast height of the clerestory, the type of Redcliffe and Bath and Sherborne carried out so much more fully so long before, might almost suggest the idea of a vast single-bodied building, a gigantic *Sainte Chapelle*, from Riom, from Paris, or from modern Eaton. But no *Sainte Chapelle* ever had those two small towers, not at the west end, not forming transepts, not flanking the apses, but rising each over a

porch in the middle of the nave. May a wanderer from the *aestiva regio* be allowed the thought that here is something which stands to Wedmore and Bruton in the same relation in which Exeter and Ottery, Le Mans and Geneva, may be said to stand to Somerton? The south tower is crowned with a something, not exactly like the finish of Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, but near enough to suggest it; this rises above the main body, while the south tower has no such crown. The north tower, though forming an essential part of the church, is nevertheless the town-tower, like the grand belfries of the Netherlands, and contains a famous bell known as *La Mutte*. There is something passing strange in the effect of this lofty mass unbroken by western, central, or eastern tower, but with these two small steeples striving as it were to look at one another over the vast body.

There seems to have been, in the days of Jesuit barbarism, a great fancy in Metz for sticking on incongruous west fronts to the churches, without doing much harm to the other parts. So let nobody look at either Saint Stephen, Saint Vincent, or Saint Clement from the west end, let him do what he can from the other points of the compass. He will go inside Saint Stephen's either from the north side or from the south, and a striking sight will greet him as he goes in. The height of the church of Metz is greater than that of any church in England; it ranges, some say with Amiens and Beauvais, certainly with Rheims and Bourges. And surely never was the constructive power of Gothic architecture more daringly displayed. We can hardly say there are walls; a delicate framework of stone is filled in with

glass. To bring out this effect in the strongest degree was clearly the object of the architect, and so to do he gave the utmost possible height to this wonderful series of windows. We now see the cause of the likeness to a *Sainte Chapelle* which this great minster puts on at a distance. The aisles are kept low, so that they are easily hidden a little way off; and to this end the columnar pillars and the pier-arches are kept low also. The height of the stages above, clerestory and *quasitriforium*, the whole wrought into one design, is simply wonderful. But we may doubt whether this exaggerated loftiness given to one part of the elevation does not take away from the general height of the church. This last really depends a good deal on the height of the pillars; that is when they are not absent altogether, as in King's College chapel, or practically got rid of in the general effect, as in some parts of Gloucester and Sherborne, and still more in Henry the Seventh's chapel and Saint George's at Windsor. But here at Metz the pillars are in no sense got rid of; we see them and we feel their lowness, and we certainly feel the height of the upper stages to be excessive.

The English churches which we compared to Saint Stephen of Metz, as making some approach to its peculiar character, are all of the later form of Gothic architecture. At Metz this far more daring feat of construction belongs to a much earlier time. The work is of the thirteenth century, and the glass walls are a study of Geometrical tracery. That is the prevailing style in Metz, both in the head church and in most of the others that are of any importance. Even in the crypt of Saint Stephen's, where we might fairly look for some trace of

the bishops of whom Paul the Deacon wrote, they have left no sign. In the sacristy we were promised the ring of Arnulf and the mantle of Charles the Great, though our guide-book suggested that this last is really a bishop's vestment of the tenth or eleventh century. But we did not see these relics; what we did see was an ivory crosier of perhaps the eleventh century, and the terrible *Grauly*. This is the beast that answers at Metz to the *Tarasque* at Tarascon, and to Saint Bertrand's dragon in Saint Bertrand's own church of Comminges. Only the *Tarasque*, as we see him, is confessedly only his image wrought by human hands, and the dragon of Saint Bertrand is a manifest crocodile. Here the flying reptile has been put together at least as ingeniously as Lord Stowell's mermaid; but we doubt whether a palaéontologist could admit the union of wings and fore feet to be accurately scientific.

We turn to the other churches of Metz. Saint Vincent's, in the island of the Mosel, is a much smaller and less ambitious building than Saint Stephen's, but in some points it is really more satisfactory. The outline is very good of its kind, an outline all but thoroughly German, an apse without aisles between two slender eastern towers. But perhaps perfect German simplicity is sinned against by a small apse on each side of the larger one. The inside of the church is a perfectly well designed, a pure and simple, example of early Gothic. While the overwhelming clerestory of Saint Stephen's takes away from its really vast height, the more modest elevation of Saint Vincent allows to the piers and pier-arches their due importance. The triforium is lacking. Some of the smaller churches too have very good

features. Saint Martin's is nearly of the same date as Saint Stephen's and Saint Vincent's, giving an opportunity of studying work of the same date on three different scales. Even the smallest, with its vaulted roof, is wholly unlike the English type of parish church, and comes nearer to our notions of a minster. Saint Maximin is of a somewhat different class; here we do get a little Romanesque in the lower part of a tall central tower and the apse placed immediately against its east wall. The church would seem to have been originally on the Iffley plan; but a nave of late Gothic with aisles has supplanted whatever there was at first, a nave, one is tempted to say, of the very worst style, with the ugly discontinuous imposts, so common in both France and Germany, but which we hardly ever see in England. But it is somewhat redeemed by its good proportions, a rather rare merit in buildings of this kind. For in these small churches the vault is not an unmixed advantage. It adds an air of finish and solidity, but unless the proportions are most carefully designed, it adds it only at the cost of crushing lowness. There is something after all to be said for our English tradition of the wooden roof in all churches short of the full type of the minster. Another church, that of Saint Eucharius, near the German gate—*Deutsches Thor, Porte des Allemands*—an ingenious example of the way in which a mediæval gate can be applied to modern defences—quite avoids this fault in an elevation, lofty for its size, of pier-arch and clerestory. But the triforium is lacking; as often in German churches, there is a bare space. Another church, Saint Sagelone, a dedication which, we must confess, gave us no idea, has at least escaped the *Renaissance*.

sance intrusions of Saint Stephen's and Saint Vincent's. A rich doorway of late Gothic was perhaps too new to be swept away. Several of these churches, it should be noticed, have the common German feature, which we so seldom see in England, of the western gallery forming part of the original design.

There is yet one more church in Metz which claims some special attention. This is that of Saint Clement. A Jesuit college was attached to it; but if the church itself was really the work of Jesuits, they must have been Jesuits who had much more to say for themselves than most of their fellows. Commonly, as at Troyes, we say of the stage of art which confuses Gothic and Italic detail, that they failed, but did not fail by choice like their modern imitators. But we can hardly venture to say that the architect of Saint Clement's at Metz failed at all. It is hardly possible that he tried to build pure Gothic and brought in Italian details against his will; neither can we believe that he tried to build pure Italian and brought in Gothic details against his will. He must have mingled the styles of set purpose; and there is no denying that he has produced a very striking effect out of very incongruous elements. Outside the church is ugly enough. Inside it is on the plan of a German *Hallenkirche*, with three bodies of equal height; in all features, save one of great importance, the style is the latest Gothic; the windows, some with fair tracery, some with bad, the vaulting, the pier-arches, all are of this style. But the pointed pier-arches are set on very lofty columns with large Composite capitals. We should admire them in a basilica, and there really seems no reason why we should not admire them here. They

are certainly stately, and they look less out of place than might have been thought. They are the very opposite to the low columns in Saint Stephen's. With this great height and prominence, with the small and slender pointed arches resting on them, they in a way reminded us of Milan. The capitals, if we can so call them, at Milan are certainly not Composite or Corinthian, but there is a certain likeness in the general proportion and effect. In truth the column is in itself so noble a feature that it must be very badly applied to lose all beauty. The ordinary Jesuit style is wonderfully afraid of columns, and it is their survival in Sicily that makes Sicilian *Renaissance* so much better than *Renaissance* elsewhere. Saint Clement at Metz has really something in common with more than one church and palace in Palermo. And to go back to one of the churches which we have already spoken of, in Saint Maximin's also we may see in the side chapels flat Burgundian arches resting on columns, though to be sure not with classical capitals, which also carries away the thoughts to Sicily. And something akin to Saint Clement's at Metz may be seen in one of the churches of Rheims, that of Saint James, a building which, as one of the guide-books says, would attract some notice if it stood in a town where it was not overshadowed by the glories of Our Lady and Saint Remigius. Here in a chapel on each side of the choir, with windows of the worst type of late French Gothic, the arches and vaulting of the same date rise from coupled columns, which remind us at once of the tomb of Saint Constantia, of the Galilee at Durham, and of a crowd of cloisters in Italy, Sicily, and Aquitaine. They must be of the same date as the

bad Gothic work; that is, they are *Renaissance*, but it is that kind of *Renaissance* which was a real revival of Romanesque. All these things in their places are curiosities and something more, but surely of all things in the world, they are the least suited for models.

One or two smaller antiquities in Metz we failed to find; but we think that we have pointed out quite enough to show that the city of the Mediomatici is a city of no small interest, though not exactly the kind of interest which we might have looked for on the spot where the forefather of the Karlings wielded the crosier.

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### THE THREE BISHOPRICS.—II. TOUL AND VERDUN.

We had fancied that, specially just now, the passage from Germany into France was rather carefully guarded. One who had, in the land of Maine itself, when busy on the errand of William the Duke, been deprived of his freedom for a few minutes as being on the errand of William the Emperor might make up his mind to be looked at with some suspicion when crossing the border of the specially Imperial land. There was even a vision that on so dangerous a frontier passports might be asked for; so the passport was ready, if it had been wanted. But not only were passports not asked for, but there was nothing that could be called an examination of luggage; the French officials at Pagny—one of them, by the way, a woman—let everything pass un-

opened, as proclaimed on the face of it to rank among things *creta notanda*. So easy it proved to be, even in these days of rumours of wars, to pass from that one of the Three Lotharingian Bishoprics which the German has taken back to himself to the other two which abide as the sixteenth century made them. A military eye might find much to study in all three towns; if Metz was full of German soldiers, Toul was yet fuller of French. Generals were there reviewing thousands of troops, as they marched through the streets of what one would think must at most times be a rather dull, as it is certainly a rather dirty, little town. To add to the excitement, it was also the time of one of those great fairs which are always curious, both in the things to sell and in the things to look at. In April, 1888, Toul was doubtless at its gayest; tricoloured flags hung from every window, and the music both of the soldier and of the showman did its best to stir the soul.

Since Metz was given up to Germany, both Toul and Verdun have risen in importance as fortresses, and they are both well hemmed in with modern defences. It is curious how the latest inventions sometimes fall back upon the earliest. A large part of the fortification of Toul looks strangely like a primeval earthwork. That is, one must suppose, an earthwork that is simply an earthwork must look much the same in all ages. The Mosel, which we have seen at Trier and at Metz, meets us again in a younger stage at Toul; there is nothing remarkable in the position of the town or of its surrounding scenery; but it is worth putting on record that on April 13, 1888, there were patches of snow lying on the not very lofty hill-sides of Lorraine. In

the town itself the monuments to be studied are wholly ecclesiastical. Toul is strong in the quality, though not in the number, of its churches; but it has little else to show.

The small number and the striking character of the churches of Toul is typical of France as contrasted with England. Each land has seen its time of destruction, but the circumstances of the two times, as well as their dates, were wholly different. The suppression of the monasteries in England was an act which, in a certain sense, stood by itself, and which did not directly touch the parish churches or anything else. The suppression of the monasteries in France came as the first stage of the general suppression of everything, especially of everything belonging to religion. The surviving churches of England are those which have not been physically destroyed; a desecrated church is with us an exceptional thing. The surviving churches of France are those which have been set up again after an interruption of religious worship. "Le rétablissement du culte" is here a technical phrase; we have no such date in England; there was always a *culte* of some kind, though for a few years it was not that of either the older or the newer shape of the Church of England. In the English changes of the sixteenth century it was natural that the great churches should suffer far more than the small. We see the result in towns like Coventry, Reading, and Evesham, where the minsters have perished, but the parish churches, or most of them, have lived on untouched. In the French changes of the eighteenth century churches great and small were suppressed together; and when some, but not all, were restored to religious

uses in the nineteenth it was natural that the largest and finest buildings should be chosen for the purpose. In France then it is common to see the very opposite state of things to that of Reading and Evesham; the minsters still abide, but the parish churches, or most of them, have perished. Nowhere has this process been more thoroughly carried out than it has been at Toul. The town is not a large one; but it contained within its walls the cathedral church of Saint Stephen, the collegiate church of Saint Gengulf, and several parish churches and small monasteries. All these last have utterly perished; they have left hardly any signs; we did in one street light on a pretty thirteenth-century doorway, which was doubtless a relic of one of them. But the great minsters are there, shorn indeed of their dignity, but otherwise in as good case as churches commonly are. The bishopric of Toul has been moved to Nancy; the chapter of Saint Gengulf of course perished with other collegiate chapters. The result is that the whole ecclesiastical establishment of Toul consists of two parish churches; but those parish churches, having been what they once were, are still to the antiquarian and historical eye minsters of no small stateliness.

There is plenty in both of these buildings to remind us that we are in a borderland. In the geography of the days when they were built, we are in Lotharingia, within the borders of the Empire; but French was very early the language of the place; the north transept of Saint Stephen's is full of French inscriptions marking the burying-places of its canons from the thirteenth century onwards. It was therefore natural that the type of church to be found in Toul should be neither purely

French nor purely German, but that it should show signs of influence from both lands. Of Saint Stephen's we may fairly say that the later west end is French and the earlier east end German. The church was designed, like many German churches, for four towers. At the east end the simple apse, with no surrounding aisle, and with the long narrow windows so characteristic of German apses, stood between two towers which were never carried up above the level of the church, though it is clear that the thought of finishing them was cherished as late as the sixteenth century. The west end is well known as being finished with one of the very noblest of French fronts. The general air of the church is therefore, unless seen quite from the east end, mainly French; but, had the original design been carried out, the outline would have been decidedly German. Or rather, it would be the outline of a German Romanesque minster completed in late French Gothic. It is plain that, down to a very late time, the Lotharingian architects drew ideas from each of the lands between which their country lay.

The west front of Saint Stephen's at Toul ranks, as we have just said, among the very noblest of fronts. And yet we can hardly place the church itself as a whole in the first rank of churches. And yet again, if we do not give it that place, it is not from any fault in it. We chance to be setting down our impressions of Toul with the glories of Rheims, its mighty doorways, its endless sculptures, actually before our eyes, and with its internal glories fresh with the freshness of a few hours' memory. What is the result of bringing Toul into so dangerous a comparison? It comes to this,

We are daring enough to think that, simply as a design, the west front of Toul outdoes the west front of Rheims; but it is hardly needful to prove that, as a whole, the church of Rheims far outdoes the church of Toul. Or we might put it in the form of a paradox; and say that the west front of Rheims is, and must necessarily be, the west front of Rheims, while the west front of Toul might well have been something else, and not the west front of Toul. At Rheims the west front is of a piece with the rest of the building; it is its natural finish. At Toul a late and rich front has been added to an earlier and much plainer church with singular skill. They fit well together; we cannot say that the whole is inharmonious, and yet there is a marked contrast between the church, stately and well-proportioned, but simple even to plainness, and the rich and elaborate front, which, however, even in its richness keeps a certain simplicity, and nowhere runs off into extravagance of design or ornament. The early Gothic of Toul is plain, almost stern, but it is well finished and dignified. Outside we have massive buttresses and simple windows and a high roof of amazing pitch. But all is thoroughly good, save that the transepts are spoiled by having their gables hipped, which cuts off all possibility of an artistic transept front. Within we have an arrangement of piers and arches which is really a relief to one who comes straight from Metz. We feel at Toul how much Metz loses in height by the lowness of the piers. Toul must be far lower than Metz, but the tall pier-arches and moderate clerestory give a greater effect of height to the side elevations. On the other hand, Toul perhaps loses a little in height in the

direct east and west view, owing to the shape of the vaulting arches. They are bold and finely shaped; but for that very reason the springing of the vault is low; and Mr. Petit remarked long ago that the effect of height depended largely on the springing of the vault. Anyhow, it is certain that Toul, like York, seems highest when we look across at the side elevations, while Metz seems highest when we look due east or west, because in that view the lowness of the pillars is less striking. At Toul again we have not, as at Metz, walls of glass, but walls of stone with windows cut in them in their proper places. A bolder and simpler early Gothic design can hardly be conceived; the two most western bays are later, not much older than the west front; here we have discontinuous imposts, strange perversity of taste, instead of capitals, and the tracery of the windows is later; but, just as at Westminster, the lines of the earlier work are followed, and but little difference is made in the general effect. A later chapel or two on each side hardly come into the general design.

But it is on its west front that the fame of the church of Toul must rest. Having ventured to set it, simply as a front, before that of Rheims, we must give some reasons for such a preference. Neither front perhaps is absolutely real; in neither does the true gable of the nave stand out quite boldly between the two western towers. But at Toul the sham is as slight as it could be if there was to be any sham at all. That is to say, there is a little bit of wall between the towers which is put there merely for show, and which answers to nothing in the real construction. That is

the definition of sham, be it at Toul or at Wells. That this little bit of sham wall has been crowned with a small *Renaissance* finish is no fault of the original designer, and one has to look at it very closely to see that it is *Renaissance*. There is also a little bit of sham at Rheims, though not quite of the same kind as at Toul. The real gable of the nave is really seen; but it is not allowed to stand quite free; its full proportions are sacrificed to the great temptation of front-builders, a row of images. It is the real gable at the real height; but it does not do itself justice; one is tempted to fancy that it is a sham gable at a greater height, as in the churches of Brunswick. If anybody wishes to make out a plausible case for the Wells front, he will find it at Rheims, though not in the metropolitan church, but in the "mickle minster," the abbey of Saint Remigius. There the real construction of the Wells front stands naked, without any sham wall to hide it; and, whatever we say of the sham wall from the side of artistic truth, it is undoubtedly an improvement to the eye.

The towers at Toul are in proportion higher than those at Rheims, and they are more solid. The Rheims towers are clearly unfinished. They were meant to grow—it is said that they actually did grow—into spires with pinnacles round them. The Toul towers were very likely designed to carry something more than there is there now; but the octagons are quite satisfactory as they are. But the real thing, to our mind, which turns the scale in favour of Toul is the treatment of the doorways. Every one knows the three magnificent doorways of Rheims. We have seen pictures of them apart

from the rest of the front; we have known them likened to the three great arches of Peterborough. Now there is not the slightest real likeness between the doorways at Rheims and the portico at Peterborough. But that such a comparison could come into any man's head proves something. If a mere part of a design can suggest comparison with a whole design, if three doorways in the lower stage of a front can remind anybody of three arches forming a whole front, it looks very much as if the part which thus challenges competition with a whole had gone a little out of its place. And so it is; those wonderful doorways are too great; we are tempted to contemplate them by themselves and not as part of a general design; their height is excessive; their projection mars the unity of the whole front. At Toul there is no temptation to cry out, "What magnificent doorways!" we cry out, "What a stately and well-proportioned front; what a harmonious whole!" The doorways are an important part of the design, but only a part; there is no chance of their calling off attention from the front itself. Far larger than English doorways commonly are, they are small for French work, and no harm comes of their being small. We might hint that the architect of Toul had hit on the right mean between the exaggeration of Rheims and whatever may be the polite name for those very small openings at Wells which seem better suited for the humble entrance of a body of *Fratres Minimi* than for a worshipful band of fifty secular canons, headed by their Bishop. Anyhow, the architect of Toul, building in the last days of art, using a style which in some hands undoubtedly becomes very bad, contrived

to design a front of unsurpassed harmony and stateliness, going far to unite the simpler lines of the earlier Gothic with the richer adornments of the later.

The second church of Toul, Saint Gengulf's, is not on a scale to be a rival to Saint Stephen's, but it would be welcomed as a most striking building in any place where it was the first church and not the second. It is a thorough minster, but smaller and of simpler design than the cathedral church. In date and style it is much the same; the internal elevation is good and simple; a tall clerestory resting on tall arcades, without any marked triforium. The west front is, like Saint Stephen's, later than the church; unlike Saint Stephen's, it is plain and not remarkable; one of the two towers is not finished. The east end had no towers, but a tall German apse between two smaller ones is attached to the transept. Some of the tracery is curious, a circle set in a square—not the German spherical square—with smaller circles somewhat oddly crammed in. Both churches have cloisters of great beauty; that of Saint Gengulf, of the later Gothic, is a perfect square, that of Saint Stephen, of the earlier, is naturally much larger, and follows the same arrangement as Wells, with no walk on the side adjoining the church.

It is too bad that in a town possessing such a wonder of art as the west front of Toul it should be impossible to get a decent photograph of its chief ornament; but so it is. The like is the case with the remaining member of the company of three Lotharingian bishoprics. Verdun, famous in the latest Lotharingian warfare, as well as among earlier strifes, famous too in the early part of this century as the constrained abiding

place of so many English *détenus*, certainly does not equal either Metz or Toul in interest, and yet it has elements which should have given it the means of surpassing both. Perhaps not the character of the country around it, but certainly the actual position of the town itself, is more striking than that of either of its fellows. Like Metz, it is a watery city, with many channels and bridges; it is, what Toul is not at all and Metz but slightly, distinctly a hill-city. The cathedral church, still so abiding—for Verdun, more lucky than Toul, still keeps its bishopric—stands, in true Gaulish fashion, on the highest point of the hill, a point gained near the south-east corner of the church by a climbing of many steps. The church is a prominent object from below, and wide views are commanded from its neighbourhood. But its outline is not so striking as that of Metz or Toul; we see neither the tall mass of Metz nor the stately towers of Toul; we may dimly see a German east end, and we see more plainly two western towers which at a great distance might pass for Romanesque, but only from a great distance. They are in fact parts of a systematic Jesuiting which the church underwent, and which, following on more than one mediæval recasting, has left but very little of the Romanesque building. Yet something is left of those days, something, we would believe, of the church at whose rebuilding Duke Godfrey of Lotharingia atoned for his sacrilege in the burning of its predecessor by working as a common labourer. Such was the sentence of Pope Leo the Ninth and the Council of Rheims; the former Bishop of Toul looked with special care after those who had once been his neighbours. The thoroughly German

plan of the church can be made out after all changes. The design was an apse, a transept, and a pair of towers at each end, much like the outline into which Poppo and Hillin at Trier gradually changed the church of Nicetius. There is here no compromise, such as we see at Metz and Toul, between German and French ideas, for the obvious reason that there were as yet no French ideas to mingle with those of Germany. The great days of French architecture were Gothic; we can hardly say that there is a French Romanesque style, though there is a German, a Norman, an Aquitanian, and a Provençal Romanesque. Duke Godfrey could most likely speak French; but he and his master-mason built German. In the transepts, both eastern and western, we still see perfectly plain Romanesque arches, at which the penitent Duke may have worked with hod and trowel. But that is about all. The pretty bits of Romanesque which we see outside, both east and west, must surely be later than Duke Godfrey's labours. To speak in Treveran language, they savour of Hillin rather than of Poppo. At the east end the apse of German Gothic rests on a Romanesque substructure, which looks as if it contained a crypt, though, if so, we could find nobody who could show us the way to it. The main arcades inside and the clerestory which they support have been mercilessly Jesuited, but we cherish a hope that, as at Würzburg and many other places, the arches of the eleventh century are really there, and that nothing more is needed than a good stout knife to scrape off the daubings wherewith the *Renaissance* has daubed it. Ages before the intrusion of Borgian and Medicean

notions of beauty, the aisles were recast in the very earliest form of Gothic, or perhaps rather Transition, and, in the next stage, the aisle walls were cut through to make chapels after the French fashion. What became of the west end when the towers were made it is hard to say; some Romanesque bits lurk outside in the neighbourhood, and within there is the faint likeness of an apse. Outside there is nothing that can be called an apse, but there is a square something, which seems meant to supply the place of one, sticking out between the towers.

We cannot, as this account will show, claim for the church of Verdun, notwithstanding its little bit of historic interest, a high place among churches. We ought to have, what is always precious, a church mainly of the eleventh century; but innovators have stood in our way. One thing it has of first-rate merit, an admirable late Gothic cloister, though sadly disfigured by its being made into the substructure of ugly modern buildings. Nor is there very much in the town besides the head church. From the acropolis—for Verdun, unlike Toul and even Metz, has a real acropolis—we look down on what seems to be a desecrated church. There is another building beyond the river, with excellent Geometrical windows, suggesting equally good pier-arches within, to which there seemed no way of finding an entrance. The houses by the side of the Meuse are picturesque, and the modern fortifiers have spared one ancient town-gate. But, on the whole, Verdun belongs to the class of towns which we are glad to have seen once, but which we are not specially eager to go to

again. With Toul it is otherwise. We should not like to be wholly without the hope of again gazing on the noble towers of Saint Stephen's.

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### BEAUVAIIS AND AMIENS.

THE comparison between the churches of Beauvais and Amiens, and again between the churches of Amiens and Salisbury, is an old story. It could hardly be better treated than it was by Dr. Whewell; one wonders whether he is now remembered as having been, among so many other things, one of the very best of architectural observers. Without Professor Willis's wonderful power of bringing constructive and documentary evidence to bear on one another, now and then misled as to a date, which one is tempted to think that Willis could not be, Whewell certainly outdid Willis in the gift of grasping the *character* both of whole styles and of particular buildings. It was a happy saying that Amiens was like "a giant in repose," Beauvais like "a tall man on tip-toe." The only fault is that the contrast might suggest the belief that Amiens is higher than Beauvais. That it surely is not. It is very hard to get at trustworthy measurements for the insides of buildings. The last list that we have looked at makes the order of height among the greatest churches of Northern Europe to stand thus: Beauvais, Köln, Metz, Amiens. We are amazed at the position of Metz. We were inclined to place it with the secondary group, Rheims, Chartres,

Bourges, and Narbonne, which, much higher than anything in England, certainly fall a good way short of Beauvais or Amiens. If Metz really attains unto the first three, it is a speaking comment on our own remark that the short pillars bearing a clerestory of prodigious height was an arrangement which did not do justice to the general height of the building. In Dr. Whewell's saying, it would be a pity to lose the opposition between the "giant" and the "tall man;" yet, if Amiens is a "giant," Beauvais is certainly more than a "tall man." But the saying about one being "in repose" and the other "on tiptoe" is equally true in any case. If Amiens is a little lower than Beauvais, there is an air of quiet dignity about Amiens, while there is an air of striving about Beauvais. One seems to see at Beauvais, what we know that there actually was at some stages of the work, a conscious endeavour to out-top every other building. And the endeavour was not altogether lucky at any stage. The work at Amiens seems to have got quietly on, with some of the usual stoppages, but with no change of design, no serious interruption, from the beginning of the east end about 1220 till the finishing, if we can call it a finishing, of the west front in the fifteenth century. By that time the style had changed; but the main arcades carry on the design throughout; the late Gothic comes in only in the tops of the towers, if towers we are to call them. One change, to be sure, took place meanwhile which would much better have been left alone. Chapels were added between the buttresses of the nave. It is curious to see within the church the lines of the buttresses and the windows which once were outside; but the damage in effect both

inside and out is great. Rheims is free from these excrescences; so is Saint Ouen's, and both are all the better for being so. In the matter of west fronts Beauvais and Amiens can enter into no comparison, as Beauvais has no more of a west front than Merton chapel. If the phrase "articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae" may be applied architecturally, Amiens is emphatically the "stans ecclesia" and Beauvais the "cadens." Every one who has read Dr. Whewell will remember how, while the choir of Beauvais was new, the vault fell in, and how the like danger was provided against for the future by doubling the number of pillars, and, instead of three arches which must have been unusually broad, making six which are unusually narrow. Meanwhile Amiens, which had not attempted quite so much, stood quite safe. Then again we cannot but feel with the Chapter of Beauvais in the sixteenth century, if it be true that they deliberately set to work, for the honour of the natural style of Northern Europe, to build something which should be higher than the cupola of the new Saint Peter's, and that they further designed that something to take the Norman and English, but not French, shape of a central tower. But unhappily, as they forgot first of all to build their nave so far at least as to give the tower a proper support, the tower fell down before many years, and left the church for ever an unfinished fragment. To judge from an old plan of the town, one would say that the tower must have fallen before it had reached its full height, as the height of the tower itself, as distinguished from a seemingly wooden finish, above the roof of the church is not excessive. But no one since that day has undertaken

either to rebuild the tower or to finish the nave. While Amiens stands whole and perfect, as a thoroughly completed design, Beauvais has remained, from the time when the present church was begun, an unfinished and shapeless fragment.

But is not finished Amiens, to an eye used either to English and Norman outlines or to German Romanesque outlines, very nearly as shapeless, when seen from outside, as unfinished Beauvais? From a distance it is altogether so. There is nothing that can be called outline; the crossing is marked by a *fleche*—it is not what we understand by a *spire*—so large as to suggest something more. Then something or other seems to be feebly striving to lift itself above the roof at the west end. Seen from every point but the direct west, the western towers of Amiens, if we can give them the name of towers, seem the feeblest things in the world. The towers of Rheims seem in this view hardly large enough for the building; still Rheims has an outline of some kind; Amiens has none. It is in truth impossible in churches of this gigantic height to have that outline and grouping of towers which we admire in the churches of England and Normandy, and in another form in those of Germany. It is only at Köln in its completed state—and Köln is a French church on German soil, just as Westminster is a French church on English soil—that western towers of any kind of dignity and proportion have been found possible in a church of the loftiness of Amiens and Beauvais. And there they have been found possible only by making the west front all tower. In order to have towers which could really rise above the roof as towers should, it has been found

needful to make the towers of Köln of such a vast bulk that the west end of the nave simply peers out between them. From the direct west the front of Amiens is wonderfully striking, and it is none the worse that the doorways, vast as they are, are not quite so prominent as those at Rheims. But here at Amiens there is outside, what assuredly there is not inside, the feeling of being, as Dr. Whewell says, "on tip-toe." It is increased by the strange unevenness of the towers, which look as if the southern tower had tried hard to rear itself up as high as its brother, and had failed to do so. It is increased too to our eyes by the very lofty position of the rose window, and—may we say it?—by the bit of sham above it. Yes, Amiens has its bit of sham too, as well as churches less than half its height; here also the front would have been far better if the nave gable had been allowed to stand out boldly in its natural shape.

The inference from all this is obvious. It has been made over and over again; but the mind goes through the same process of thought over and over again on every visit to these wonderfully lofty churches. The perfection of internal effect, such as we see it in these great French buildings, and the perfection of external outline, such as we see it in the English and Norman churches, cannot both be had together. One must be sacrificed to the other. When we speak of the perfection of internal effect, we are of course speaking of Gothic buildings only; Romanesque has its own standard; a Romanesque building of the height of Beauvais would be grotesque, or rather impossible. Yet we have noticed that the first glance of the inside of Beauvais

or Amiens has not, for the intelligent if somewhat untechnical stranger, the same overwhelming effect as the first glance of the inside of Durham. There is, after all, something in Romanesque, above all in its Northern shape, which is not to be had in any other style. But putting Romanesque aside, in a great Gothic church the question must ever lie between the internal height of Amiens and the external outline of Lincoln. Both cannot be had together. But Saint Ouen's, it must be borne in mind, goes further to unite the two forms of excellence than any other church, French or English. There are—even supposing a decent west front—more perfect outlines in England; there are loftier interiors in France. But Saint Ouen's is the loftiest church in the world that has a real central tower. From that fact, some who dare to think for themselves and to pay little heed to the curses of Mr. Ruskin have been bold enough to infer that, of all the churches in the world, the church of Saint Ouen—*Audoenus*, in plain English *Eadwine*—is the one which comes nearest to perfection.

The other question, between Amiens and Salisbury, or between Salisbury and the oldest Gothic work at Beauvais, was also argued by Dr. Whewell. It had been often said that French architecture was far in advance of English, when Amiens and Beauvais—and a crowd of smaller buildings—had fully developed tracery in their windows at a time when Salisbury—and a crowd of other English churches—had not got beyond groupings of lancets. Dr. Whewell answered that one country had developed faster in one point and the other in another. France had distanced England in the matter of win-

dows; but France lagged behind England in the matter of pillars and arches. The French pillars and arches had nothing of the same boldness of clustering and moulding as the English, and the square abacus of the Romanesque still lingered. Nothing can be more true; but there is another point beyond. The French details are certainly, as regards the ideal developement of detail, partly in advance, partly in arrear, of the English. But the French details better suit the French proportion. The nave of Lincoln, still more the thirteenth-century work at Ely, would, if it had been designed to be as lofty as Amiens and Beauvais, have had to change many of its details. The elaborate clustering of the pillars, the wonderful depth and richness of the mouldings of the arches, the luxuriant foliage of the capitals, are all meant to be comparatively near to the eye. They would all be thrown away in a building of the French proportions. The mouldings of Amiens are meagre compared with those of Salisbury, yet more with those of Ely; but the Ely mouldings would lose all their effect if they were lifted up to the height of those at Amiens. Again, in a building of French proportion, a triforium of the scale of that at Ely or even at Lincoln would be altogether out of place. The French proportion calls for a tall pier-arch and a tall clerestory; the triforium is kept in subordination to both. Groups of lancets would never do for the tall narrow clerestories of the French churches, and the place where they are most effective, in a wide front, is not allowed them by French arrangements in other respects. The use of the apse forbids the east end of Ely or Southwell or Whitby, just as it forbids the great east windows of Lincoln,

Carlisle, and Selby. And the French taste for the rose window no less forbids any great grouping of lancets at the west end or in the fronts of the transepts. It is perfectly true that each country was in advance of the other in some points and lagged behind in others. But the slower and quicker march of detail, if it was not directly caused by, at least most happily fell in with, the ideal of design and proportion which each nation had formed. England, from whatever causes, preferred a comparatively low church, with a central tower and a flat east end. France preferred a church of vast height, therefore without a central tower, and with an apsidal east end. Each land developed those features of detail and proportion which best suited its own ideal.

Beauvais, we have said, is a mere fragment, while Amiens is a completed design. But the imperfect state of Beauvais makes it the more instructive historic study. Amiens, finished and all but of a piece, is a great and glorious thing to look at, to study as a work of art and as teaching the history of art; but the building itself has hardly any story to be made out. It is otherwise at Beauvais. There we may even give a few moments to the later Gothic developments; we may admire the transept front, simple in its gorgeousness and none the worse for showing no attempt at towers. And within, as we look at the pier-arches of that date, we may wonder at the strange taste of the later French architects, who must, strange as it seems, really have thought that a continuous, or even a discontinuous, impost was prettier than a capital. The continuous impost may just be endured; but what shall we say of the discon-

tinous? It is surely Dr. Whewell again who says that a French pillar of that date often looks as if the mouldings had been run into it when they were soft. But with all respect for the well-intentioned Chapter of Beauvais in the sixteenth century, we may be very glad that they never did finish their nave. For, if they had, we should not now have had the precious remnant which still abides of a far older nave. Some good and some evil was done at Beauvais between 1861 and 1888. In the earlier year the so-called *Basse Œuvre* was hard to get at or to see, inside or out; it was grievously marred and knocked about; but it was at least not "restored"; all that was left was genuine. It has since been cleared out and set up again; it is easily got at inside and out; it is made plain to the meanest capacity what it really is—namely the nave, or part of the nave, of the earlier church, the eastern part of which has given way to the present gigantic building. But these advantages have been bought at a heavy price. The *Basse Œuvre*—the Primitive Romanesque nave of Beauvais—has been "restored." Outside perhaps it was—according at any rate to French notions—impossible to avoid renewing some parts of the masonry. Imitation Primitive work does look very foolish; still out-of-doors we can be merciful. But the treatment of the inside is wantonly brutal. In a building of this kind what is needful before all things is to show the construction. We come to Beauvais, still thankful for the pious care which enabled us at Trier to study the construction of every date, and we find the whole inside of the ancient nave daubed over so as to tell us nothing. English churchwardens of the last cen-

tury could not have done worse than this, which, be it remembered, must have been done by some national authority. French Governments are, in architectural matters, like that class of despots who keep the luxury of oppression to themselves. Under Ali of Joannina no man might do wrong except Ali himself. So, when a building is once ticketted "*Monument historique*," nobody but the Government may spoil it; but the Government is sure to spoil it some day or other. Witness Saint Front of Périgueux, witness the *Basse Œuvre* of Beauvais. Leave it unticketted, and it takes its chance; somebody may pull it down, but then somebody may take care of it.

This venerable and much-enduring building would seem to be of the tenth century. General belief seems to be that the west end of the *Basse Œuvre* belongs to the latter part of that century, but that the rest is earlier. There really seems no reason to give two dates to the building, except so far as, in the nature of things, a west front is commonly the last finish. The construction is that close imitation of Roman work which often went on into the eleventh century, as in the work of Poppe at Trier and of Howel at Le Mans. There is a close likeness in the look from outside between the masonry at Beauvais, so far as it is genuine, and that of Le Mans. But Beauvais seems to have had mere massive piers within, while at Le Mans columns were certainly used. The "Low Work" after all is not so very low; the west end is of a fair height; only it is dwarfed by its gigantic neighbour. The analogy between Le Mans and Beauvais goes on into other things. At Le Mans, as at Beauvais, a Romanesque nave sur-

vives with a later choir and transept of far greater height attached to it. There the contrast is strong, though not quite so strong as at Beauvais; for the choir of Le Mans, though very lofty, is by no means so lofty as that of Beauvais, while the Romanesque nave of Le Mans is much larger than the fragment of the Romanesque nave at Beauvais. Both are alike examples of the process, so common in French churches of all scales, by which the original choir of a church has given way to something far later and loftier, while the older nave remains, though it was doubtless designed to get rid of that too, if the work had been carried on. We saw one only a few days back in the church of Saint Anthony at Compiègne. In England there are not many such examples; Carlisle cathedral is perhaps the best; the surviving fragment of the nave, combined with the division of the church till lately between chapter and parish, has puzzled many, as the *Basse Œuvre* at Beauvais has puzzled many. We should have had a better example still, if the Primitive nave of Beverley Minster, which lived on till the fourteenth century, had lived on still in close fellowship with the choir and transepts of the thirteenth. But Beauvais is the place of all others to study this process. For we see it, not only in the great Saint Peter's, but in the secondary church of the city, the church of Saint Stephen. This is a church which might make the architectural fortune of a town of the size of Beauvais, if only Saint Peter's were not there. Here a Romanesque church of considerable size keeps its nave, transepts, and central tower, while a new choir has arisen to the east of them. The effect is best described by saying that the central tower, low

certainly and most likely meant to be carried higher, has been swallowed up by the new choir. Outside it has become part of the loftier building, and is covered by a continuous roof with the choir; that is, it has ceased to be a tower at all. But this must be a later change again, as the old plan to which we have already referred shows Saint Stephen's with the new choir already built, but with the tower still crowned with a low spire. And this view does not show the massive tower, going off into *Renaissance* in its details, which was added at the north-west corner of the church at the very end of the sixteenth century. This was clearly part of a design for rebuilding the whole western part, so as to match the eastern. The beginnings of the new nave are to be seen against the eastern face of the tower; it was of course to be as high as the new choir; it was also to be much wider than the old nave, having side chapels beyond the aisles. Something too was to be done to the west front; something was to come, possibly a porch like that designed at Saint Ouen's; it is not clear whether the huge north-western tower was to have a south-western fellow. Happily all this never was done, and Beauvais, alongside of the earlier Romanesque nave of Saint Peter's, keeps the later Romanesque nave of Saint Stephen's. It is of good, simple, Northern Romanesque—Norman, if any one likes the name as opposed to Provençal or Aquitanian; indeed it would be hard to find a better proportioned design of its class. The front of the north transept, with an elaborate wheel window and fretwork on the gable above, must surely be a little later. The nave was lengthened by at least one bay in the Transitional period, and at the west end, so far as

the original work is left, we get the complete style of the early thirteenth century. In odd contrast with the fine work of different dates at the two ends, stand out the perfectly plain pointed arches of the lantern, which have clearly been inserted at some time or other on Romanesque supports.

At Beauvais, just as at Toul, the two minsters have lived on, and the parish churches have vanished. But we have something to see at Beauvais which we have not seen since Trier, hardly at Trier itself. We can hardly say that there are Roman walls at Trier; the Black Gate stands in the middle of a mediæval wall. But at Beauvais we have a real piece of the defences of Cæsaromagus, *Civitas Bellovacorum*. Nearly opposite the west end of Saint Peter's stands what was the Bishop's palace, now the Palace of Justice. Its gateway, with two huge round towers, seems hardly fitted for the dwelling of a bishop in his city; it belongs to a castle rather than to a palace. The Bishop of Beauvais, to be sure, was a Count and Peer of France; but his Metropolitan, the Archbishop and Duke of Rheims, was satisfied with a peaceful dwelling enough in his city. The house itself to which this threatening approach leads is of the usual late French Gothic. But go round to the west side, and you will see the house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges in miniature. The Bishop of Beauvais, like the Bishop of Evreux and the Archbishop of Rouen, was among the men that sat on the wall. This side of the palace has a piece of the Roman wall for its substructure, and a Roman bastion has, just as at Bourges, been carried up to make a round tower. The town too

is rich in old houses, some of really fine work, many with enough of good outline to give a whole street a picturesque air. In England, in the matter of churches we can hold our own ground against French or any other competition. Assuredly the great churches of the island and the continent have their distinct kinds of merit, and the distinctively parochial type of church, not a miniature minster, but just as good in its own way as the minster, is something purely English. But in the civil architecture of our towns, both of houses and of public buildings, we must submit to yield to France. Yet we may give one reason for our inferiority in this way, which really tends to our credit. Our towns have fewer good houses than the French towns, because it was possible earlier in England than in France for a man who had not a castle of his own to be safe without seeking the shelter of a fortified town. France has nothing to set against the series of houses in the open country, or in mere undefended market-towns, manor-houses, parsonages, houses of every kind, which England can show. They begin, few and far between, even in the thirteenth and twelfth centuries, and from the fourteenth century onwards they show themselves in constantly increasing numbers. The fact that *château* and not *manoir* has become the usual name for a French country house proves a great deal. But if we once get on this head, we shall find ourselves carried off a long way from Beauvais, and we must end the record of a journey, not very distant nor very novel, but supplying nevertheless no small store of instruction. Only, considering the history of some of the places

which we have gone through, it is strange that the interest is so predominantly ecclesiastical. Without going into the more purely Roman lands of the South, we should have been glad to have seen, at some point after Trier, some rival to the wall of Sens, some fellow to the *Porta Martis* of Rheims.

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**II.**

**TO AUVERGNE AND VELAY  
AND BACK.**



## I.—ANGERS.

The main object of our journey is not one to which the “gaineſt road,” as a man of Lindesey would say, lies by the city that once was *Juliomagus Andecavorum*. We are bound for the lands of Auvergne and Velay, the lands of extinct volcanoes and of Romanesque churches, the lands watered by Loire in his infant days; and the most obvious course towards them does not lie through the lands watered by his full-grown self and his greater tributaries. But it is no bad plan, on the way to objects which are wholly new, to make, as it were, some little preparation, by the sight of objects which are not wholly new, but which have not been seen for many years. And in going to a land which has a most marked style of architecture which we have not studied, there is some gain in looking by the way on a class of buildings equally marked which we have studied in times past. Anjou and the lands bordering on Anjou are hardly the direct road to Auvergne, but a glimpse at Anjou and its borders may not be unprofitable on the road to Auvergne.

We spoke just now, for form’s sake, of *Juliomagus Andecavorum*; but in this case it seems almost a vain ceremony to write the Latin name of city or district.

We are not at *Lugdunum* or *Augustodunum*, where the history in Roman days fairly rivals in importance the history that was to come after. The Andes of Cæsar, the Andecavi of Tacitus, have their existence proved, and something more; indeed the existence of the city of Angers and the county of Anjou would be enough to prove it. And we know something more about them than their bare existence; the Andecavi, along with the Turonii, were the foremost people of Western Gaul to join in the revolt of Julius Sacrovir. But the existence of *Juliomagus* as the capital of the Andecavi is a geographical fact and nothing more. Nothing that had the good luck to be recorded seems to have happened there while it was *Juliomagus*. But, if the city has but a short history by its own name, it has a long and stirring history by the name of the folk who dwelled in and around it. Each land and city has its special characteristics which distinguish it from others. One is famous for its church and its bishops, another for its commonwealth, another for its princes. Le Mans has the special privilege of being alike famous for all three. The city by the Mayenne does not rival the threefold historic interest of the city by the Sarthe. But it has an interest of its own all the stronger perhaps because it gathers itself on one element only. In the city which was *Juliomagus*, in the land of the Andes or Andecavi, we do not think very much either of churchmen or of citizens. It is before all things the land and the city of counts. In the long line of Fulks and Geoffreys we have good men and bad men, but we have hardly a single weak man; every prince of the house, the house that gave kings to Jerusalem and to England, has a char-

acter of his own. We might, if we chose, go on beyond the day of conquest to counts who reigned over Provence and Apulia, but of whom Sicily would have naught. We might even carry on the tale to dukes who still fancied themselves kings, and turned Europe upside down to please their fancy. But on the hill above the Mayenne our thoughts hardly run on so far. That hill is, before all things, the hope of that strange and terrible line, the Black, the Good, the Red, the Hammer, the Shark, and all the strongly marked stock of which came Henry Fitz-Empress and Richard of the Lion's Heart, the men who, tamed on English ground into Englishmen, gave us Edward father of Parliaments and Henry the victor of Agincourt, the statesman of Troyes.

The city which became the capital of this wonderful princely house is worthy of them. The city of the Andecavi, like most of the old Gaulish cities, stands well. As usual, the first settlers chose for their dwelling-place a hill with a river at its foot, and the primitive enclosure on the hill-top, enlarged at various times, has grown into the present city. The Gaulish fort first grew into the Roman town, the capital of the surrounding district. As usual, the town lost its own name in the name of the tribe of which it was the head, and *Juliomagus Andecavorum*, with the slightest change in its consonant, became *Civitas Andegavorum* and *Andegavi*. In Latin it is hard to distinguish city and county; in French the law is nearly universal by which the name takes a slightly different form in the two cases; the town is Angers; the land is Anjou. Three circuits of walls are recorded, the latest of which is of course represented by the modern boulevards. If the walls, like most other things

at Angers, were built of the dark slate of the neighbourhood, the name which the town bore of Black Angers becomes intelligible enough. We have plenty of blackness as it is in the huge pile of the castle which occupies the south-western corner of the original city, that which is distinctly *La Cité*, that part of the modern Angers which stands on the left bank of the Mayenne. Wonderful indeed is the mighty row of bastions which seem almost to shoulder one another as we walk up eastward from the river. It is singular how very narrow, pressed in between two of these vast guardians, is the gate which opened on the south-east corner, where a drawbridge must have spanned the deep ditch. And yet these bastions and the tall round tower which rises far above all are hardly so impressive as one vast square tower of the true Norman type, as Falaise for example, or Rochester. And the castle, at least as it now stands, has nothing to do with the Angers of the counts. It is the work of intruding kings. The oldest centre of Angers is not there. If we look for the home of the counts, we must seek it among the bishops.

For, after all, even in the city of counts the pre-eminence of interest belongs to the churches and the buildings attached to the churches. Three main objects stand forth in the general view; beside the castle and the cathedral church a fragment of a great monastery puts in a good claim to rank along with them. While the castle keeps the corner of the hill, the episcopal church occupies its central point. And the tower of Saint Aubin forms from many points of view an object no less prominent, as it is certainly the most majestic of all. By good rights indeed the third object should have been,

not the abbey of Saint Aubin, standing within at least the later walls, but that of Saint Sergius, the Saint Ouen's or Saint Augustine's of Angers, lying beyond all enclosures to the north. When it had a loftier tower than it now has, it doubtless was far more prominent than it now is; but standing low as it does, it could never have been in a general view a rival to Saint Aubin on the height.

At Durham, where the Bishop was lord and almost sovereign, the castle was the Bishop's own and not the rival seat of any external king or earl, and castle and abbey overhang the river side by side from the very edge of the hill. As Angers now is, the two separate powers do not dwell in such fellowship side by side. But it seems that they did something like it in the days when Angers was the seat of those princes who indeed made themselves a name in the world. The site of the present castle could never have been left otherwise than carefully guarded; but the hearth of the ancient counts was not there. Was it Fulk the Good, he who read his book and sang in the choir, and who told his mocking overlord that "*rex illiteratus est asinus coronatus*," who was well pleased to make his house join hard to the synagogue? So it certainly did, if it be true that the present episcopal palace, which actually ranges with the south transept of the episcopal church, was in its first estate the palace of the counts. As it is, palace and minster form one whole; they cannot be taken apart. And the whole which they form, though it does not stand out like the great piles on the Wear and the Sarthe, is the heart and centre of Angers, and the spires

of Saint Maurice are our beacons in all parts of the city.

As the city of Angers holds no small place in the general history of Gaul, and so incidentally in the history of Britain, so it holds no small place in the history of the building art as the head-quarters of one of the most marked of those varieties of Romanesque architecture which supplanted the earlier form of Romanesque once common to all Western Europe. Of this style the cathedral of Saint Maurice is one of the most remarkable examples, and it may be well to speak of it more specially, as an example of that style along with some other of its fellows, not all of them within the bounds of Anjou. Its singular outline, its two western spires with a kind of third tower between them, makes the eye turn to it from every quarter; but it does not belong to the Angers of the counts. Its neighbour, the new episcopal palace, joining on to its south transept, has an earlier interest. The undercroft with its columns, reminding one of Durham chapel, the noble hall above, one of the finest Romanesque rooms in the world, as they were seen sixteen years ago, recalled and outdid the kindred but later building at Wells. The hall is of the finest work of the twelfth century; the undercroft and the strangely arranged chapel may be a little earlier; but all is good Romanesque. Since those days work for which we may be thankful has been done in the way of discovery. In other rooms of the palace rich work of the same date has been brought to light which before was hidden with woodwork. But, as usual, overmuch has been done in the way of "restoration,"

and we believe of adaptation and addition. The French yearning to make everything new cannot be withheld anywhere, and in the palace of Angers we now do not know exactly how much to trust.

At Angers, as in every other French town, we naturally fall to mourning because there is so little left of what there once was; yet, considering all that French churches and other buildings have gone through, we should rather be filled with wonder and thankfulness that there is anything left. Angers once had an university, with its colleges and its nations. It dated only from the fourteenth century; but its only substitute now is, of course, the dull monotony of an "academy" attached to the "University of France." Of ecclesiastical buildings, there were once, besides the cathedral church, three abbeys for men, one for women, one church of regular canons, six of seculars, and sixteen parish churches in the city and suburbs. We will now speak mainly of those which, like the Bishop's palace, illustrate the style of earlier days rather than the characteristic Angevin style of Saint Maurice. If, after compassing Saint Maurice, we stand in the open space before its west end, and cast our eyes to the other side of the river, the most prominent object is the tower of the church of the Holy Trinity or of the Saviour. The tower is finished with a *Renaissance* cupola; but it is itself a twelfth-century work. It is a central tower with two short transepts and the apse attached to its eastern face, like Newhaven and Yanville. One might fancy it finished with a short nave to match. We should thus get a compact little cruciform building, and the disproportionate height of the tower would hardly be greater

than in many French churches. But if such a nave ever existed, it has given way to a much wider and taller nave of the Angevin plan. Among churches of that plan it has an important place; here we have to look at it in reference to an older building. The abbey of nuns known as Ronceray or *La Charité* was founded by Count Fulk Nerra and dedicated in 1028. Four canons were the spiritual advisers of the sisters, and for them in 1062 was founded a second church, that of the Trinity. An enlargement after a fire in 1132 seems to have carried the church of the canons so far west as to become an immediate neighbour of the church of the nuns. The west end of the Trinity church is built up against the apse of Ronceray. Within the later building we see the outside walls of the elder; without we see the side towers of the nuns' church standing transept-like, like Exeter, Geneva, and Le Mans. In the older church too we see the same rude tradition of Roman masonry carried on into the eleventh century, which is so conspicuous at Le Mans. We see also the same wide windows. But the capitals—can they be so old as 1028?—are of that same kind which in England and Normandy belongs to the next half-century. One or two are distinctly Byzantine. The way in which the two churches, monastic and collegiate, are united reminds one of Waybourne in Norfolk; only here the secular church stands to the east—that is, to the south-east; at Waybourne the parish church is to the south-west, its chancel leaning against the western tower of the priory.

After all, the desecrated and ruined collegiate church of Saint Martin may claim to be the most thoroughly interesting of the ecclesiastical buildings of Angers. For

the present we pass by the graceful Angevin choir, attached to a transept, mid-tower, and nave, of surpassing value. But the choir is full of barrels of tobacco, the nave is roofless and cut short, the aisles are made into offices; we do indeed ask for restoration, though not for such scraping and scoring as has "restored" the unhappy Trinity Church into something altogether new. The nave is one of those precious fragments earlier than things in general, earlier, that is, than the latter half of the eleventh century, which we set down under the general head of Primitive Romanesque. There is nothing here so marked as the towers of Lindesey or of the Pyrenæan valleys; but there is something which does not belong to any of the finished Romanesque styles, Norman, Angevin, Aquitanian, or any other. The nave had the plainest possible square piers and round arches, with a plain clerestory above; it is the central tower and the transepts which are the noteworthy thing at Saint Martin. The lantern arches spring from perfectly plain square responds, in whose masonry layers of Roman brick alternate with stones of good size, and the traditional imitation of Roman masonry of alternate bricks and small stones which in some places can hardly be said to have ever gone out of use at all. There are signs of this construction in the transept walls, and Roman bricks again are used in the window and the blocked doorway of the north transept. But within the lantern arches, rising far above them, are four huge half columns—suggesting some of those at Tournus—supporting a cupola over the crossing, with two windows on each side over the lantern arches. Here we have no bricks, but good wide-jointed

masonry: bricks, unless made on purpose, were not good materials for columns. The capitals are rude, of the general type of capitals wrought in the days when the Roman tradition had died out and the Norman and other later fashions had not come in. Now to whom are we to assign this stately piece—for stately it certainly is—of work which north of the Alps we look on as precious? Are we to give it to the Empress Ermengard in the ninth century, or to Count Fulk Nerra between 987 and 1040? Both have claims. We might like the Empress better, but we can put up with the Count; and in these ages of which so little is left a century or two makes much less difference than it did afterwards. Anyhow we feel sure that we have come across work older than the great architectural change of the eleventh century.

Lastly there is the abbey of Saint Sergius outside the walls. Lovers of the history of Maine will remember that Vulgrin, the friend of the Conqueror, who in a sense began the present church of Le Mans though nothing of his work is now standing, was abbot here before he became bishop, and local belief claims him as the builder of some part or other of the present church. Now in the middle are the stumps—nothing more—of the piers of a central tower, with Roman bricks, just as at Saint Martin's, but without the great columns within the lantern. One would like to believe that these are older than Vulgrin; yet a dedication of the chancel took place in 1058, the year in which he left Angers for Le Mans; so we are glad to catch at Fulk Nerra as the builder of Saint Martin's, lest any later claimant should turn up.

Of the noble tower of Saint Aubin's, the detached bell-tower of a church of which we have but small traces, we have already casually spoken. It is a perfect example of the Transition. And if Saint Aubin keeps only its towers, its fellow abbey of Saint Nicolas has vanished altogether. We should be well pleased to look on a pile dedicated by Urban the Second, when, after his mighty preaching at Clermont, he visited the churches and cities of Northern Gaul and became the guest of Hildebert on the Cenomannian hill. With Saint Nicolas' abbey, the collegiate churches of Saint Peter, Saint Laud, Saint Mamilius, and Saint Mainboeuf have utterly vanished. The Revolution did indeed sweep with the besom of destruction over the city of the counts. But we have not yet quite done our survey. Beyond the river, in the same suburb which holds the twin church of Ronceray and the Trinity, two other objects catch our eye in the noble view from the castle. To the left we see dimly what seems to be a Romanesque building. It proves to be the convent known as the *Bon Pasteur*, which, otherwise modern or modernized, still keeps a twelfth century front. Far to the right, we mark a building of as high interest as any in Angers. There is the almost untouched hospital of Saint John, fellow to the kindred house at Le Mans, the work of the first Count of Anjou who was also King of England. Inside and out, windows and columns, the hall with its light single shafts and vaulting, the so-called *grenier* with its coupled columns of that Saracenic pattern which stretches from the Monreale of William the Good to the Durham of Hugh of Puiset—all are worthy of the great king whose destiny gave him more room

for good works in his county than in his kingdom. In chronological order we might turn back to the castle-chapel, no mean work in its own way. But in its day the glory of Anjou had passed away; dukes, sons and brothers of kings, had thrust themselves into the place of that memorable line of counts whose qualities, for good and for evil, were shown on a wider field than Angers and Anjou when their spirit as well as their blood had passed to Henry Fitz-Empress.

## II.—ANGEVIN ARCHITECTURE.

It is hard to know exactly what to call the varieties of architecture which sprang up in the eleventh and twelfth centuries to supplant the older form of Romanesque which had once been common to all Western Europe, but which Germany alone, instead of casting aside, clave to and improved. It is not exactly difference of *style*; we find the same construction, and to a great extent the same details, in buildings the general effect of which is utterly unlike. It is rather a fashion in building, especially in church-building, a preference for a certain plan, a certain proportion, a certain kind of general effect, rather than any difference in style strictly so called. In this it differs from the national and local varieties of Gothic, which are real differences of style as far as they go. An English Perpendicular and a French Flamboyant church will commonly differ a good deal in their proportions, but, with a general

agreement of artistic principle, they will differ a good deal more in details. The French building will commonly be the loftier of the two; it will have an apse, while the English building has a flat end; it will have a vault, while the English building has a wooden roof. This is the rule; yet some English churches are lofty and some French ones are low; some English churches have apses and some French ones have flat ends. The thing which is absolutely distinctive of England is the wooden roof made into an ornamental feature. But all these differences do not make at all so wide a diversity as we see between a Norman, an Angevin, and an Aquitanian church, the smaller details of which, say the string-courses and the capitals of the small shafts, may be exactly the same. There is, as we have hinted, a very marked Angevin mode of building, a mode of which Anjou may be looked on as the head-quarters, though it stretches into lands on both sides of that county. But we hardly know whether to call it an architectural *style*. As far as details are concerned, the difference, in all these varieties of Romanesque, lies rather in the use of the details than in the details themselves. One variety has square piers, another compound piers, another columns, another has no pillars at all. But, allowing for the rule that, the further south we go, the more classical things get, such capitals as there are may be exactly the same. We therefore hardly know whether we ought to speak of an Angevin style; but there is a very marked Angevin manner of building. The buildings of the twelfth century in Anjou, and in the lands to which Angevin influence reached, can be known at a

glance from the buildings of the lands to the north and south of them.

The main tendency of this Angevin variety is to make everything broad and, by proportion at least, low. In the churches this is carried so far as to dispense with aisles, and therefore with piers or columns of any kind. There are the nave and choir each a single wide body. This tendency is found also in some parts of Aquitaine; but it is nowhere so strongly dominant as in the region of Angevin taste. What is done with width is also done with length; the bays of an Angevin church are always wonderfully wide, perhaps double the width of those in an English or French church. A nave which in England would consist of six or eight bays will in Anjou consist of only three or four, each of which will most likely contain two coupled windows much larger than they would be in England. In everything the tendency is to have a few large members rather than many small ones. There is a certain boldness and simplicity about this kind of treatment; but there is also a certain bareness, and an Angevin church looks both lower and shorter than it really is. The fault is in some measure the same as that which makes some of the great churches of Italy, Saint Peter's to start with, look so much smaller than they are through using a few wide arches instead of many narrow. The Angevin treatment of the bays is further connected with the use of a kind of vaulting which, without being really domical, such as we see further south, has somewhat of the effect of a cupola. There is also a fondness for the use of the pointed form in the main arches when

it is hardly any more a sign of coming Gothic than it is in Sicily or Aquitaine. And there are some smaller peculiarities, as a fondness for marked corbel-tables inside which would look more natural outside, which add to the characteristic effect.

The fashion then is very marked, and all the churches belonging to it have much in common. Yet it is curious to see how much variety it allows in individual buildings. We have already spoken in a general way of the churches of Angers, most of which have some parts belonging to this style, if style we are to call it. If we look at them as specimens of special Angevin taste, we shall see that, with great general likeness, each brings in some little modification of its own. Saint Maurice perhaps carries out Angevin ideas more thoroughly than any other in Angers. Here is a cross church with the limbs of the same height, without aisles in any part. The apse therefore stands free without surrounding chapels, after a fashion rather German than French,—though the tall windows of the German apses are not to be seen at Angers. There are two western towers and something like a third carried up between them where the nave gable ought to be, and this makes an outline strange in itself, and forms a marked contrast with the outline of Le Mans, no less strange in its own way. As seen from the castle walls, the outline of the cathedral is perhaps not so very strange; it does not differ greatly from that of an ordinary French church with western towers and with the crossing marked by a mere louvre, or, as in this case, not marked at all. The lack of aisles is hardly seen, and the odd position of the towers does not strike the eye. But even in

that view, we take in something of the simplicity of the building; in most French churches, in many English, some inkling of pinnacles and flying-buttresses would have made itself felt. Saint Maurice, we need not say, has no need of them. When we come close to the church, a number of parasitic buildings on the south side hinder its whole outline from being clearly seen. But the east and west ends stand free. The apse, round below, polygonal above, with windows of early tracery, rises boldly above a small open space, where a noble wooden house almost divides our attention with the church. And the west front may be studied with ease in all the fulness of its eccentricity. Two western towers where there are no aisles are in themselves an anomaly, though it must be remembered that such was the arrangement of Ripon in its first state. One great tower, as at Alby, is surely more natural. Here we have two very narrow flat towers, without buttresses and with the middle stages slightly overhanging; the upper stages seem to be that kind of late imitation of Romanesque which is not uncommon in some of the towers further south. The front, remarkable for a single splendid doorway with most bold and striking sculpture, is otherwise as bare and flat as it well can be; the only relief that there ever could have been was a couple of blank arches on each side of the doorway. The history of these towers is odd. They were once finished with wooden spires, and were, like some German towers, joined by a wooden bridge. Early in the sixteenth century, about 1516, spires and bridge were rebuilt of stone, and one cannot help fancying that it was now that the upper part of the towers themselves was built. A

series of changes now followed; a fire in 1531 caused a rebuilding of the north tower in a richer form, and the third tower, if such it is to be called, arose between the two, crowning the west doorway and window, instead of the gable of the nave, or in this case only so much of it as chanced to come between the two towers. It is of the same *pseudo-Romanesque* as the upper part of the towers, the cupola belonging more distinctly to the *Renaissance*. Strange but not beautiful, worth a journey because of its singularity, such is the verdict which we must pronounce on the west front of Saint Maurice of Angers.

When we go within, we find the Angevin idea most thoroughly carried out, except in the apse, which is surely later. The church does not do justice to itself in any of its dimensions. It looks far lower than it is, and three wide bays of the typical kind, three bays of Angevin vaulting, three wide, blank, pointed arches against the wall, in a space where anywhere but in Anjou we should have six bays, make it look much shorter than it is. One is really driven to believe that the Angevin architects did not wish their churches to look long or high, and the more we wonder at their taste, the more curious we find their works as a matter of study.

In the nave of the Trinity church the Angevin peculiarities are less strongly carried out. Each window forms a bay with a kind of apsidal chapel below it—chapels which do not appear outside, except to fill up the space between the massive plain buttresses which here, as at Saint Maurice, support the thrust of the vault. One bay of this sexpartite vault covers two

bays of the design of windows and chapels. We think at once of Boxgrove.

This nave is wide, but it is not so amazingly wide as that of Saint Maurice. Yet it brings out the Angevin idea very thoroughly by contrast with the tall arch into the lantern and choir—with a squint on each side of it. We find also in La Couture at Le Mans and in the church of Laval (lately made cathedral) the same contrast between a wide Angevin nave and an eastern part of quite another character. Saint Maurice, on the other hand, carries its Angevin proportions into the distinctly thirteenth century choir.

Of the early Romanesque nave, transepts, and lantern, of Saint Martin at Angers we have already spoken. The original eastern limb of this church, something doubtless very short, perhaps only an apse, as at the Trinity church, has vanished. In its place a very graceful Angevin choir is attached to the ancient tower and transepts. Both nave and choir are Romanesque—that is, both use round arches; but the two are as unlike as two buildings which use the same general system of construction well can be. The detail of the choir is as light and graceful as Romanesque can be made, and the Angevin peculiarities of design are not so exaggerated as they are at Saint Maurice. Two bays of Angevin vaulting, each over two windows, would make four rather narrow bays of any other kind of design; aisles, and chapels round the apse are of course absent. May we some day see the whole in better case.

The latest building in Angers which we have any temptation to call Angevin in the architectural sense is the ruined church of the Benedictine abbey of All Saints.

This is a building of the thirteenth century, with details rather Norman or English than French. It has lancets and early Geometrical windows, and, strange to say, instead of an apse, it has a flat east end with a wheel window. It is a cross church, and its Angevinism really comes to little more than that all the four limbs are aisleless and rather broad. The bays, taken one by one, are of no unusual width. A very pretty thing it is, and its state of mere ruin, with trees growing within the walls, is less offensive than the active desecration of Saint Martin. A great number of coffins from all parts of the city are here gathered together.

One hardly knows whether he ought to see anything distinctively Angevin at Saint Sergius. There is certainly nothing of that style in the stumps of the ancient lantern. Nor is there anything in the slender columns which support the vault of the choir. Pier-arches there are none; only the ribs between the bays of the vault. Here, it is plain, there is no sign of that taste which eschews aisles, and therewith piers and columns of all kinds. But a trace of Angevin feeling may perhaps be seen in the nave. There are aisles, but the architect seems hardly to have known what to do with them, or in what relation they ought to stand to the nave. The slight remains of the abbey church of Saint Aubin also seem to have belonged to the local style. A great part of its outer walls are still standing, though now worked into other buildings. Against these walls stand rows of half-columns, now carried up and finished with capitals which doubtless think themselves Doric, but whose lower parts and bases were clearly once vaulting shafts in the minster of Saint Aubin. If it was all one body, it

must have been wide even beyond ordinary Angevin width.

At Fontevrault, the mighty pile where still, in their own home, sleep the counts and countesses of Anjou,—those whom, because they chanced to be also kings and queens of England, foolish people wished to move to Westminster—the desecrated nave has much of Angevin character, forming a wonderful contrast with the tall, reed-like columns—one would think Cassiodorus had seen them—of its apse, with their strangely small pointed arches. In two churches at Saumur, Saint Peter and Notre Dame de Nantilly, the Angevin fashion is, allowing for some later additions, more consistently carried on throughout. Saint Peter's has a single large window in the apse; at Notre Dame the choir is narrower and has a barrel-vault. But both carry out the general ideas of their style, each, as in the churches of Angers itself, with peculiarities of its own.

But the Angevin features were not wholly confined to Anjou. They spread into the lands on both sides of their own county, and may be seen both in Maine and in Poitou. They may be seen in the capitals of the two counties, at Le Mans and at Poitiers, and they to some extent affect even the episcopal churches of both those cities. In the cathedral church of Le Mans distinct signs of Angevin influence may be marked in the work of William of Passavant in the twelfth century. He destroyed the basilican design of Hildebert; he made the arches pointed, and turned each alternate column into a pier from which rises a vaulting shaft. Thus two pier-arches are under one bay of vaulting with its two clerestory windows, quite after the Angevin fashion,

The builder was hampered by the existence of aisles; had he been building from the ground, we may suspect that he would have built an aisleless nave of altogether Angevin type. In the neighbouring abbey of La Couture a perfect Angevin nave was added to an eastern limb of the earlier Romanesque, which even keeps some Primitive features and which again supplies a most remarkable contrast with the wide nave to the west.

Our next stage is Poitiers. We shall find traces of Angevin influence there also; but, having once defined what the Angevin fashion is, we shall be better able to refer to it without breach of local fitness.

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### III.—THE HOME OF HILARY.

If Angers is the city of counts, Poitiers may claim to be the city of counts no less; and if counts of Anjou grew into Kings of England, one countess of Poitou at least grew no less into a Queen of England. When, in the pithy phrase of the English Chronicler, “the Queen of France *todealed* from the King, and she came to the young Earl Henry, and he took her to wife,” he took “all Poitou with her.” And he took more than all Poitou; for he took also all Aquitaine and Gascony, the duchies which had come to pass along with the Poitevin county. But somehow the counts of Poitou do not come home to us like the counts of Anjou. There are memorable men among them not a few; but they hardly make the same abiding impress as the Angevin counts, and

they somehow do not seem to be so closely connected with our own history. This last feeling, we believe, comes from the fact that our thoughts are apt to go on a little further south; we think of the princes of Poitiers rather as Dukes of Aquitaine than as Counts of Poitou. At Poitiers we have crossed the boundary stream; we are south of Loire; we are really in Southern Gaul and in Southern Europe. Poitiers, rather than any more southern city, was the seat of those endless Williams at whose court the Southern speech and literature, the literature of *oc*, flourished, when the speech of *oil* had made but small advances at Paris or even at Rouen. In spite of all this, the Williams do not come home to us at Poitiers as the Fulks and the Geffreys do at Anjou. We are in the south, but not fully in the south; we seem to be still in the same middle region of which Anjou and even Maine form parts. The very name of the ancient magistracy has the stamp of the north hanging about it; Poitiers was ruled, not by Roman consuls, but by Frankish *Scabini* or *échevins*. But, if we fail to do justice to the counts, the way is thereby opened for other and earlier memories. Against one later memory we must give a warning by the way. The battle of Poitiers, more truly the battle of Maupertuis, was not fought within any such distance of Poitiers as to make it come into the immediate story of the city. There is room then to go back from the fourteenth century to the fourth, to look on Poitiers less as the city of counts than as the city of bishops, and above all of one specially memorable bishop of early times. And one chief building of the city, one which has few fellows indeed north of the Alps, helps to carry us back to days when the

*civitas Pictavorum* had hardly ceased to be Limonum. Poitiers has several noble churches; it has a noble palace; it has some fragments of what may have been a noble castle. But the fellows of all these may easily be found in other places. But beyond all these it has another building, for the fellow of which we may be tempted to go to Ravenna, though it is not really needful to go further than Le Puy. The special and distinctive claim of Poitiers is that it, like so few cities out of Italy, still keeps a separate baptistery, a baptistery of Christian Roman times. And, with such a monument standing before us, we can hardly fail to look on Poitiers first of all as the city of its great bishop of those days, the convert, the confessor, the champion of the faith, Hilary, not of Arles or of Rome, but of Poitiers, Hilary whose name still lives in one chief church of his city, and who, we may well believe, looked on and ministered within the ancient walls of the so-called Temple of Saint John.

Poitiers takes its place among the hill-cities not less than Le Mans and Angers. But its position differs a good deal from that of either of them. The city stands on a very marked peninsular site, the peninsula not being formed by the windings of one great river, but by the union of a small stream with one of greater size. The former, the Boivre, seems to have been almost swallowed up by the railway; the greater, the Clain, suggests the "sweet Clanis" of Etruria, and, as everything is possible in the nomenclature of rivers, the names may really be connected. The two streams form, except at the isthmus, a great fosse round the hill on which the city stands, parting it from surrounding hills of equal height.

From those heights modern artillery would soon make an end of the Pictavian capital; but it was a strong site as long as nothing more dangerous than flights of arrows was to be dreaded. These surrounding hills are largely rocky, and they have been a good deal burrowed into for dwellings and other purposes. But they are largely covered with wood and vineyards and scattered houses, which have a rich and cheerful look from the town. Still, when the top is reached, the look of the table-land which they form is somewhat dreary. The high ground beyond the Clain to the east of the city is not without its share in local antiquities and local legends. There is a fallen cromlech, known as *la Pierre Levée*, the top-stone of which the sainted Queen Radegund, the heroine of Poitiers, is said in a strange legend to have carried on her head. Not far off is an ancient burying-place, to which local antiquaries have given the odd name of "hypogée-martyrium." Of this we can report nothing, as it is fenced in with a fence of wattles of a very primitive air, and the key was not to be had. But it is well worth climbing the hill on this side for the general view of Poitiers, though that view is in some sort disappointing. There is a lack of a central object; there is a lack of any object of importance on the actual crest of the peninsular hill. From many points the objects which catch the eye as the nearest approach to a centre are three unimportant modern spires, belonging to the new *Hôtel-de-Ville* and to a modern convent. From some points the top of the beautiful tower of *Notre Dame la Grande* steps in as a worthier companion. But this last is too low to be dominant; there is no object or series of objects, which, either by sheer bulk or

by the help of lofty towers or spires, rise above all their neighbours. On the other side of the town, beyond the little stream of the Boivre, the minster which keeps the name of the great bishop, the once collegiate church of Saint Hilary, does partially discharge this duty, but only partially, as it has no tower of any height. On the eastern side Saint Hilary does not show himself at all. Nor does the palace of the counts, now the Palace of Justice, send up any tower to make the presence of its stately hall felt in a distant view. Another building which might have been expected to be prominent is the castle; but the castle of Poitiers, the little that is left of it, stands low by the river. At this end we have another striking object in the New Minster of Duke William the Eighth—here at Poitiers we will rather call him Count William the Sixth, him who is Guy and Geoffrey as well as William, and who refused all help to his Imperial nephew because there was no getting at one another for the Normans and French who lay between them. But the church reared by this prince of many names and titles stands not very much higher than the castle, on quite the lower ground at the small end of the hill, so that this also cannot form an object of any importance in the general view of the city.

But it may be asked whether Poitiers, so famous a bishopric, is without a cathedral church, and why that cathedral church does not form the centre which the city seems so strangely to lack. Now the minster of Saint Peter, the episcopal church of Poitiers, is certainly a very prominent object from some points, and chiefly in that view from the eastern side of which we have just been speaking. But it does not crown the hill like

so many of its fellows, Saint Maurice of Angers among the foremost of them. It does not indeed stand immediately upon the river; for the large church of Saint Radegund stands above the river and below the cathedral. But it stands so far down on the eastern slope of the hill that, from many points, from the whole west side of the town, it is not seen at all, while in the immediate eastern view both it and Saint Radegund are almost too prominent; they seem almost overwhelmingly near. Saint Peter's moreover comes into view from some more distant points, as from the remains of the Roman aqueduct to the south—they stand in a garden beautifully overhanging the Clain, on the same side of the river as the city, though overlooking the stream by help of a bend. And, whenever Saint Peter's does come into any more distant view, we feel the strangeness and uncouthness of its outline. We do not expect the churches of France and Aquitaine, except when of strictly Romanesque date, to rival the outlines of England and Normandy; but, when we see the French church, with its short and lofty body, its pair of western towers, its crossing marked by a mere *flèche*, we know that its lack of true outline without is the price paid for a majestic loftiness within which England and Normandy can rival only in two or three exceptional cases. But the distant look of the church of Poitiers is neither one thing nor the other; it suggests nothing; it has no shape at all. It looks, somewhat untruly when we come to examine it more nearly, both long and low. A single high roof is unbroken by anything; there is not even a crossing; the transept-roofs stick out below the ridge; one almost wishes the transepts away, as at Bourges and Alby.

At the west end two low towers barely rise above the ridge, and one hardly sees how they are connected with the main building. Nor are matters greatly improved when we come near enough to see the building more minutely. We can hardly have flattered ourselves that, on the site which was the home of Hilary, we should find anything which could carry us back to the days of Hilary, anything on which the most famous of the Bishops of Poitiers can have ever gazed. Indeed the general outline of the building might shut out any hope of finding anything even of Romanesque date. In this last matter however we come in for rather more than we had at first bargained for. The round arch is not unknown at Saint Peter's. It is found only in the eastern part of the church, where we have an east end, strange and unusual, but perhaps not altogether out of keeping with the general character of the building. Such a long, low pile could hardly have been finished with the usual French apse and chapels; but the east end of Poitiers is almost as unlike the east ends of Ely and Lincoln as it is unlike those of Amiens and Saint Ouen. It is more like that of Durham than anything else, but it is not very much like that. It is very flat and bare, having too much the air of a wall with windows pierced through it. To some extent it reminds one of Bari and Bitonto. The eastern towers are not there, or are represented only by turrets and pinnacles; but at Poitiers, as in the Apulian churches, the flat outside wall does not hinder the existence of the apse within. Apses indeed there are, three of them side by side, finishing the choir and its aisles. In the whole of this eastern limb the round arch prevails; but the long narrow coupled

windows are hardly what we are used to either in England or in Normandy. Under the one window which is distinctly a later insertion there is a small doorway of distinctly late Romanesque type. It is hard to say how much even of this exterior work belongs to the earliest recorded date of the present building. That comes in the days of what a guide-book that we bought on the spot oddly calls "l'occupation anglaise." We look, and we see nothing belonging to the days of Sir John Chandos or of John Duke of Bedford. We presently find that, in modern Poitevin notions, for the Countess of Poitou to marry the Duke of Normandy, and then for the two to occupy England, forms an English occupation of Poitou. The present church of Poitiers was actually begun in 1162 by the Countess Eleanor, Duchess and Queen to be sure as well, she who had brought all Poitou with her to the young Earl Henry. But the work went on slowly; the high altar was not dedicated till 1199; the choir was not finished till 1241, by which time there was a very distinct French occupation of Poitou and also a Poitevin occupation of England of quite another kind. The whole internal work must be of the latest of these dates; the choir is rather lower than the nave; its columns are somewhat more classical; but the two form essentially one whole, and a whole that was not finished till late in the thirteenth century. The building is very nearly what the Germans call a *Hallenkirche*, such as we know in the abbey church of Bristol. That is, there are three bodies, without triforium or clerestory, though at Poitiers the nave does very slightly outstrip the aisles. Clustered pillars, tall and slender, support pointed pier-arches and a pointed vault. Not-

withstanding all this, Saint Peter at Poitiers is distinctly touched with some of the peculiarities of the land immediately to the north, peculiarities which come out much more strongly in some of the other churches. A church that has aisles throughout cannot be called an Angevin church; but the vaulting of Saint Peter's is Angevin; the decorative arcading under its high-set windows is Angevin, and the windows themselves, where later ones have not been inserted, coupled windows, with round arches in the eastern and pointed in the western part, have a distinctly Angevin look. And, with these features before us, it may not be going too far to attribute to the same influence the width of the bays throughout this church, a width however which, though unusual at that date in either England or France, would seem very slight in Italy. The loftiness of the pillars takes off from the sprawling air of both Italian and Angevin buildings; the great width is not noticed in the direct eastern or western view; it comes out only when we look straight across.

The west front, a cross between Wells and Holyrood, grew up in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries on the lower stages built in the thirteenth. The towers stand at once beyond the aisles to the north and south, and advanced in front of the church to the west. They are unequal and unlike in every way, and the higher is of no great height. Between them, whatever may have been or have been meant to be, there is now neither Gothic gable nor Italian pediment, but only a flat wall with a hipped roof behind it. The front contains much beautiful detail, but it is hard to admire the outline, either of the front

or of the church in general. It may have been somewhat better when the crossing was marked by a tall *fleche*.

But at Poitiers the interest of the cathedral church is far smaller than that of its satellite the baptistery. A baptistery north of the Alps is a rare thing; we are to see one at Le Puy; but it is not a thing that one lights on every day. In the church there is nothing to suggest the great ecclesiastical day of Poitiers and its famous Bishop. But here there is an unmistakable baptistery—it needs no argument to prove that the so-called Temple of Saint John is a baptistery—which can hardly be later than the fourth century, a building in which Hilary doubtless ministered, even if it be not his own work. There is a special charm about these Christian-Roman buildings, even in Italy where they are so much more usual; how much more in Gaul, where so few works of that age have lived on. The baptistery of Poitiers lacks the cupola and the mosaics of Rome and Ravenna; it has suffered somewhat from an addition in everyday Romanesque of a very plain kind, which gives it a rather incongruous approach. But its essential features remain. Without, we have still the windows, the cornices, the pediment; within we have the columns, the arches, the windows, all bearing witness to its undoubted date. Its interest is increased if we compare it with our own earliest Romanesque buildings, later to be sure by several ages, but which show how truly our Primitive artists followed the *mos Romanus*. The actual openings of the windows are round; but, within and without, they are placed under an arcade of round and straight-sided arches rising from flat pilasters,

reminding us of Lorsch, of the Bartons, and of Bradford-on-Avon. North and south are recesses which keep their round form outside; at the east end an oblong projection without takes the form of a three-sided apse within. The little columns round it are classical; but their treatment, like that of Theodoric's palace, is a step towards the coming Romanesque. The larger columns, supporting the arches which open into the apse and the other recesses, are classical also, such as we are used to in Italy and Provence, but such as we hardly look for in Poitou. There are traces of paintings on the wall, among which we see the name and figure of Constantine; but they more likely belong to the days of the Romanesque addition. Such a building as this is undoubtedly ranks first in historic interest among the buildings of Poitiers. It is the one monument of the earliest Christian times which lived on, so to speak, in its own person and is not simply represented by a later building on the same site. It is the truest monument of Hilary, though his name lives, not only in his great minster, but also in a small chapel called *Saint Hilaire-entre-les-églises*, embodied among the satellites of the cathedral and the episcopal palace.

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#### IV. THE CHURCHES OF POITIERS.

We have spoken of the cathedral church of Poitiers as the home of Hilary; we have spoken of the baptistery which, far more than the church itself, calls up the thoughts of him and his age. But Saint Peter's is far from being the only church or the only minster in Poitiers, and, if we take the church apart from the baptistery, it is certainly not the church of the deepest interest, either in its history or its architecture. And if we look to Saint Peter's, as being, in its site at least, the home of Hilary in life, it is another of the great churches of the city which has become, so to speak, his home in death, the place where his name and memory chiefly abides. At Poitiers, as at Angers, and, on account of the greater size of the city, yet more at Poitiers than at Angers, we are struck by the amazing number of ecclesiastical buildings and ecclesiastical foundations which we should have found there only a hundred years back. Poitiers before the Revolution had four chapters of canons besides that of the episcopal church, five abbeys, besides a number of smaller monastic houses, twenty-two parish churches, and three hospitals. As usual in a French town, the parish churches have nearly all vanished, while some of the minsters are still in use in the form of parish churches. Foremost among these foundations was that which bore the name of the great saint of Poitiers, a church of secular canons, but whose chief bore the title of abbot, an abbot however more secular than the

canons, an abbot invested in old times, not with mitre and staff, but with lance and standard. For in the days of Poitevin independence the abbot of Saint Hilary was no other than the Count of Poitou; after the Parisian conquest, his dignity passed to the King of France. The eldest son of the Church was perhaps more easily tamed than the Fierabras and the Taillefer of old times; when the kings visited their abbey—if abbey we can call it—they were clad, like the Emperor Frederick at Innsbruck, in full ecclesiastical garb. A chapter which had so exalted a head, a chapter known as the *Rich*, while that of Saint Peter's was known as the *Glorious*, was naturally exempt from all ordinary jurisdiction, civil and spiritual. It had its own sphere of both, its own quarter of the city; but that quarter stands so completely apart from the quarter of Saint Peter's, that, in a survey of the city in which we take Saint Peter's as our starting-point, Saint Hilary is likely to come last rather than first. Another church, of somewhat less stateliness and dignity, will follow most easily after our examination of the episcopal church.

Just below Saint Peter's, forming a prominent feature in the view from the bridge or from the other side, is the church of Saint Radegund. We might have looked for the sainted queen of Chlotochar to be served by votaries of her own sex; but Saint Radegund's was a church of secular canons, whose chief, though not Count of Poitou or King of France, bore, like the head of Saint Hilary, the title of abbot. This is a church of very deep interest, as showing a distinct change of design within

the days of finished Romanesque, and illustrating the way in which the later and special taste, that which we have called Angevin, supplanted, at Poitiers to some extent as well as at Angers, the earlier forms which were more nearly common to Poitiers and Angers with the rest of the world. The plan of Saint Radegund's is simpler than that of the other churches of Poitiers. An apsidal choir with columns and chapels has to the west of it a wide Angevin nave, while to the west of that stands a single western tower, the lower part of which seems of the same date as the choir, while its upper stages are of a later and richer form of Romanesque. The wide aisleless nave doubtless supplanted a nave with aisles and pillars, in order to make the work more distinctly Angevin. It shows all the features of the style, the width, the vault, the coupled windows high in the wall—wherever they have not given way to later insertions—and the decorative arcades beneath them. The single western tower doubtless belongs to the earlier design which the Angevin nave has interrupted. A fine piece of Romanesque, slightly marred by the insertion of a Flamboyant doorway handsome in itself, it was clearly designed for a lower church than the present, and its octagon was meant to be higher than it is. Yet there is something striking in the look of Saint Radegund from either end. The great height, the vast flat buttresses, the strangely lofty roof of the short choir with its polygonal apse, and chapels, the tall *fèche* above, make a singular and striking whole, all the more striking from the contrast between Saint Radegund, tall, short, compact, and the outline of Saint Peter's above, which seem, as it were,

to wander in this direction and that without anything to bind its several parts together.

Also in the lower part of the town, but on the other side of Saint Peter's from Saint Radegund, rising, like it, above the Clain, is the church which still, after eight hundred years, is the *New Minster*, its age being nearly the same as that of the New Forest, and putting the youth of Oxford's New College to shame. *Montierneuf* is the form which the name has taken instead of the more usual *Moutier*. The monastic buildings are turned into a barrack; but the church abides, and Duke William himself—the formula suggests Caen rather than Poitiers—sleeps under a modern monument in a corner. The church has a strange effect outside; the central tower has been broken down, and the lofty choir, with tall windows and flying buttresses, soars high above the original nave and transepts. But the church, though of a good size and containing a good deal of Romanesque work, is less interesting than it should be. It was so frightfully *Jesuited* in the days of the Restoration by those who fancied that they could improve on the original work that it is hard to tell how much of the detail one can venture to trust. He who is not called on to make a minute study of the archaeology of Poitiers will perhaps do better to sacrifice any long stay at *Montierneuf* to a fuller examination of the admirable church of *Notre Dame la Grande* in the middle of the city. He may be inclined to wish the modern paint away; still the brush is not the chisel, and the lines of the architecture are there uninjured.

As at Saint Hilary and Saint Radegund, though the church of Our Lady was served by secular canons, their

chief bore the title of abbot. If at Saint Radegund we are reminded that we have not long left Anjou, at Notre Dame we are reminded that, at Poitiers, south of Loire, we are in Aquitaine or on the high road thereto. Setting aside the addition of a good many later chapels which do not affect either the internal view or the magnificent west front, this minster of no great size is a perfect specimen of the Romanesque of Southern Gaul. We feel at once that we have come to something altogether different from our familiar Norman. There is the same round-arched construction; there are some of the same details in capitals and the like; but the fashion of the design is wholly different. And it is a fashion which is perfectly on a level with the Norman fashion; it is what the Germans would call *ebenbürtig* with it. Now we can hardly say this of the Angevin fashion. The Angevin buildings are more curious than anything else; their main interest comes of their being eccentric. But we do not feel that the Aquitanian building is eccentric; it is unlike our Norman, but it is just as good in its own way. A man of Poitiers had as good a right to build in the way that was natural to him as a man of Caen had to build in the way that was natural to him. And certainly that right was established in its fulness when the man of Poitiers called into being such a pile as *Notre Dame la Grande*. We must remember that one of the features which gives the Norman style its characteristic effect is here absent just as much as in the churches of Anjou. We have aisles; but we have no threefold division of height. Outside, where the Romanesque features remain untouched, there is a single range of

windows under blank arches set high in the wall. Within, the arrangement is grand and simple; the tall arches rise from clustered pillars which send shafts up to support the barrel-vault, the features characteristic of Aquitaine, so rare in Normandy and England. The columns round the apse with the semi-dome form a noble and appropriate finish to the east. But the distinguishing features of Our Lady of Poitiers are outside, the central tower and the west front. On a square base sits a round stage crowned with a low spire covered with scales. The same finish is repeated in the round turrets which flank the west front and in the pediment of the front itself. The front is a wonderful display of arcades and sculpture; yet the single great window in the middle has too much the air of being cut through the arcades. In the blank arches on each side the great doorway the pointed arch appears, but we need hardly look on it as a sign of Transition. Altogether, as a specimen of its own type of Romanesque, this church is hardly to be outdone. As in a good many others that we shall come across, we are amazed at finding all the stateliness of a great minster attained on a comparatively small scale.

We pass by the small church of Saint Poulain, the only one of the surviving churches of Poitiers which was simply parochial in the old state of things. A very good Romanesque tower is attached to one of those churches so common in France, late and poor, immeasurably inferior in everything to an English parish church, save that it has the stone vault which in England is so rare, save either in churches of a much higher class or else in some one favoured part of the

smaller ones. The thought is ever coming upon us in a French journey that the only English parish church that is vaulted throughout is the great Saint Mary Redcliff. But we make our way to the minster of Saint Hilary, the minster of the crowned and sceptred abbot, the minster from which legend says that a flame arose to light the orthodox Chlodwig on his way to smite the heretical Goth. The story shows how early Hilary and the site which claims to be his burying-place had become the site of a church of some dignity bearing his name. But of those days all traces have passed away. Saint Hilary has nothing to show to match the baptistery by Saint Peter's. We have even some difficulty in believing that there is anything in the present Saint Hilary in which our Emma or *Ælfgifu*, wife of two kings, mother of two kings, can have had a hand. Yet there is a good deal in Saint Hilary which in England or Normandy we might put in the last years of the eleventh century, and we can believe that in these more Roman lands south of Loire the arts were fifty years in advance of Rouen and Winchester. The apse and its surrounding chapels are among the very finest of their class—the same class as Notre Dame and Saint Radegund, but immeasurably more striking in effect, from the wonderful height and slenderness of the columns, the wonderful smallness of the arches, which surround the high altar and support the semi-dome. In 1856 the church was a mere fragment; half the nave had perished in the havoc of the Revolution and in awkward attempts to repair the effects of that havoc. The great tower, the loftiest in Poitiers, had fallen long before, in 1590. The destroyed part of the

nave is now being rebuilt, though we believe it will still lack a bay of the old length, and the tower is untouched. The building is a remarkable and seemingly unique example of Romanesque, but one which it is excessively hard to describe unless in very great detail. It needs an elaborate monograph with plans and full drawings of every part. A nave crowned with a series of cupolas is a familiar Aquitanian feature; but it is rare to find such a nave with aisles, and to find it, as here, with double aisles—seven bodies in all—is, we may believe, quite unparalleled. The inner parts are narrow and lofty, the outer are wider. The transepts are unusually long. And both in the aisles and the transepts, it is plain that considerable changes have been made at a time not long after the original building. But it is hopeless to attempt an architectural history of Saint Hilary at Poitiers in a sketch like this. To those who are interested in Romanesque architecture, and in the church of Saint Hilary as one of its most remarkable specimens, we can only say, Go and see.

But we must not look on Poitiers simply as an ecclesiastical city, the dwelling-place of bishops and of abbots strangely so called. As the head of a notable county, even after the loss of its independence, the Pictavian capital is rich in civil buildings also. There are many ancient houses, specially in the lower streets leading down to the Clain. Perhaps the finest is that known as *Maison de la Prévôté*, now used as a school. It is a very good example of the late French domestic style, just before Flamboyant began to give way to Renaissance. Projecting turrets with cappings, windows

and doorways with their capitals, richly ornamented gables, all the features of the style, in short, are there. Still the *Maison de la Prévôté* is only a fine French house, and there are finer French houses. But there is one civil building at Poitiers which stands nearly by itself. A sham Greek portico does not attract; we perhaps do not even ask what the building is. A mass of fine fifteenth-century work on the way to Notre Dame does very distinctly attract. About that we do ask; we find that it is the modern Palace of Justice, the ancient palace of the counts. For the counts of Poitou, at any rate the French counts who held Poitou as an appanage, did not keep their court in a castle, but in a house becoming a civil ruler. We strive to find our way in, and we do at last find it by a back way, through narrow passages leading up to a good thirteenth-century doorway. It is not till afterwards that we find that we might have got in by the Greek portico; but 'tis just as well not to do so. And now we know where we are. The late work that we saw outside, windows, canopies, turrets, is all a mask or veil thrown over one of the noblest halls of an earlier time. John Duke of Berry, a prince whom we shall often meet again in our travels, added all this to the great hall of the palace of the earlier counts. It is a work of the thirteenth century, and so we may be glad that we came in by the door of that date, which has become the back door. We need not prove that it is not the work of the many-named founder of the New Minster; but we cherish a hope that it may just come before the loss of Poitevin independence, that it may belong to the days of Eleanor, Countess, Duchess, and Queen.

It must be one of the oldest halls, as it is one of the finest, not of the type according to which William the Red built Westminster Hall, but of that according to which Richard the Second transformed it. Oakham, a little older, Winchester, a little later, both have pillars and arches; there are no pillars and arches at Poitiers. In short, the hall is affected by the same tendency as the Angevin churches, some of whose features it reproduces in detail; the single body has driven out the plan of nave and aisles in churches for a season, in halls for ever. But the churches are vaulted, the hall is not; we therefore get, what is so rare in France, a wooden roof which is not a mere makeshift for a vault, but a real architectural feature. Here Saint Lewis bestowed the now subject county of Poitou on his brother Alfonso; here, between the day of Chinon and the day of Orléans, the Maid of Domrémy made good her claim to a heavenly mission. The civil buildings of Poitiers have thus their saintly associations as well as the baptistery of Hilary. We have not gone through everything in Poitiers. Those who follow our counsel, those who go and make out Saint Hilary for themselves, may still pick up a good deal in the way both of actually existing fragments and of the memories of things that are gone.

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## V.—LIMOGES.

WE are still aiming at a certain object, and we cannot afford to tarry to see everything that lies in our way. Till we are fairly in the Arvernian land we have no leisure for anything short of former capitals. Yet we feel it a fault which we bewail that we pass without stopping at Le Dorat, a place of which Moreri, generally so useful a help at a pinch, tells us only that it is in Latin Oratorium, a small town in the province of La Marche. Yet we see for ourselves, and our guide-books give corroborative evidence, that the church of Le Dorat is a Romanesque building of most striking outline. True we shall see others as striking, but we wish to know how far Le Dorat would prove to be something distinct from, how far something approaching to, its neighbours on either side. However, fate is against us; we do not tarry at Oratorium; from Poitiers we make our way at once to Augustomitum of the Lemovices, to that Limoges where we must indeed call up the memory of the victor of Maupertuis, even if we failed to do so at Poitiers.

In the city of the Lemovices we are still among the hill towns, but in a hill town of a somewhat different order from those that we have already seen. At Angers we have seen that the city is itself on the hill, and that the highest point of the hill is crowned by the head church. At Poitiers the city is on the hill, all the more conspicuously so from its being a peninsular hill; but the head church is emphatically not on the highest

point. At Limoges, not only is the head church not on the highest point of the hill, but we can hardly say that the city itself stands on the hill. It stands rather on the slope of the hill, and it is only a few of its more modern buildings that have strayed anywhere at all near the hill top. As we draw near to Limoges in any of the ordinary ways, if we make our way to the church from any of the parts of the city where we are likely to take up our quarters, we may be tempted to say that the church of Limoges lies low. It is conspicuous from many sides, but we may fancy that it is conspicuous only from the height of its unfinished body, yet more from the greater height of its tall and slender tower, and not at all from the position in which it stands. But go to the church itself, go down the winding street at its east end, cross the bridge of Saint Stephen and look back from the rising ground on the other side. There we see how commandingly the cathedral church stands on really high ground overhanging the river; from some points it stands out so boldly, with nothing seeming to rise above it, that it might pass for the crown of the city in a way that Saint Peter's at Poitiers never does, in a way that almost calls back the position of Saint Maurice at Angers. The real position of Saint Stephen's at Limoges is something intermediate between its two seeming positions. It is very far from standing low, but a great part of the city stands much higher. The existing street nomenclature may perhaps help us to the key. One or two streets and boulevards, bearing the names of *La Cité*, *La Haute Cité*, and the like, fence off a space which may be easily traced either on the plan of the town or in the rows of houses them-

selves. This space occupies a little hill of its own, parted from the main hill by a slight fall in the ground. The name and the position speak for themselves. Here is the “city,” the *ἄστυ*, of Limoges, the place of the oldest settlement of the Lemovices, made on the ground immediately over the river. But the *ἄστυ* of Limoges is so far unlike the *ἄστυ* of Athens that at Athens the new town is the lower, while at Limoges it stands higher than the old. This new town—*ville* as distinguished from *cité*—called also the castle of Saint Martial from the other great church which has vanished, had its own fortifications apart from those of the city, and sometimes there was war between the two neighbouring communities. That the relations of *ville* and *cité* should be reversed is perhaps partly owing to the relations of the river and the hill. Vienne is more of a stream than either Ilissos or Kêphisos; but it is only at the point where Augustoritum arose that Vienne forms a feature of at all the same importance at Limoges as other rivers form at Poitiers and even at Angers. There is a wide difference between a river flowing round a town and one that only flows by it, and though the Mayenne only flows by Angers and does not flow round it, it flows by a part of Angers much larger than the part of Limoges which is washed by the Vienne. The only part of Limoges really near to the river is the oldest part of the city, which became, as it has often done elsewhere, the ecclesiastical quarter, the abode of the Bishop and the place of his bishopstool. The church that holds that bishopstool is now undoubtedly the main object of interest in Limoges. We are not sure that, six-and-twenty years ago, the church of Limoges had

not a rival; but that rival was the town of Limoges itself. Nowhere did one then feel oneself more thoroughly in past times than among its steep, narrow, and crooked streets, thick with ancient houses. Visitors of a revolutionary turn of mind—in 1857 France was not a commonwealth—have been known to regret that Limoges was not the capital of France. It was so beautifully fitted for barricades; cannon could not sweep its streets, unless they were Irish cannon, gifted with the power of shooting round corners. Since then Limoges has been improved, to the advantage of its inhabitants, we may well believe, in many points, but certainly to the disappointment of the antiquary. Streets are left that are steep, narrow, and crooked; but the generally picturesque and ancient air of the town has been largely taken away. Some old houses are left, specially one very fine one not far from the church of Saint Michael; but the Limoges of 1883 was not the Limoges of 1857. We are left to speak of the city in its ecclesiastical character, and that certainly gives us a good deal to say about the cathedral church of Saint Stephen and the peculiar type of tower which it shares with the other two chief churches of the city.

When we first saw Limoges in 1857, its great church was still a fragment. It had something of the air that Köln once had. About one-half of a great French church rose high in the air, and at some distance to its west rose a tall and slender tower of a most singular air. But the tower did not, as at Köln, suggest imperfection as well as the unfinished body. There was no crane to show that there still was work to be done; and, though, as we come to learn more of the history of the building,

we find out that the tower has been shorn of a spire, yet no one at first sight would say that a spire was at all needed. That is to say, in 1857 the church of Limoges was altogether unfinished. All that was left of the Romanesque church was the lower stage of the tower. Far to the east of it a magnificent church of the later French type had been begun; the choir and transepts were finished; the whole nave had been traced out and begun, but only about two bays were ever finished. In the sixteenth century the thought of carrying on the work seems to have been given up, as then the church was in a manner finished inside by adding a great organ-loft, handsome after its own fashion. The Romanesque church in short had given way to a Gothic church which remained a fragment, and so a gap was left between the actual church and the tower. In 1857 there was talk of filling up the gap, and in 1883 it was all but filled up; in short, the nave was then nearly finished. The work reminds one of Bristol; only to finish the lofty nave of Limoges was a greater work than to build the far lower nave of Bristol. Also at Bristol there was no ancient tower standing near where the west-end had been or was to be, whose existence could not fail in some measure to influence the finish of the new work. At Bristol the architect could design his west front how he pleased, and we may be allowed to doubt the wisdom of adding western towers to so small a church, especially as their addition implied the destruction of a still surviving piece of the monastic buildings. At Limoges there was the more frightful danger lest the ancient tower should be doomed to give way to the modern architect's notions of a west front.

There was some such fear in 1857; but it seemed to have happily passed away in 1883. It must be allowed that the tower stands awkwardly in the way of the new work, as it is not in the same line, and will have to join on in some way at a corner; but the new building seems to be adapted to it so far as it may be. The contrast will be great, and the tower will lose a good deal of its seeming height by having so lofty a building attached to it. But the two must agree as they can. No one could wish the tower to be touched; and no one can quarrel with the completion of the body of the church.

The tower is a strange building enough. On a vast square base which, if itself carried up as a tower, would bring down Wymondham and even Ely to utter insignificance, stands a much narrower square stage, from which rises a slender octagon of three stages, set on in an unusual fashion—lozenge-fashion, if that word may be applied to an octagon, reminding one somewhat of the way in which the upper stage of the tower of Cartmel is set on the lower. This is the custom of Limoges; the towers of the other two surviving churches of the city have just the same character. Like some of the work at Angers, they keep the lines of the earliest Gothic; but their real date is late in the fourteenth century. The other two churches, those of Saint Michael and Saint Peter, keep their spires; the spire of Saint Stephen's is gone.

These Limousin towers have a certain interest as examples of a very local form. We may doubt whether we really admire such singular height and slenderness and piling of stage on stage, very different from the

artistic composition of such a tower as Bishop's Lydeard. But they are at any rate striking from their boldness and novelty. But the tower of the cathedral church has a far higher interest. To know what it really is we must go inside. The square base is masked by a casing, perhaps of the last days of the eleventh century; but within is the lower stage of the tower of the original Romanesque church, which, we can hardly doubt, stood as a detached campanile. The lowest story, after a fashion rare but not unique, stood open. Four large columns with their round arches supported a kind of cupola. But the design was ruthlessly disfigured when the tower was cased. The columns were walled up and pointed arches were inserted; but it is not hard to call up the original effect, which may be seen in a less changed state at Le Puy, where however square piers take the place of columns. The odd thing is that the lowest stage of these towers presents the exact design of a Byzantine church of the smallest scale, lacking only the eastern apse. Yet there can be no reasonable doubt that both these buildings were meant to be what they are, the lower stages of towers; only at Le Puy the tower has been carried up with great skill in a later form of the same style, while at Limoges the far later tower sits with some measure of awkwardness on its ancient base.

When we first saw Limoges, there were still to be seen on the east face of this tower the traces of a church contemporary with the blocking of the columns and the introduction of the pointed arches. They have now given way to the necessities of the work of finishing the imperfect nave. They pointed to a church of con-

siderable height, with aisles, very plain and simple, but using the pointed form in its constructive arches. Now what is the date, first of the blocked columns, secondly of the work that blocks them? There was at Limoges an ancient basilica, attributed to Saint Martial the apostle of Limoges in impossibly early times. Rome and Ravenna cannot show churches of the third century or earlier. But we need not doubt that a fellow to the churches of Rome and Ravenna lived on at Limoges till about 1012, when Bishop Hilduin began, or at least ordered, the building of a new and larger church. This is witnessed by the Aquitanian chronicler Ademar of Chabannes. In 1095 Pope Urban consecrated this church or some other on the site. The present church was begun with funds left by Bishop Aimeric de la Serre, who died in 1272. Here are our dates. The tower in its oldest shape, if it stood along with the old basilica, must have been an addition to it. It would do very well for work of 1012; but Hilduin's church was then barely begun, if begun, and its tower, if it had one, would be much later than that date. We are tempted to suspect that the four columns are older than 1012; that the blocking of those arches and the church of which we see traces against the recased tower belong to a rebuilding, begun perhaps in 1012, but carried on slowly and perhaps not fully finished in its western part even at the dedication in 1095. In this way the appearance of the pointed arch—here, as in Sicily, a sign of the Saracen—really becomes no great puzzle. Under the present choir is a crypt which ought to throw some light on the Romanesque building. But as it can be seen only by lifting up a stone which takes

six men to stir it, it is pretty well forbidden ground to the ordinary traveller.

We now pass from this tower, precious relic of an earlier time, to the later church, the church which is now hastening to meet the ancient tower. Here we find ourselves carried into another world of art and history. Limoges cathedral, or so much of it as is built, is one of the loveliest examples of the best French Gothic style. We say French advisedly; by the year 1273 the elder local forms of art had pretty well passed away. One general model prevailed through the whole of what had now become the kingdom of France. And within that kingdom few buildings can, for internal effect at least, outdo such a church as the still fragmentary Saint Stephen's of Limoges. It does not come in point of scale in the first class of French churches; it does not rank with Bourges, Chartres, or Saint Ouen's; the dimensions on the ground plan even of the completed church would in England place it very low indeed, and even in France it does not cover anything like the same ground as the great buildings which we have just named. And, much smaller in extent, it is also, by all laws of proportion, by no means their rival in positive height. But its relative height is fully equal to theirs; it has all the loftiness which distinguishes a French church from an English one, and we fancy that it must be positively higher than any English church except Westminster and York. And though the arch of the vault is perhaps a little too low, there is no church of any scale or country in which the internal design is on the whole more skilfully managed. The leading design of the elevation is

that of the lofty pier-arch and tall clerestory, with only a small triforium between them. It is a problem in such a case to design the triforium so as to make it a subordinate, or at least an intermediate, feature, and yet not to make it insignificant. It should not be either so prominent or so unimportant that anybody could wish it away. We admire, perhaps without altogether approving, the glazed triforium at Saint Ouen's and, on a smaller scale, in the choir of Saint Peter's at Chartres. But this is not the purpose of a triforium; it suggests the retort that, if you want more glazed space, you should make a longer clerestory, and the clerestory in both those churches is quite long enough. The Limoges triforium is, as it should be, an essentially internal feature, a modest feature, a feature not asserting any special prominence, but whose absence would at once form a blank. The transepts too, a difficult part of the building to deal with in these churches without central towers, are dealt with here with thorough skill. The architect of Limoges cathedral tried the same experiment which was tried by the architects of Saint Mary Redcliff and of Bath Abbey. He made his transepts considerably narrower than the nave and choir. At Limoges, where there was to be no central tower, it was open to the designers to make the transepts narrower if they chose; at Bath it had the absurd effect of making the central tower oblong, as it doubtless would at Redcliff, if the tower had ever been finished. But even in the other cases the experiment was a daring one, and we cannot help thinking that the experiment at Limoges succeeded better than the experiment at Bristol. The transepts, somewhat

like the triforium, are after all a secondary feature, specially when there is no central tower. They must be not insignificant, and yet they must not be so prominent as to overshadow the eastern and western limbs. At Limoges, where there never can be any real west front, we might have approved of a great *façade* to the transept better than in some other places. But the narrowness hindered anything like the great fronts of Chartres; the designer adapted himself to his conditions; instead of a rose window, to which there was not breadth enough to do justice, he made a very noble pointed window with a prominent spherical square. Within, the narrowness at once marks the transept as subordinate, and at the same time gives it a character of its own; the effect of height is of course greater than in the wider parts of the church. The experiment in short has succeeded. We do not, as in some French churches, wish the transepts away on the ground of insignificance, nor yet do we feel, as in some others, that they have taken to themselves an importance which belongs only to the east and west ends of the building. And the discretion of the Limousin builders seems to have lived on through many generations. The church went on building, with some interruption, from 1273 to 1554, and the difference between the work of different dates is plain enough. Yet all is thoroughly harmonious. We see that there is work of different dates, not by any change in the general effect, but wholly by the details, mainly by the change in the tracery of the windows, which in the western parts of course becomes Flamboyant—good Flamboyant, be it observed. There is no building in which one can better sit and gaze and

muse—looking of course eastward or else across—than in Saint Stephen's at Limoges. The effect of some of the vaster churches is more overwhelming; there is none which is more thoroughly satisfactory, none which is at once more pleasing to the eye and more thoroughly commends itself to the critical judgement. If there is a fault, it is that the vaulting arch is a little too flat; but its flatness is not so great as to have the same killing effect as in the metropolitan church of Rouen.

The most famous and the most fearful event in the history of Limoges is the great massacre of 1370, which seems to have amounted to a complete destruction of the *city*, the cathedral church alone being spared. We must therefore suppose that the ancient houses in its neighbourhood are later than 1370. But we must bear in mind that the siege, the storm, the massacre, of Limoges affected only the *city* in the strict local sense. The treason which Prince Edward came to avenge was the treason of the Bishop, and it was avenged on the people of old Augustoritum, not on the outer town, which had nothing to do with the matter. Outside the *city*, the other great minster, that of Saint Martial, has perished with some other collegiate and monastic buildings; but two parish churches of some consequence have been spared. One speaks almost instinctively as if there were two only, because two only, Saint Michael and Saint Peter, have towers to compare with that of Saint Stephen's. We look at them, and wonder how very inferior, in everything but the presence of vaulting, they are to the great parish churches of our own land, and yet how far the presence of the vault goes, when there is any kind of proportion, to make up for deficiencies

in other ways. Both are worth studying in this way; otherwise there is, after Saint Stephen's, little in them to attract besides the towers. At the north door of Saint Michael's are two lions, now useless, but which must have once done duty after the fashion of Lombardy. Of ancient houses there are still some that are very striking, though some have perished in the late improvements. But on the whole the main interest of Limoges lies within the *city* in the strict sense. Everything is secondary to Saint Stephen's, the historical interest of the ancient tower, the surpassing loveliness of the choir and transepts, the good hope that it may soon have a nave to match them. We cannot help welcoming such a work, even though it does cost us a fragment or two, not of the primitive tower itself, but of its still ancient casing.

Between Limoges and Clermont we saw the town and church of Tulle (*Tutela*), on the river Corrèze, in the department of Corrèze.

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## VI.—CLERMONT.

We are at last in Auvergne and in its capital, in the city which looks up at the hills which once were as *Ætna* has been from the beginning of recorded history, as Vesuvius has been from the days of Titus. And one thought cannot help suggesting itself. When Spartacus and his band found shelter in the crater of Vesuvius, no man looked for an outburst of flame from

Vesuvius any more than we now look for an outburst of flame from the Puy de Dôme. Yet Vesuvius was but a quenched furnace, a furnace which was to be kindled again. Can we conceive that some day Clermont may be as Catania or even as Pompeii? Anyhow we look out on that wonderful land where every height, from the mighty Dôme almost to the smallest hillock, bears signs of having once sent forth its pillars of cloud and pillars of flame. Straight in front as we look westward rises the Dôme itself, where Mercury may well have been fancied as lighting on the heaven-kissing hill that was crowned with his own temple. To the south, like a greater Tor of Glastonbury, rises Mont Rognon, crowned with the shattered castle of the Arvernian Dolphins, and beside it, like Uleybury on the edge of Cotswold, rises the long natural castle of Gergovia, where baffled Julius left his sword in the hands of the Arvernian warriors of an elder day. To the north stretches far away the great plain of Limagne, like a vaster Sedgemoor at the foot of loftier Mendips and Quantocks. On the whole, there is much in the scenery of Auvergne to suggest the scenery of Somerset and Gloucestershire; the ranges, the island bluffs, the hills, great and small. Sometimes, when we come across heaps of primeval cinders, our thoughts might rather leap to the other side of Severn and the Severn sea. There are parts of Auvergne and Velay where we seem to be threading our way through a Dowlaïs ready made by the hand of nature.

But our present business is with the city which is the head of the Arvernian land. We at once mark its present name as belonging to quite another class from

either of the accustomed types of Gaulish names. It does not, like Tolosa and Rothomagus, keep its original name as a city. It does not, like Andegavi and Lemovicæ, keep the name of the tribe which has supplanted the name of its own town. Nor does it bear the name of an Emperor, either alone like Constantia and Aurelianum, or finished with a Gaulish ending like Augustodunum or a Greek ending like Gratianopolis. Clermont, *Clarus Mons*, belongs to a class of names, sometimes picturesque, sometimes pious, which seem to have come into vogue in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The *Belli montes*, the *Montes fortes*, the *Clari montes*, are not rare. So we have *Clara Vallis*, *Casa Dei*, and even such names as *Caritas*, *Virginitas*, *Eleemosyna*. The Normans brought the taste to England, witness our Richmonds, our Beaulieus, our Beaudeserts, and the whole tribe of Cistercian *valleys*. But names of the kind most commonly belong to castles or monasteries or to the small towns that have grown up around them. The capital of Auvergne with its long history must stand almost alone among ruling cities in bearing a name of this class. But here too it is comparatively modern. The capital of Auvergne is perhaps most illustrious for the presence of two renowned inhabitants and one renowned visitor. It is the dwelling-place of Sidonius, the birth-place of Gregory of Tours, the preaching-place of Urban the Second. Now Urban undoubtedly preached at Clermont; but Sidonius was assuredly not known to any man of his own day as Bishop of Clermont. The city ran through the ordinary course of Gaulish nomenclature, and ended with a special finish of its own. It

has never been Gergovia any more than Autun ever was Bibracte. Roman taste or Roman policy, possibly the memory of Roman defeat, gave the Arvernian land, like the Æduan land, another capital which could not show the spoils of Cæsar in its temples. The Arvernian town of Nemetum became, as Augustometum, a new head of the tribe. Augustometum, according to the usual law, became *Arverni, civitas Arvernorum*. By that style it was the bishopric of Sidonius Apollinaris. Then came the fancy name of *Clarus Mons*, which we find in Gregory of Tours as the name, not of the city, but of the citadel, and which has supplanted *Arverni, Arvernorum civitas*, as the name of the city. No later form of Arverni therefore arose. It was from Clermont that the mighty call went forth to which in those days men's hearts and swords could answer. Lastly, the bright mounts have become so many that Clermont in Auvergne has come to need a badge to distinguish it from lesser Clermonts in the land of Beauvais and elsewhere. Clermont, with its appendage of Montferrand, Clermont, head of the department of Puy de Dôme, is officially known as *Clermont-Ferrand*.

Is Clermont to rank as one of the hill cities? Looking down from the height of Mercury we are inclined to say, No: we think otherwise during the early part of the road thither. Yet modern French writers have cut down the *clarus mons* into a *monticule*. It may be that Master Wace would not have known—save haply by guessing—what was meant by a *monticule*; he might have been better pleased to call it a *tertre*, a word which we have actually found lurking in some of the cities of Northern Gaul. But Clermont does stand on

a real hill, a real isolated hill, a hill which no man would despise if it stood either in the land of Chartres or in the land of Ely.

We must not however measure its practical height by its scientific height above the sea. We believe that the scientific height of the *monticule* is somewhere about 1,200 feet, a very respectable height in most parts either of Gaul or Britain. But the whole soil of Auvergne is so high that these 1,200 feet do make only a *monticule*. And we must remember this fact in estimating much greater heights. The Puy de Dôme is scientifically a good many hundred feet higher than Snowdon. Practically it is almost as much lower. Clermont stands a good deal higher above the sea than Lincoln or Durham; but it is not at all a hill city in the sense that they are hill cities; still a hill city it certainly is. There is a considerable ascent from its lower parts to that highest quarter which is crowned by the cathedral church. From the open space near that church we distinctly look down on the lower ground, the ground where we may suppose that men gathered to hear the preaching of Urban and to listen to the decrees of that great assembly. Still, in such a land as that in which Clermont stands, we certainly look up far more than we look down. We had no Rognon and Puy de Dôme soaring above us at Angers and Poitiers.

And if Clermont is but in a secondary way a hill city, it is still less of a river city. The Allier, which stands out conspicuously enough in an old view of 1570, seems to have vanished along with other things shown there which are no longer to be seen—the walls,

the king's and the queen's palaces, north-east of the cathedral, the abbey of Saint Allyre beyond the walls and the river, and other objects which later havoc has swept away. The stream flows or did flow between the prefecture—once the Cordeliers—and the Place de Jaude, as well as by the great treasure of Clermont, the church of Notre Dame du Port. Its course indeed gave the city an approach to the peninsular shape. But we hardly feel that there is a river; it seems almost to have gone the way of London's Fleet and Bristol's Frome. Altogether the city, as a city, apart from its position, its memories, and two or three special buildings, is less interesting than some others. There are some good houses, specially on the way from the cathedral to Notre Dame du Port, but nothing to compare with Poitiers or Limoges. And both houses and churches on the Bright Mount have somewhat of a sombre hue, built as they are of the lava of the neighbouring volcanos, though lava less dark in tint than that of Catania.

On a spot which has such a history as that of the city of the Arverni, we naturally ask whether there are any buildings or other objects left which can have been looked upon either by Urban or by Sidonius. Is anything standing to remind us of the days of the preaching of the Crusade, anything to remind us of the days when the Goth showed himself so good a ruler of his Roman realm? The most instructive building in Clermont, the type of Arvernian Romanesque, the—to a stranger at least—wonderful church of *Notre Dame du Port*, may well carry us back to the days of Urban, some parts of it perhaps to days earlier still. But

there is nothing of an ecclesiastical kind, and not much of any kind, to carry us back to the days of Sidonius. There is nothing, for instance, like the baptistery at Poitiers. It is said that not long ago a piece of sculpture of Roman date was to be seen against a house near the cathedral. Nothing of the kind is to be seen now; but there are signs that some houses have been lately pulled down; so most likely it has perished with them. And both in the cathedral itself and in another church, otherwise of no importance, just outside the town, ancient sarcophagi are used for altars. But of buildings within the city, of Roman or early Romanesque date, it is not easy to find anything above ground. But in the suburbs we may, if we look for it, light on one fragment on which the most famous Bishop of the Arverni may have looked, and which may possibly have been counted among his own belongings. It lies near one of the most frequented parts of the city, and yet it is hard to find. Joanne's guide-book speaks of a piece of Roman wall which he calls *Muraille des Sarrazins*, and which his description led us to think would be a marked object on the way from Clermont to Chamalières, the way to the Puy de Dôme. Nothing of the kind however could we see, nor could any one tell us where this Saracen wall was. But the local writer Bouillet spoke of a Roman wall at a place which he called *Château des Salles*, which seemed to be the same as Joanne's Saracen wall. The *Château des Salles* was found with very little trouble with the help of a guide, though the chances are that we might never have lighted on it for ourselves. It is clearly the building meant by Joanne, though it does not stand out by

the side of any road, but has to be looked for among courts and alleys leading out of the *Place de Jaude* at the west-end of the town. We cannot help thinking that Joanne confounded its name with that of a fragment in the village of Chamalières. There there is a *Place des Sarrasins*, and on one side of it rises a wall, which looks like one side of a square keep, and which seems to be part of a castle of the Dolphins of Auvergne. The *Château des Salles* is partly much later, partly much earlier, than the days of the Dolphins. A good house of the fifteenth century, with one of the characteristic staircase turrets in the courtyard, has attached to it a large piece of wall, of that kind of construction, alternate layers of stone and brick, which is the common rule in the Roman remains of Gaul and Britain, but of which no distinct example is to be seen in Rome itself. What distinguishes this wall at Clermont from other walls of the same kind elsewhere is a series of attached half-columns round which the layers of stone and brick are carried. They remind one somewhat of the half-columns of brick in the *Amphitheatrum Castrense*; but they are stouter, they have lost their capitals, and they must be some centuries later. The brickwork of the amphitheatre at Rome is of the earlier days of the Empire, and forms one of the buildings which Aurelian found it convenient to work into the circuit of his wall. This at Clermont can hardly be before the fourth century, and it may be later. It is said that the house to which it is attached belonged to the Bishops of Clermont; and, if there is any ground for thinking that it belonged to them in early times, and if anybody chooses to fancy it a work of Sidonius

himself, we cannot prove that it is not. We need hardly say that, standing even now in a suburb, it lay far beyond the Roman wall of Nemetum, and formed part of some suburban building, a villa most likely of some wealthy citizen, if we cannot assign it to the Bishop himself.

This piece of wall then and the sarcophagi are really all the Roman work, Christian or pagan, which the traveller will find for himself in the city that was Augustonemetum. In the proper home of Sidonius, in the head church of his bishopric, we find as little to suggest his presence—or that of Urban—as we find in the church of Poitiers—in the church itself—to suggest the presence of Hilary. The cathedral church of Clermont is not even an Arvernian church at all. Just like that of Limoges, it is an exotic, though a very beautiful exotic. A characteristic example of French Gothic, we admire it simply as a work of art; it has not, like the older church of Notre Dame du Port, any special propriety in the city in which it happens to stand. Built on Arvernian soil, it is purely French, and it might just as well have stood on any other spot of the wide space which came within the range of French dominion and French taste. Historically it proves nothing, except the fact that, when it was built, French artistic taste had thoroughly established itself in Auvergne. The church is typically French, and brings out most of the points in which a French minster differs from an English one. In other words, it is short and lofty, with western towers but no central. It does not at all belong to the first rank of French churches in point of scale, either in length or height. In England it would

come very low down indeed in point of length, while in point of height it would rank, we imagine, third in all England. Here is a church, perhaps of the length of Tewkesbury, rising higher in the air than any minster in England except Westminster and York. We need hardly say that it has the apse and surrounding chapels; it will surprise no one to hear that it was designed for six towers, and that none of the six marks the crossing of the four limbs. Nor will it surprise any one to hear that, of these six towers, five, and among them the two chief ones, remain unfinished to this day. All this means simply that it is distinctly and thoroughly French, and to say of a minster of this date that it is distinctly and thoroughly French is to say that it has an internal effect of its own kind with which no English minster can compare. France is—we are speaking of Gothic churches only—as distinctly the land of perfect internal effects as England and Normandy are the lands of perfect external outlines. Clermont cathedral has a better effect at a distance than it has when we come near. The short and lofty body with its two western towers looks well from most points. The spires, as we have already implied, are still unfinished, and, oddly enough, the scaffolding which to this day surrounds them gives them at a little distance something of the effect of tapering towers like those of Tours and Orleans. In the distance the transepts are lost, and when we come near, they certainly are no improvement within or without. It is very difficult to treat a transept on the French plan where there is no mid-tower. Within, the church is of extreme beauty; we can sit and gaze with delight; but when we come to criticize, it is hardly so

satisfactory as the admirable building at Limoges. The two are so near in style and scale that a comparison between them is easy and fair. At Clermont the triforium is not so skilfully managed as at Limoges; there is a kind of canopy over the arches which seems out of place. And the transepts do not strike one as special features in the way that they do at Limoges. There they have a character; here we simply think that they are wide and shallow, put there mainly for the purpose of building towers against them which have never been finished. We are tempted to wish them altogether away, as at Bourges. Yet Clermont cathedral is, inside at least, a graceful and lovely building; only it is not what we came to see in Auvergne. What we did come to see is to be found in the other great surviving church of Clermont, the collegiate church of Notre Dame du Port. But that, the model in some sort of Arvernian art, must be taken in its own place along with its fellows, as a study of a most marked local form of building, one which, we can have little doubt in saying, is far more instructive and far more attractive than that which we lately studied in Anjou.

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## VII.—ARVERNIAN ARCHITECTURE.

WE had occasion, a short time back, while on our passage through Anjou, to speak of a very marked form of architecture of which that county is the centre. We have now to speak of another form, quite as clearly

marked, but differing not a little from the Angevin variety. None of the local forms of Romanesque which arose in the latter half of the eleventh century has a more distinct character of its own than that which prevails in Auvergne. The architecture is as marked as the scenery; it would be hard to find the fellow of either anywhere else. And the Arvernian style is in some sort more satisfactory than the Angevin style. The Angevin style looks too much like a mere caprice. Why should people build churches so amazingly wide and low, and without any pillars and arches? It is always dangerous to ask Why? in any matters of this kind. It is hard to say why either an Arvernian or a Norman built in two different ways in those points in which they did build in two different ways, and to an Arvernian eye the Arvernian choice may seem as strictly the natural thing to choose as the Norman choice seems to us. But neither a Norman nor an Arvernian building has the same strong air of a whim as the Angevin building. Most of the points on which Auvergne differs from Normandy may seem fair questions of taste. Each way of building is effective; each has its own specially strong points. We do not stop and look at either simply because it is odd, which really is sometimes the case in Anjou. On one point only we must draw the line. If we ask why—unless as a mere matter of caprice—the Angevin architects left out pillars and arches, we are driven to ask why—unless as a mere matter of caprice—the Arvernian architects built their west fronts and western towers of so strange a shape or lack of shape.

But in any case none of the varieties of Romanesque

art is better worth study than the noble style of which the once collegiate church of Notre Dame du Port within the walls of Clermont is, on the whole, the typical example. At Issoire we find the style on a greater scale, but a little later in date. Brioude has some special features of its own. At Riom we have not the pure Arvernian style, but a piece of instructive transition from that style to another. Saint Nectaire, in other points almost as typical as Notre Dame du Port, in most points wonderfully like it, differs altogether in one of the chief features of external outline. But in all we feel, as we feel in all these local varieties of Romanesque, that the word *style* is out of place. The difference is after all that of a manner of building, not that of a style of architecture strictly so called. At Clermont and Issoire, as everywhere else, it soon strikes us how much more these various types differ from one another in their general arrangements and conceptions than they do in mere detail. Here too we see capitals, bases, whole windows, which might belong to one country as well as another. In these matters the various styles which grew up in the eleventh century hardly differ so much from one another as the later Gothic styles do. Here is a typical Arvernian church; most of its details—certainly not its south doorway—might be found in a typical Norman church; most of them might be found in a typical Lombard church. Yet our Arvernian church, as a whole, is altogether unlike anything either Norman or Lombard. Still less is it like anything Angevin. Auvergne certainly did not share the dislike to pillars which became characteristic of Anjou. The style naturally has affinities with that of

Aquitaine, the land of which in its widest sense Auvergne formed part. We come in, for instance, for the barrel-vault as a specially characteristic feature. But Auvergne loves columns and half-columns, and is not satisfied with the Aquitanian square piers. An Arvernian church shows itself at a glimpse as belonging to Southern Gaul and not to Northern. Yet the style has quite enough distinguishing features of its own to claim to be looked on as a distinct variety of Romanesque, and for Auvergne, as distinguished from Aquitaine, to be set down as a separate architectural province.

A typical Arvernian church has a character of its own which it is impossible to mistake. As a rule, a square tower at the west end and an octagonal tower in the middle suggest to an English eye a faint analogy to Ely or Wymondham—or to the lesser churches of Coutances. Very faint indeed the analogy is to any of these; still the square and the octagon are there, however much their proportions may differ from the proportions of the square and the octagon in the only two English churches with which we can compare them. The Arvernian central octagon has a strange look in the way in which it rises, not immediately from the four limbs of the church, but from a kind of oblong base which it is not easy to describe, but which is one of the most marked characteristics of the style, within and without. The truth is that the innermost transept-bay, so to speak, that which in the ground-plan ranges with the aisles of the eastern and western limb, is carried up to the full height of the lantern. Outside, this gives the tower this broad base to spring from; if the tower was away, it would have a good deal of the effect of the

high choirs of the Cistercian churches in Sicily. Inside it increases the effect of height, and it further supplies a new pair of lofty arches to increase the complication of arches crossing one another, some measure of which is necessarily found in every cross church. The effect of this very singular arrangement is, to our taste, certainly much better inside than it is without.

If the central octagon has a base of its own to rise from, the square tower at the west end has something of the same kind. It commonly rises from between a pair of huge shoulders, forming outside what we might almost call a western transept, but which has a very different character from the western transept of Ely. Its lower stages have a tendency to take the shape of something like a *narthex*, which, opening into the nave by one or more arches, is sure to make a striking feature. And it is curious that this narthex not uncommonly has the air of being the oldest part of the church; at least it often contains capitals which may well be older than any of their fellows. This narthex again, as forming part of the tower, has other stages above it, opening into the church, sometimes by wide arches like the German triforium-galleries, sometimes by coupled windows. Indeed, most of the Arvernian peculiarities have, like this of the western tower and transept, a tendency to affect inside and outside at once. At the first glimpse of one of the churches from without, we might be tempted to fancy that, Angevin fashion, it had no aisles. The nave has lofty side walls, with arcades and windows of two stages. In the lower range the windows are placed under bold wide blank arches. Above these an arcade of small arches and shafts has

some of its members pierced as windows. We have in fact the windows of an aisle and the windows of a clerestory; only they are placed in the same wall, one above the other. To this arrangement, which looks strange outside, we find the key within. The rule of an Arvernian inside elevation is to throw the triforium and clerestory into one. The piers, of whatever shape, are lofty: above them runs an open arcade, just below the springing of the barrel-vault, which seems universal. Inside one hardly knows whether to call it a triforium without a clerestory, or a clerestory without a triforium. It really is a gallery of the width of the aisles below, with its windows placed in the outer wall, above those of the aisles. Such an upper range of windows over the aisle windows is common in the triforium of large churches. Only then there is the clerestory rising again behind and above all. Here there is no other clerestory; the wall with its two rows of arcades and windows is the full height of the church.

The east ends follow a type which is more common both in Northern and Southern Gaul than it is in England, though it once existed in a good many English churches from which it has now vanished. This is the type which we have already seen in so many of the churches of Poitiers, the apse with its surrounding aisle and diverging apsidal chapels. But there is one peculiarity which Auvergne seems to have to itself. The series of apsidal chapels is sometimes, not always, broken by a single square chapel at the extreme east, making the actual east end of the church flat. Indeed this complicated and artificial arrangement of chapels becomes in these churches so completely a matter of

course that we almost begin to long for the simple grandeur of the great single apse, as at Cerisy and Lucca, and at Peterborough before the addition of the retrochoir. Inside we are less likely to weary of the majestic arrangement of the columns of the apse, ranged close together with their narrow stilted arches and the clerestory above, forming a noble range of eastward *cancelli* for the high altar. We have seen this at Poitiers; we see it again at Clermont, at Saint Nectaire, and at Issoire. And, wherever we see it, we welcome it.

In the details we mark some singularities in the use of ornament. Speaking roughly of the insides, we might say that everything is plain, except the capitals. The Arvernian architects seem to have had little notion of the application of ornament to surfaces, and not much notion of the setting of order behind order. These are such fertile sources of enrichment in our own Norman buildings that their absence seems strange to us. The actual openings of the windows, for instance, are perfectly square and plain; but there commonly is a billeted label outside and shafts within, and the capitals of the shafts, as of all columns, great and small, may be made as rich as any one chooses. The doorways are not very remarkable, and never have anything like the richness of our Norman doorways. Sometimes the actual opening is square, and that without any strongly developed tympanum. In the outside of the apses and transepts there is often a good deal of sculpture and inlaid work; here sometimes, and in the insides of the transepts also, we find that straight-sided form—we can hardly call it an arch—which carries us to Lorsch

and Earls Barton and the Pictavian baptistery. Otherwise there is little in these churches to suggest the earlier types of Romanesque, nothing perhaps except the strange capitals which have been mentioned as being sometimes found at the west ends, and now and then a midwall shaft or an approach to it in the many groupings of small shafts and arches with which the Arvernian interiors abound. These last are a marked feature of the style. Its arrangements bring in a good many blank spaces, and each blank space is seized on to make an unglazed window within the church. Such windows are specially common over the lantern arches. The arches are commonly round; but they sometimes take the shape of a kind of horse-shoe trefoil, which suggests a touch of the Saracen. He has not however, as in some other parts of Aquitaine, suggested the use of the pointed shape for the main arches. When a pointed arch does appear in Auvergne, it may be set down as a sure sign of Transition, just as in Normandy and England.

The contrast between extreme plainness in some points and extreme richness in others is strongly marked in these buildings, especially in the insides. It is curious to see a church, with every arch left perfectly plain and square, with no enrichment of any other kind whatever, but with every column, half-column and window-shaft, crowned with capitals of the richest kind, not uncommonly alive with highly classical foliage. In weighing the disputes as to the dates of these churches, the idea often suggests itself whether the churches were not built in the latter half of the eleventh century—nothing, save an occasional fragment, suggests an earlier

date than that—and whether these magnificent capitals were not often cut out in the latter half of the twelfth. At the same time we must remember that we are here distinctly in Southern Europe, in a Roman land, not in a land which is Teutonic even in that modified sense in which France and Normandy may be called Teutonic. Just as in Italy, we may fairly expect that such arts as were practised at all would be more advanced than they were in Northern Gaul, still more so than they were in England. The foundation of *Notre Dame du Port* is carried back to the year 580; we hear of a great repair or rebuilding in 866, after a destruction by the Northmen; we hear of building going on between 1185 and 1240. This is a little puzzling, as the first pair of dates are too early, and the second pair too late. There is nothing that one is tempted to carry back to 866, except perhaps parts of the crypt, and possibly two rude capitals in the narthex, according to the tendency which has been already mentioned. And though one could fancy the capitals throughout the church being carved in 1185, there is nothing that one could fancy belonging to as late a date as 1240. One is driven, though we may have no documentary evidence, to suppose a rebuilding in the eleventh century, with, if any one chooses, a certain embellishment in the twelfth, and to infer that the works of 1240 were mere repairs spoken of in the exaggerated way which is not uncommon.

We have pretty well described *Notre Dame du Port* in describing the general class of Arvernian churches of which it is certainly the best model, though by no means on the largest scale. It shows all the pecu-

liarities of the style, and forms an admirable introduction to it for those who see the local forms there for the first time. The apse, as seen within, has its fellows at Poitiers; but neither at Poitiers nor anywhere else have we seen anything like the Arvernian nave and the Arvernian transepts. The most characteristic, perhaps on the whole the most striking, view is that which we get out of one of the transepts, which brings out strongly that peculiar treatment of the crossing and of the transepts themselves which is the most distinctive feature of the style. But the most distinctive feature of *Notre Dame du Port* itself is to be seen outside; it is the south doorway with its sculptures and inscriptions. Its architectural forms are even more remarkable than its figures of angels, prophets, and saints. Nothing more unlike a Norman doorway can be conceived. Here is a square-headed opening, perfectly plain, without shafts or mouldings, with sculptures on each side, but sculptures which do not touch the actual doorway. Over it is a sculptured tympanum under a flat pediment; over that is another sculptured tympanum under a horse-shoe arch. The sculptures go on in the capitals of the neighbouring transept, where the sacrifice of Isaac is prominent at one of the angles.

Both the towers are modern; but, from the appearance of other churches of the type, we may infer that they fairly represent their older predecessors. This is a thing which strikes us in a great number of these Arvernian churches. The towers, western and central, are clearly not ancient, but they are as clearly built in close reproduction of ancient predecessors. From a local book which we picked up at Clermont

we find that this state of things is owing to a systematic destruction of the church towers in the revolutionary time. During the short time when the rage against religion was at its height, the fate of churches and churchmen differed widely in different parts, according to the caprice of the persons in local power. According to our book, a special order from Couthon, in the days of the Committee of Public Safety, decreed that all the church-towers in the department of the Puy de Dôme should be pulled down. The order can hardly have been literally carried out everywhere; but it seems to have been obeyed to such an extent as to account for the many modern towers which clearly represent ancient ones. When the tyranny was overpast, the towers were rebuilt as nearly as might be after the pattern of the old ones. This was clearly done, and successfully, at *Notre Dame du Port*.

The west front strikes one used to either Norman or Lombard forms as wonderfully mean and awkward. But it is the custom of the country, and we get used to it. Indeed, at *Notre Dame*, the western part is so huddled in among houses that we hardly take in its full proportion or disproportion. For that we must go to Issoire.

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## VIII.—CHAMALIÈRES AND MONTFERRAND.

THE visitor to Clermont should not fail to take two walks in opposite directions, each of which will lead him to an object of no small interest, both of them so near to the city as to form a kind of natural complement to it. To the west, on the way to Royat with its fortified church, on the way to the Puy de Dôme itself, he will light on the little village of Chamalières, which must not be mistaken for another Chamalières in the department of Haute Loire. We have had occasion incidentally to mention the name of Chamalières when speaking of the fragment of Roman wall still remaining at the *Château des Salles*, which wall, by fetching a short compass, may be taken on the walk thither. The local writer Bouillet distinguishes the remains of the castle of the Dolphins from the tower called *Tour des Sarrasins*. We may have missed one or the other, but we certainly saw only one object of the kind, which looked very like the shattered keep of a castle, and which stood in a not very splendid quarter called *Place des Sarrasins*. The name of the old invaders, wherever we find it, awakens a curiosity which it is often hard to gratify. About the Dolphins there is no doubt; we have only to distinguish the branch of the Arvernian princes who took that title from those other Dolphins of the Viennois who passed the title on to the heirs of the crown of France. Saracens were far more widely spread than Dolphins, and they may have visited Chamalières as well as almost any other place. But beyond

this faint vein of musing into which we may be led, there is nothing to call for our special study in the stumps of a square tower without any architectural features. At Chamalières the object of the greatest interest is certainly the church, while at the other place with which we have coupled Chamalières it is assuredly not the church.

The other walk which we counsel from Clermont is at the opposite end of the city, namely to the east. Two roads, the high road and one to the left of it, will lead us to different parts of the little town of Montferrand. It stands altogether distinct from Clermont and has a separate history from it, but it has for municipal purposes been joined to the city of the Arverni, and has helped to give it its last double name of *Clermont-Ferrand*. We said just now that at Montferrand the church was not the most interesting object, and we implied that the church of Montferrand was of less interest than the church of Chamalières. Now in saying this we feel that we are uttering a kind of paradox, and we know that we shall have local sentiment against us. The antiquaries of Auvergne have bestowed a good deal of pains on the church of Montferrand, and seemingly not very much on the church of Chamalières. And the church of Montferrand, standing high on its hill, forming a conspicuous object from all quarters, perfect withal save where its own builders have left it imperfect, is more likely to attract than the church of Chamalières, standing low in the midst of its village with no advantages of position, and bearing about it the marks of cruel dealing in more ways than one. But, from the special point of view from which

we are looking at things, we must place Chamalières, that is its church, many leagues ahead of Montferrand. We speak now of the churches only; Montferrand is on other grounds the most interesting place in its own way to be found on our whole journey; Chamalières, besides its scrap of tower, has its church to show, and nothing else. But then the church of Chamalières is one of the class of things which we came to see, and the church of Montferrand is not. The inquirer into churches in Auvergne is bent upon Romanesque, and that Arvernian Romanesque. He feels himself cheated when he comes to a church which might have stood anywhere else, unless indeed it baffles all controversy by such a display of beauty as the inside of the cathedral of Clermont. In such a church as Montferrand he tries in despair to comfort himself by trying to see in it a survival after some centuries of French taste of the same Aquitanian tradition which gave him Alby. The church is really a handsome one; but in most parts of the world, and in Auvergne more than in most other parts, we have got into a way of expecting the church to be the oldest building in the place, and at Montferrand it is very much the other way.

Montferrand is, on the whole, one of those places which have changed but little as compared with most of their fellows. It has lost a good deal of what was old; but it has been almost wholly simple loss; there has been very little supplanting of old things by new. In the *Atlas to Bouillet's Statistique Monumentale* of the department we have a view of Montferrand as it looked in 1479, and there was certainly a good deal then which is not there now. The little town on the little

hill was as strongly fortified as Clermont. There are the ditch, the bridges, the walls set thick with square towers and gateways, of one of which the rude drawing makes us specially eager to know the details. Side by side with the church is the castle of which the church was in fact an appendage, a castle even more thickly set with round towers than the town walls are with square. All this is gone; but town walls have commonly vanished; castles have often vanished; and there are few places where so much is left as there is at Montferrand of the dwellings which the walls fenced in and which the castle, according to circumstances, protected or oppressed. We are not disposed to think very much of a church of the fifteenth century, some parts of it perhaps of the fourteenth, when the great mass of the houses around it are of the sixteenth and fifteenth, and some of them a great deal older. Four main streets, like the limbs of a Roman *chester*, meet at the top of the hill, and make up the town of Montferrand. They are as dirty as any streets out of Sedunum, Sitten, or Sion, can be; the houses are neglected and disfigured, and show every sign of being forsaken and having gone down in the world. Yet almost every house in the place is worthy of notice; very many of them are worthy of a picture. We pass along the four arms till we become indifferent to forms which anywhere else would strike us at once. Some of the houses are of wood with good bits of carving; but many more are of stone, in the late style of French Gothic, now and then going off into *Renaissance*. Doorways and windows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries meet us at every step; some show

us other features as well; one on the right hand, as we go up the southern slope of the hill, has a court-yard with sixteenth-century columns—reminding us somewhat of Sicily—and a staircase-turret. Thus far the church is suited with companions of its own date, and its own earlier parts may actually be the oldest among them. But Montferrand has better things to show than anything to be seen in its four main streets. Close to the church, by its south-western corner, are domestic buildings by the side of which the church seems modern indeed. But it shows how different our standard is in houses and churches that we look at them as of any special antiquity. In domestic buildings work of the thirteenth century, keeping some impress of the twelfth, seems as rare and precious as the earliest Romanesque does in ecclesiastical buildings. Such work we have very clearly at Montferrand, if indeed we have not work of the twelfth century itself. A little way south of the west end of the church, on the brink of the hill, stands a house known as the house of the elephant. Here we have, in a somewhat mutilated state, three round arches below, and above them three shafted arches, of which the central one formed a two-light window with the beast from which it takes its name wrought in fresco on its tympanum. Our thoughts fly to Hebrew dwellings at Lincoln and Saint Edmundsbury, to dwellings perhaps not Hebrew at Dol and Le Mans, most of all to that crowning specimen of Romanesque domestic work, the centre of the most venerable street of that historic city, which administrative barbarism swept away only a few years back. Happily no reforming mayor or prefect has stretched forth his ruthless hand to destroy

the beauties of Montferrand. But the elephant of Montferrand, though the arch under which he stands is round, seems to belong to a stage a little later than the halls of Moses of East-Anglia and Aaron of Lindesey. The work is Romanesque in form, but it is Romanesque which is just making ready to turn into something else. Nearer to the church, close by it on the south side, is another house which, as a piece of architecture only, is more striking than the house of the elephant. The house of the elephant has inserted square windows; but here we have a house perhaps of the end of the twelfth century, enlarged in the thirteenth, and altogether recast about the beginning of the sixteenth. Inside it has a good court and staircase of this last date; but the designers of them did much damage to the original street front by sticking in windows. They have specially damaged the Romanesque work—two arches, above and below—leaving no windows at all of that date. Attached to the round-headed work to the west is an addition of four pointed arches with a range of four two-light windows above with quatrefoils in the head. Of these two only remain perfect. These two houses are the best things in Montferrand, and make us perhaps think scorn of many a graceful bit of later work which we should value anywhere else. These last we light on at every turn. From three hundred and fifty to four hundred years back, Montferrand must have been a little town almost without a rival. Nearly every house was in its way a gem.

But after all we must not forget the church of Montferrand. Built as the chapel of the vanished castle, it

yet has little of the character of a *sainte chapelle*. It is long and wide, and by proportion low, of a type certainly not Arvernian, though approaching to what may be seen in some other parts of Aquitaine. Instead of aisles—one could hardly fancy a *sainte chapelle* with aisles—it has chapels all round, save of course at the west-end; of its two western towers the northern one only is finished. Yet it is a respectable building of its own date; it would be striking if we lighted on it in an ordinary village; at Montferrand it seems an unworthy crown to such a series of domestic buildings, and it is specially outshone by its own nearest neighbours. The traveller who is ecclesiastically given had better make his journey back to Chamalières, where the church has it all its own way.

But before he does so, let him follow the west limb of the seeming *chester*, if not so far as to go back to Clermont by that road instead of the highway, at least far enough to see from this favourable height, how the Bright Mount stands crowned with its church and other buildings, and how the loftier hills stand round about it. The grouping both of the cathedral and of Notre Dame du Port from this point is admirable. They beckon us, as it were, to come back, while the heights beyond beckon us to come further still, to pass through the city to the objects beyond it. So we must do; there is Royat to be seen, there is the height of Gergovia, with its tale of ancient warfare; there is the Dôme itself, crowned with its monuments of pagan worship and of modern science. But as yet we will go no further than the spot which we have picked out to compare and contrast with Montferrand. We reach Chamalières.

It is hard to believe, when we look at the small village—small, at least, in itself, but not unlikely to be some day swallowed up in the growing mass of buildings between Clermont and Royat—that it could ever have contained five churches. One alone, formerly monastic, now survives. It is frightfully disfigured; but it contains some Romanesque work of no small interest. Let him who looks at its east end from outside try and keep his eyes rather low down, so as to take in the aisle and its surrounding chapels, and to escape the sight of the disfigured clerestory. He will thus get no contemptible study of the way in which these small churches—for Chamalières really is quite a small church—contrive to reproduce the features of much greater ones with more success than any one would have looked for. Here we have four projecting chapels, so arranged as to leave the actual east end flat between two of them, all well finished in the local style, with windows, strings, and half-columns. Outside there is little else to attract, though the English eye will notice the flying-buttresses in so small a building; the general outline has been thoroughly ruined. But the apse itself is enough; it is our second lesson in Arvernian Romanesque. It is manifestly of the same type as Notre Dame du Port; yet it is not a mere copy; the plan is not quite the same; Chamalières has a character of its own. If we go within, we shall make exactly the same remark at the west-end of the church. The narthex is here the instructive feature within, just as the apse is without. The vaulted choir has been sadly disfigured; the unvaulted nave is rude and of no great interest. But at the west-end we have the characteristic three arches of

the narthex, arches standing on massive columns, which are more distinctly remains of something earlier than the present church than their fellows at Notre Dame du Port. The books call them "Gallo-Roman;" we never know exactly what these compound words mean; classical Roman they certainly are not. The capitals are more Byzantine than Roman; yet they are not real Byzantine; Byzantine in shape, they are rich with barbaric leaves and sculpture, of that kind which may be of almost any date after classical Roman has gone out, and before finished Romanesque has come in. The books say that Chamalières, besides its Saracens, was also visited by Northmen who destroyed the church. For that kind of work the ninth century would be the most likely time. Let these columns then be, if any one likes, remains of a church destroyed somewhere about that date, and rebuilt again with the present apse not earlier than the later days of the eleventh century. There is not very much between the two dates; but the apse without and the narthex within, showing the characteristic forms of art at two different dates of Romanesque, are as well worth the little walk from Clermont on one side as the houses of Montferrand are worth it on the other.

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## IX.—ROYAT.

THE true traveller in Auvergne goes, we will suppose, with one or other of two objects, or, better still, with the two combined. He goes to see either the extinct volcanoes or the Romanesque churches; if he is qualified to deal with both, so much the better for him. But he hardly goes to the fashionable "resorts;" possibly he may even keep as clear of them as he can. He will prefer Clermont out of season to Clermont in the season; he will be thankful that Clermont even in the season is not itself exactly a resort, and that no season seems to make any difference to Issoire. But there are places, and places which must be visited, where the traveller even out of season is made very distinctly to feel that there is a season which has been and is gone. And he will be made to feel this at a very short distance from Clermont and at a smaller distance from that Chamalières which, by a sort of rule of contrary, we lately coupled with Montferrand. He who reaches Clermont from Tulle cannot fail to be struck with the picturesque site of Royat. Coming near, it may be, to the Arvernian city on an evening of autumn moonlight, he is carried among the hills, and suddenly finds himself high on a mighty viaduct, looking down on dwellings beneath him, and perhaps catching a dim outline of some building rising above him of which he is naturally anxious to see more. A few more minutes bring him to Clermont, and he naturally resolves that the place of which he caught his evening

glimpse shall be studied more carefully by the full light of day. The place is Royat, a village which has become a health-resort, a village so near to Chamalières, as Chamalières is so near to Clermont, that there is hardly room to get rid of the suburban feeling before Royat is reached. The building among the hills of which he caught the glimpse is the church of Royat, a church such as we do not light on every day in Auvergne or anywhere else. For it is the fortified church of a company of nuns. The foundation was ancient indeed. Benedictine sisters are said to have dwelt at Royat as early as the sixth century, and a predecessor of the present church stood there in the seventh. The church itself is better seen from other points; but the best general view of the monastery, which keeps far more of ancient character than is usual in the monastic houses of France, is to be had from the road which climbs the hill on the north side of the building. There the fortified enclosure stands out clearly to be seen, the fortified church itself forming from this point of view its southern boundary. In rough times, in so wild a place as Royat must then have been, even a holy sisterhood was doubtless wise so far to trust to an arm of flesh as to fence themselves in with walls which might baffle an enemy till friends could come to their help. The sisters of the sixth century withdrew wholly from the world: those of the twelfth century, we may suspect, if they had begun their foundation from the beginning, would rather have chosen a site sheltered by the nearer neighbourhood of the city, if not actually within its walls. But at Royat we have not only a fortified monastic enclosure, we have an actually for-

tified church. Let the cloister be stormed, a sisterhood of Amazons, even without the help of professional men of war, might make a very fair defence from the top of the church. Here are no high roofs, no apses, no aisles, nothing to give an enemy a chance of clambering up, and there are means by which he might be made to suffer a good deal of damage if he ventured himself too nigh the wall. Who smote Abimelech the son of Jerubbesheth? Who also smote Pyrrhos the son of Aiakidê? The warfare of the women of Thebez and Argos seems to have been improved into a department of military science by the nuns of Royat. The walls of the church are square and lofty, with no projections but the flat buttresses which help to bear up a strong battlement resting on a most artistic system of *machicoulis*, *murdering-holes*, or whatever is the best name for them. A piece of a millstone might well be hurled over the embrasures, but it would be a higher refinement of skill to pour down molten lead, boiling water, anything else that is unpleasant, through the holes of the machicoulis, and to shoot arrows through the eylet-holes in the battlements. One scruple however may be noticed; the eylet-holes are made for the lawful long-bow of honourable archers; for the more cruel cross-bow, forbidden of councils, no preparation is made. The whole defensive arrangement is most perfect; indeed even the visitor of the present day has to take care as he walks the roofs, lest haply he should drop through one of the holes in the character of an involuntary millstone, without the satisfaction of crushing any threatening enemy from Molotts or Abi-ezer.

This destination to a military use has ruled the

whole character of the church. The crenellating, as we should call it, is said to have been done in 1165, a date which would do well enough for the main parts of the building. Those parts are very few. The church of Royat is a cross church of the very simplest type, with the four limbs and nothing else. Utterly unlike its neighbours, it has a flat east end without aisles or chapels. Nor are there any aisles or chapels in any other part of the building. Still the church keeps to the Arvernian type as nearly as it could when the necessities of its use obliged it to depart from that type in almost every feature. It has a narthex; the narthex seems to have been crowned by a western tower; which most likely perished under Couthon. The whole work is perfectly plain and stern, but by no means rude or unfinished. The doorways are few, low, and plain. The windows are as plain as they can be, round-headed, and set very low in the wall. Or rather, as far as the height from the ground is concerned, they are, probably from military reasons, set very high in the wall; but the tall bare space above them makes them look as if they were set very low. In the southern, northern, and eastern fronts this tall bare space is filled up by a sexfoil window, which may be, but which need not be, a later insertion. Set over the other windows, these *quasi* rose-windows are not the dominant features of the front, like the round windows at Chartres or even at Lincoln. But neither are they merely set in the gables, for gables there are none; they are as it were squeezed in between the pilasters and buttresses of the angles at each side and the murdering-holes above, and, as they have some little elaboration in the way of

mouldings and floriated cusps, they look a little out of their places. A perfectly plain round O, if the builders could not do without something of a transept-front, would have agreed better with what stands above and below. Another feature which looks like a later addition is the octagonal stage of the central tower. Its square base fully agrees with the style of the church; but the octagon, with mouldings, cornices, shafts at the corners and in the windows—windows of two round-headed lights under a pointed arch—show quite another feeling from the work below.

On its outside then the church of Royat seems chiefly designed for purposes of defence. Very little encouragement is offered even to those who would enter by the door, and still less to those who would climb up some other way. When the inside is once reached, perhaps things are little less plain and stern; but, if so, it is only a very little. The four arms have the barrel-vault, its arches rising from flat pilasters answering to those outside. The central octagon rises from pointed arches; but there is no reason to look upon them as later than the rest of the work; the pointed shape might easily be used in Auvergne in 1165. All the main arches, including those made at the east end of the transepts to receive altars—a substitute for apsidal chapels—are plain as they can be; the column seems unknown at Royat above ground. In one place only, in the north transept, where the church joins on to the quarters of the nuns, the sternness of the prescribed architecture does relax a little. Here, high in the wall, we do get a small arcade with coupled shafts. The cloistered ladies of Royat were certainly not likely

to be disturbed in their contemplations by any seductive charms of decorative art.

Underground in the crypt, doubtless a relic of an older church, a somewhat more liberal spirit prevails. Here we have six columns, some of them with flowered capitals and other devices, but all rude and early. The earlier varieties of Romanesque seem never, as the later often did, to have affected plainness for its own sake. They are often rude; but their builders tried to make their work as rich as they knew how. The little enrichment that there is at Royat is thus stowed away in the lower regions.

A fortified church like this makes us think of fortified churches elsewhere, above all in that part of our own island where fortified churches most abound, along the whole coast of South Wales. The church towers of the Englishry of Pembrokeshire are strictly fortresses; in those of Glamorgan there is for the most part little more than a certain military air stamped on the building by an abiding tradition, even when defence was no longer really to be thought of. Yet it is in Glamorgan that we find the nearest parallel in our own land to such a church as Royat. The priory church of Ewenny, one of the outlying cells of Gloucester, without being so fully developed a fortress as Royat, has a good deal of military character impressed on its church —of the other conventional buildings we have no means of judging. It is one of a class of small monastic churches of simple and massive proportions, but which bring out the cross form with great dignity. Ewenny is well contrasted with its fellow cell of Leonard Stanley, one of the same general class, but wholly with-

out military character. The provisions for safety which were needed both in Auvergne and in Glamorgan might be dispensed with in Gloucestershire. Ewenny is, since the historical character of Dunster has been swept away, the best of all examples of a divided church. A high and solid screen divides the parochial and the monastic parts. This was natural enough in a small church of Benedictine monks; it was hardly to be looked for in the church of the nuns of Royat. Ewenny has been cruelly mutilated; when perfect, its ground-plan was by no means so simple as that of Royat with its four limbs only. It has the military battlement like Royat, but it has not the same height of wall; in short the military character is by no means so strongly impressed on the building. We may suspect that if, in the twelfth century, Morganwg was a good deal given to fighting, Auvergne was a good deal more so. The two sites it is better not to compare. The vale of Glamorgan has many merits, but its pleasant fields with the mountains sheltering them can hardly match with the Arvernian volcanos, above all with the specially picturesque site of Royat. It is to be supposed that a health-resort is of use to mankind; otherwise one could have wished the church of Royat, monument as it is of an age which has so utterly passed away, to have remained in its natural wilderness, the lonely place of worship for the few to whom the wilderness might be an ancestral place of dwelling.

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## X.—RIOM.

A short railway journey from Clermont takes us to the now much smaller town of Riom, which once disputed the right of Clermont to be deemed the capital of Auvergne. And the place which once so boasted itself still shows signs of even present superiority to the mass of French country-towns, besides direct witness to the former presence of princes and nobles. It is not indeed, like Montferrand, a town in which houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries count for no more than silver did in the days of Solomon. But both the broad, well-built, and clean streets which, like the dirty ones of Montferrand, cross the main body of the town like the arms of a Roman *chester*, and the narrower streets which, more after the ordinary fashion of the country, run up the hill on either side to meet them, can supply a good many pieces of domestic architecture which are not without their attraction. They may at least claim the respect which is surely due to silver, the silver of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when not dimmed by the nearness of the gold of the twelfth and thirteenth. Riom has nothing to set against the house of the elephant; but the house known as the House of the Consuls, in the main street leading west from the great church of Saint Amable, is a fine example indeed of the late Flamboyant going off into *Renaissance*. The title of consuls borne by the ancient magistracy of Riom shows that we have got deep into Southern Gaul, into the land of abiding Roman traditions, where there was no

place for a Teutonic *Schöffe*, not if he put on the Latinized garb of a *scabinus* or even of an *échevin*. But the house of the consuls is only the best of several good houses in Riom, nor is it the only building in Riom which preserves the memory of the old municipal constitution. It was the consuls who repaired the clock-tower in the seventeenth century, doubtless with the purpose that the town-clock should tell the time, an object which seems to be thought of less importance by the municipality of the nineteenth. This clock-tower is a handsome but not very lofty tower of the last days of French Gothic, verging on Renaissance; that is, it belongs to the days when Riom was most flourishing. Of that date the town contains a good deal more, both in houses and churches. The clock-tower stands in the main street to the north; we should judge better of its effect if it were less crowded up by houses. Opposite to it is a good house of its own kind. Follow the same line of street beyond the crossing to the south, and a small cupola of more distinctly *Renaissance* character catches the eye. This crowns one of the western towers of the church of *Notre Dame du Marthuret*, one of those buildings to which no English architect would have thought of adding so stately a finish. And here, as in many other cases, the building suffers from its stately finish. The west front, specially perhaps the western doorways, makes us look for something within better than anything that we actually find. It is wonderful how much better taste the designers of the later French buildings showed in doorways than they showed in windows, and how much better taste they showed in windows than they showed in pillars and arches. No-

thing is commoner than to find a large and elaborate doorway, rich with carved work and imagery, forming part of the same design with windows with the most wretched tracery, and opening into a church with its pillars and arches of that unutterable badness and meanness which only the worst kind of French Gothic can attain unto. So it is with this church at Riom; the inside is hardly worth looking at, while the west front is a fine and instructive example of the way in which the late Gothic of France died out into Renaissance. Both towers Italianize at the top; but the southern one is clearly unfinished; it is only its fellow to the north, which bears as its crown a little cupola on open columns, a decidedly graceful finish, if its style is to be tolerated at all.

But the two chief ecclesiastical buildings of Riom are to be found towards the two ends of the great street running east and west. Riom, once the abode of dukes and counts, still keeps an importance above its size as a special abode of law and lawyers. They have their Palace of Justice representing the ancient castle; but of the castle itself no ancient feature remains save the stately *sainte chapelle*, the work of that Duke John of Berry whose name as a builder and founder is cherished in so many places far and wide. Why the chapel of a princely castle or palace should be looked on as more holy than a minster or a parish church is not at first sight very clear. But, whatever the cause, the name is the received one for that whole class of buildings, and is by no means, as some seem to think, personal to the chapel of Saint Lewis on the island of Paris. And the *sainte chapelle* of Riom has, unlike its fellow at Mont-

ferrand, the true character of a *sainte chapelle*. It is tall and short, not quite so tall inside as it looks from a distance, for it is set up on an undercroft, and access to it is had only from the head of the great staircase of the palace. Lofty windows, rich within with stained glass, are of course the main feature. But somehow these holy chapels are not altogether satisfactory. They never have the air of being a perfect thing; they look like a fragment of something greater. A chapel of this kind, tall and aisleless, would do well enough for the choir of a friars' church. We remember well enough, when Exeter College chapel was new, how everybody cried out "*sainte chapelle*." A tall building with an apse and no aisles suggested one special building at Paris. Yet there was no greater likeness between the two than there must be between any two buildings of the same general type. When people cried out "*sainte chapelle*," our own thoughts sometimes flitted from Paris on to Basel, and we whispered that they might just as well cry out "*Barfusserkirche*." Not a few German choirs which do not belong to friars, that of Charles's own Aachen among them, belong to the same company. But where the tall, aisleless building acts as the choir of a church and has a nave beyond it, it becomes part of a whole, and is at once clothed with a certain proportion as part of that whole. The holy chapels again would fare better if they at least formed part of a group of buildings of their own style, which they seldom have the good luck to do. Here at Riom we have Duke John's chapel, but it is the only part of his palace that we have. If we had the rest, it might well make all the difference. As it is, justice at Riom

dwells, for all purposes but those of worship, in a modern building which in no way deserves the neighbourhood of the chapel, and gives it nothing kindly to group with.

But, as far as site goes, the palace stands well. With its open space beyond it, it ends the town to the east, as the great church of Saint Amable, with another open space beyond it, nearly ends the town to the west. Here is another of the great secular churches of the country. It was not the only church of the class in Riom: Notre Dame du Marthuret and the *sainte chapelle* both had their colleges; but it is Saint Amable that was emphatically the church and the chapter in Riom. It is hard to keep one's temper in looking at or in thinking of this unlucky building; a west end of the last century, and endless very modern "restorations" and repaintings are very hard to bear; but the natural Saint Amable takes its place, and an instructive place, among the minsters of Auvergne. It is not of pure Arvernian style; it has the influence of that style upon it, but it shows us that style dying off into something else. Those who talk about "Semi-Saxon" and "Semi-Norman" might haply like to call it "Semi-Arvernian." The general plan, the general design, is the same as the genuine local style; but the pointed arch has come in to give it a very different look from Notre Dame du Port. The pillars of the nave, with their attached shafts, are of the same general character, and their capitals, with their rude attempts at carving of leaves, might be thought to be far older than the fine flowered capitals of the elder building. Above this is the gallery, triforium and clerestory in one; here the small arches

are round; above this is the characteristic barrel-vault. The high bay is duly there on each side of the central tower; but the hideous rebuilding of the west end forbids us to look for the other specially local feature, the narthex and its galleries looking into the nave. The south transept keeps a fine round-headed doorway, not improved by the insertion of a central column in the fifteenth century.

This much we have of the oldest church of which any part remains, a building whose date is given from 1151 to 1169. The choir has been rebuilt; one does not know how far it represents an earlier building; old or new, it may pass as a respectable specimen of the earlier French Gothic; but it has no particular interest for the student of things specially Arvernian. But the whole building, as seen outside from any point but the west, with its apse, its surrounding chapels, its tall central octagon and spire, forms in the general view a stately and pleasing object.

But there is another building, so near to Riom that it may almost count for part of Riom, which ought to carry us back to an earlier state of things than with the holy chapel or the church of Saint Amable. This is the abbey of Mozac. But we must confess that we have nothing to say about Mozac except that it once had some magnificent Romanesque capitals, which are now to be seen in the museum at Clermont. Accidents will happen to travellers, and we must confess that, though we knew the name of Mozac perfectly well, yet, when we were at Riom, we had no notion whatever how near Riom and Mozac were together. We therefore left Riom without seeing Mozac, and we never

found a chance of starting again to see Mozac on its own account. But, as we find that the capitals come from a crypt which is now walled up, and as the eastern part of the church has been rebuilt in Flamboyant, the church of Mozac, as a whole, cannot be a rival to Notre Dame du Port. The nave however must, from M. Bouillet's description, be a fine, though simple, example of the local style, otherwise plain, but with rich capitals to the compound piers. They may be studied in a local book, called *Description des quelques Églises Romanes des Arrondissements de Clermont et de Riom*, which gives a fuller account than that of M. Bouillet. The narthex, as usual, seems to be of earlier date than the rest, but again it supports a modern tower. If we rightly understand our description, there is no triforium or clerestory at all in the nave; but what is meant may simply be the arrangement of Notre Dame du Port. The sacristy, once the chapter-house, is rich in reliquaries. Altogether Mozac is one of the objects which must be put by for a second journey, should the traveller ever have the good luck to take one. Still, though doubtless Riom-cum-Mozac would be much better than Riom by itself, Riom by itself is worth a great deal more than the little journey which it takes to get thither.

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## XI.—CLERMONT TO SAINT-NECTAIRE.

We have now done with the series of excursions of which we have made Clermont the centre, though we are very far from having exhausted all the attractions which may be found within a reasonable distance of the city. But we are now bound for other parts of the Arvernian land. We have to make our way to some of those masterpieces of Arvernian art which lie to the south of the Arvernian city; but we propose to make our way to them, not by the shorter and more prosaic help of the railway, but by the roads which lead us into the heart of the picturesque land in which we are sojourning. Nor do we go even by the straightest line of road. We strike off from the main road to Issoire and Brioude in order to take in a spot famous in the ecclesiastical history of the land and containing a remarkable specimen of its characteristic architecture. It is one which, like the other monastic site of Royat, has of late years become a resort of men, though we imagine much less frequented than Royat. We however had the privilege of seeing it when no one resorted to it, and when it must have been almost as solitary as it could have been in the days of any ancient hermit. This is Saint-Nectaire, a place which carefully advertises its many merits, and which, as it does not fail to advertise its minster among them, may hope to attract the traveller as well as the resorter. And he who makes his way to Saint-Nectaire will assuredly not be disappointed with his journey. The drive from Clermont

will take him through some fine Arvernian scenery, and it will allow him to make acquaintance with some interesting bits of antiquity on the road. As we go along among the hills and mark the little towns and villages dotted about on the tops and sides of the hills, it is indeed difficult to believe that we are in any part of Gaul; the whole feeling of the scenery is Italian. And on our way we pass by one of the most memorable spots where Gaul and Italy met face to face, and where for a moment Gaul had the upper hand. We pass by the oldest seat of Arvernian power, before the hill of the Arvernian city had taken the name of the Bright Mount, before it had seen the birth of Gregory and the life of Sidonius, before Nemetum of the Arverni had lengthened itself by the three Roman syllables which made it into Augustonemetum. We fancy that some people still think that Autun is Bibracte; but we believe that nobody now thinks that Clermont is Gergovia. A patriotic citizen of Nemetum might indeed be forgiven if he strove to keep for his own city the credit of being the spot in whose temple Cæsar was shown his own sword, the consecrated trophy of the great conqueror's discomfiture. But it seems now allowed without dispute that this memorable witness of Arvernian prowess was not to be seen in the later *civitas Arvernorum*. The true Gergovia makes one of the most prominent objects in the southern view from the city. Its high table-land, the very place for an ancient town, or rather for an ancient *oppidum*, not simply a town, not simply a fortress, but the place of shelter for a whole tribe. It rises conspicuously among the great and small *puy*s around it, suggesting the great hill camp of Uleybury in Gloucestershire, as the peaked

hill of Rognon beside it, crowned with the shattered castle of the Dolphins, still more irresistibly suggests the Tor of Glastonbury. Here, on the hearth of their nation, the Arverni held their ground, and Cæsar himself could not storm their fortress. It is curious to read his own narrative on the spot, an admirable example of the way in which it is possible to tell "the news of anes ain defeat," without exactly telling the truth, and without exactly telling lies. Cæsar of course does not mention the loss of his sword; but, if we rightly remember, the trophy was not won in the great fight around Gergovia itself, but in some of the lesser encounters which the invaders had to go through before the kingdom of Bituitus could be put into training to become the diocese of Sidonius. But, though Gergovia will be seen on the way to Saint-Nectaire, it will not be seen for the first time, nor is it likely to be climbed at all on such a journey. Both Gergovia and Mont Rognon, like the Dôme itself and its temple, will have been already seen in separate excursions from Clermont. But in such an excursion Gergovia will have been climbed from the other side to that under which we pass on our way to Saint-Nectaire, and this new glimpse will enable us the better to take in, perhaps not the character of the great *plateau* itself, but its relation to some of the other objects in the neighbourhood. We pass on our way, and at three points we halt, where churches or other buildings of special interest which we are not likely to have the chance of seeing again call on us to do so.

First of all, at Plauzet, a place not otherwise striking, we light on one of those curious cases so much commoner in France than in England of a church on a

very small scale carefully imitating its greater neighbours. It has, to be sure, a flat east end instead of the apse and surrounding chapels of Chamalières and Notre Dame du Port; but it has its central tower with its pendentives, its coupled windows over the arches of the lantern, its barrel-vault, its apses to the transepts, all as naturally as the greatest churches of the style. Our next halt is at a much more striking spot, and our third at one more striking still. Champeix is a small town lying on both sides of the swiftly running stream of the Couze, whose course we shall presently track upwards. A tall tower, the surviving fragment, we are told, of a castle destroyed by Richelieu—how far does the great Cardinal take in France the position taken by the Protector in England?—crowns a hill overhanging the town on the further side of the river. On the slope of this hill, amid a mass of narrow, crooked, and very dirty streets, stands the one church now left in Champeix, with a breathing-place supplied by the open burying-ground above it. The church is small and is suffering “restoration,” which makes it hard to make out the character of the nave; but we can see that its chief features are or were a barrel-vault resting on pilasters, and that chapels of much later date have been cut through its side-walls. The mid-tower and the apse attached immediately to its eastern side have as yet been spared; the apse is a very good bit of simple Romanesque, with its windows and flat external pilasters preserved, and with a string with the characteristic billet running round. In the western arch of the tower we again meet with the fluted pilaster, a rare and remarkable feature, and one which carries us away to Augusto-

dunum. We did not climb to the ruined castle, which is said to overshadow some remains of a second church; it is odd that there should be none in that now more considerable part of the town which lies on the left bank of the river. We gave the rest of the little time that we had at Champeix to a wild chase after some primeval monuments which we were fated never to come up with. There is somewhere not far off a Temple of the Fairies, which we specially wished to see, as we had no kind of notion what a Temple of the Fairies might be like. To this however we could find no clue whatever. Of the *Pierre Fichade*, a menhir or standing-stone, we believe, we did hear something. After asking many people who did not know the way to it, we at last found one who did; but that was not till we had already turned round in despair, and we had not the heart to turn yet again.

To reach Saint-Nectaire we had now to leave the main road from Clermont to Issoire, and to follow one far more picturesque among the hills on each side of the Couze. Not the least among the merits of the way was that it took us by one of the endless *Montes Acuti*, fellows, though suggesting less noble memories, of the *Montes Fortes*. Strange to say, the chief of the name in England, that Montacute which was once Leodgares-burh, is almost forgotten as the place of the invention of the Holy Cross of Waltham, and is remembered only on the strength of a seventeenth-century house which in its own way is certainly worth remembering. But there is very little likeness between the Montacute of Count Robert of Mortain and that one of the Arvernian *Montes Acuti*—for there are more than one—with which

we have now to deal. At the West-Saxon Montacute, town, church, priory, manor-house, all lie at the bottom; the hill once crowned with the stranger's castle soars above all. So at *Montaigut-le-blanc* the castle crowns the highest point of the hill; but the village and the church are on the hill, pretty high up the hill, making it somewhat of a climb to reach them. But when we reach them, we find that they are well worth the climb. We come to a church of a somewhat different character from its fellows—a cross church whose plan is a little disguised by the presence, on the north side only, of an aisle of the same width as the transept. A square east-end, an apse to the north transept, none to the south, makes an unusual outline. But the church, like most churches in these parts, keeps a good deal of Romanesque detail which is worth notice. Hard by the west-end of the church, on the way to the castle, we mark a turreted gate-house, and we go on, by rather steep and narrow paths, to the castle itself. Alas, its key is not to be had; the keeper is busy with grape-gathering; all we can do is to go round some parts of the outside, and to notice a graceful little design of two round-headed lights with a quatrefoil above them—all quite distinct and hardly suggesting tracery—which we guess to be the east window of the chapel. We go down again to the road; we again for some way follow the course of the river. Presently we leave it; we climb the hill to the right; we pass by a cromlech—here we should say a *dolmen*—in a field by the road-side, and find ourselves at last in a hotel, specially opened for us at this season, with the monastic church of Saint-Nectaire rising above us.

This church, emphatically distinguished as that of *Saint-Nectaire-le-haut*, is the goal of our day's journey. Here we find a building which in many points reproduces Notre Dame du Port in the minutest detail, while it departs from it in one of those features on which the outline of a church mainly depends. We have seen that the correct thing in the Arvernian style is the grouping of a massive western tower mounted upon its narthex with a somewhat slenderer central octagon mounted upon its high bay on each side. At Saint-Nectaire the whole eastern part, its apse and the surrounding chapels, central octagon and base, are there, closely following the received model. But at the west end Saint-Nectaire strikes out a line for itself, or rather it forsakes the Arvernian rule for fashions more like those of the rest of the world. That is to say, instead of the single tower mounted on the narthex, it has two western towers with the narthex between them. The west front is bald and bare; again the upper stage of the towers has been rebuilt, but it most likely represents what was there before. Yet a general outline of great dignity is produced by their grouping with the central octagon—and this notwithstanding the positively small size of the church. Saint-Nectaire, once a priory dependent on the abbey of Chaise-Dieu, is certainly entitled to rank as a minster, and a thorough minster it is in the character of its architecture. But in mere size, in mere extent of ground covered by it, it ranks with English parish churches, and those not of the first, hardly of the second, rank. The only English church of so small a size with three towers that we know of is Melbourne in Derbyshire, and there the western towers

are, as those of Saint-Nectaire were, either destroyed or left unfinished. But the effect of this stately arrangement on so small a scale is better than might have been looked for. It has not the air of a presumptuous imitation of something greater. Saint Nectaire, small as his church is, seems to have a perfect right to his three towers. One reason we suspect for this is to be found in the great comparative height of the building. In some of the French churches which are very lofty and very short, it is the shortness rather than the loftiness that strikes the eye; we are apt less to admire the height than to wish the building to be longer. The two towers at the west end seem to our eye rather to meet this defect, while, on the other hand, the height of the church is a kind of justification for the number of the towers. Again we suspect that these two very plain western towers group better with a central octagon than they would have grouped with a central tower of their own shape. Anyhow the various views of Saint-Nectaire are highly satisfactory. That which takes in the greatest variety is the view from the north-east, where another small building, of which we can give no account, a building which ends with a kind of rude apse to the east-end, groups in a picturesque way with the church. In the church itself we see the apsidal chapels spreading all round in full Arvenian complexity, the plain transept with its single window, the nave looking as though it were aisleless, with a range of wide arches below and an arcade on tall shafts above. The rebuilt central tower rises from the usual high base; the whole view is singularly picturesque; we wonder how so much variety of effect can be gained on so small a scale; or,

more truly, we utterly forget how small the scale of the church really is.

Saint-Nectaire is as typically Arvernian in its architecture as Notre Dame du Port itself, and, though it has, as we have already seen, peculiarities of its own, it agrees even in such small details as the straight-sided panel between two round ones at the end of the transepts. Outside it agrees most minutely in the treatment of the ornaments round the apse. The clerestory is dealt with in much the same way; the narthex again is the only part which contains, in two strange-looking capitals, one of rather a Byzantine air, work which seems to be distinctly older than the rest of the church. We get also an undoubted mid-wall shaft in the window opening into the aisle from the upper stage of the narthex. The eastern part of the church contains a series of Romanesque capitals of most elaborate design, chiefly of scenes from Scripture history, which it would take almost a lifetime to master in detail. But the main architectural feature of the inside of Saint-Nectaire is the way in which it utterly departs from Notre Dame at Clermont in the character of its nave piers. The compound pillar with attached shafts and rich capitals is altogether forsaken. We find instead tall bold single columns, with floriated capitals of a type which we often see, that namely where the leaves make a satisfactory, though rather plain, design as they are, while they might, if anybody chose, be further carved into a more elaborate Corinthian pattern.

A book which we picked up at Clermont, and which we have already quoted about the church towers, *L'Eglise et la Paroisse de Saint-Nectaire, par l'Abbé*

*Forestier, Curé de Saint-Nectaire*, gives some interesting details as to the state of the church of Saint-Nectaire, during the revolutionary times. Here, at Saint-Nectaire, M. Forestier tells us with patriotic pride, when the orders came from Couthon for the destruction of the towers, no native could be found to do the work of mischief, and a mason of the Limousin—is this a bit of local jealousy?—was called in to do the work of mischief. Much further havoc was done among the ornaments and treasures of the church, and the church itself was desecrated for a season. The *cure*, M. Dubois, ministered to his people for some years by stealth, spending what leisure he had in the study of botany. Restored to his parish after the Concordat, he was murdered as late as 1836 by a fanatical hater of priests. The whole story, and the vagaries of the *cure's* brother, who was mayor of the *commune* in the darkest times of all, is very curious. It is a time for which local history is specially valuable, as perhaps no two places, certainly no two districts, went through exactly the same fortunes.

From Saint-Nectaire we make our way down again to the little stream that we have left, and then climb the hill on the right bank to come down again on a town which contains one of the noblest churches of Auvergne.

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## XII.—ISSOIRE.

Our drive from Saint-Nectaire to Issoire brings us back to the railway, that railway which the specially Arvernian traveller is tempted to call the road from Clermont to Le Puy, but which either to more prosaic and practical minds or to minds chiefly set on Roman antiquities, may rather seem the road from Paris to Nîmes. South of Clermont lies Issoire, and south of Issoire, no longer in the department of Puy de Dôme but in that of Haute Loire, lies Brioude. The two towns have something in common. Each boasts of a notable church, illustrating both of them, though in different ways, the particular architectural subject which we have come to study. But further, and that partly by the position of their churches, Issoire and Brioude illustrate some instructive points of difference between French and English towns. Here are two towns, ranking, we may say, a little above the ordinary English market-town, each of which contains a church of remarkable size and stateliness, but at present it is the only church. We look into the local history, and we find that the church of Saint Paul at Issoire was the seat of a Benedictine abbey, while that of Saint Julian at Brioude was the seat of a rich and powerful chapter of canons. In both cases the ecclesiastical body held high temporal rights, and in both cases the minster was before the Revolution by no means the only church in the town. The effect of the Revolution has been to sweep away the parish churches, while the minsters still

abide. In an English town of the same class, so far as we can compare any class of English towns with the kind of place with which we are now dealing, the result of our earlier day of havoc would most likely have been the other way. All or some of the parish churches would still be standing and in use; the minster, if the town contained one, would most likely be destroyed or ruined; or it might be saved, wholly or partly, because it was not a minster pure and simple, but was also, wholly or partly, a parish church. Let us fancy, for instance, Lewes or Evesham or Abingdon with all their parish churches destroyed, and the great monastic church standing in each case as the one church of the town. So it is at Issoire: so it is at Brioude. Only at Issoire one may raise the question whether the Revolution is to bear the whole blame of the destruction of the parish churches. The most memorable time in the history of Issoire comes in the religious wars of the sixteenth century, when the town was taken and taken again by each of the contending parties, and when the foulest deeds were done by Catholic and Protestant in turn. If it be true that the Catholic conquerors set up in the midst of the ruins an inscription saying "Ici fut Issoire," it is wonderful that we have anything left even of the abbey.

We see here another point of difference between such towns as Issoire and Brioude and the towns which most nearly answer to them in England. Not only the cities, the heads of dioceses and sovereign counties, but these towns, seemingly the fellows of our ordinary market-towns and smaller boroughs, have each one a history of its own, such as an English borough seldom

can boast of. An English town of this class might have seen some fighting in the civil wars either of the fifteenth or of the seventeenth century; but it is not likely to have had walls and stood sieges like Issoire; that kind of history was left for Oxford, Bristol, and Colchester. And it comes out in the story that Issoire —one feels inclined for the nonce to call it Issiodorum —still kept up the form and names of a South-Gaulish commonwealth; it had its consuls no less than the great cities. Brioude indeed carries us back to earlier times again. It has a history which almost places it among the great cities of Gaul. Very early in the pages of Gregory of Tours does Brivas and its church of Saint Julian play its part as well nigh the fellow of his own Arvernian birthplace, his own Turonian bishopstool. But Brioude is now a very small town indeed, less than Issoire, as Issoire is less than Clermont. And in their general air, these smaller towns, Issoire and Brioude certainly among them, have a point of likeness to ordinary English towns in which they differ from the great cities, and very often from smaller places still. While, as we have seen elsewhere, Auvergne is full of very small towns and villages, perched on most picturesque sites among the hills, there is nothing very remarkable about the site of these more substantial boroughs which hold a rank intermediate between them and the cities. Local zeal and leisure will always find out a great deal which fails to strike the sojourner of a day or two; but to the sojourner of a day or two towns of this class present but little beyond the church and any other buildings which may be left in the shape of houses, gateways, or anything else. Such a town

becomes, more truly than in the sense of either the greater or the smaller town, the place where such and such a building is to be seen. There is very little to see at Issoire except the abbey church of Saint Paul and some bits of domestic work in the *place* not far from it. Among these last is a small piece of street-arcading, which reminds us, we will not say of Bologna or Padua, but of the rather larger piece at Carentan in the Côtentin, perhaps even of Bern itself. Of the walls which saw so much besieging little or nothing is to be seen; the castle has vanished; a visit to the suburb beyond the Couze adds nothing to our stock of antiquities; as Issoire now stands, it is the place where the great church of Saint Paul is to be seen, and it is not much beyond that.

Nowhere do the Arvernian characteristics come out more strongly than at Issoire. The church is larger than Notre Dame du Port; but it is still very small by an English standard. Its whole length is given as only 56 French *mètres*; that is, it is shorter than many English parish churches of the second rank. Among minsters, it ranks with Wimborne rather than with Southwell and Beverley. Yet it somehow has an air of size and stateliness about it which make us fancy that it is much larger than it is. And no church better brings out both the strength and the weakness of the local fashion. Nothing can well be more stately than the east end, with its great apse and surrounding chapels, the well wrought windows, the columns, the zodiac and other enrichments of the surface, and, in the midst of all, the projecting rectangular chapel, which, with so many apses surrounding it, makes the most

eastern part of the church flat after all. But let us turn to the west, and we shall there judge better than we can at Clermont of the amazing difference shown in Arvernian taste at the two ends of a church. Never surely was there such a lack of outline, one might say such a lack of design of any kind, as we see in the west front of Issoire. And yet it is not rude; the mere work, where there is any, the doors and windows, is thoroughly good. But the whole thing is shapeless. Can we say that there are any stages? There is a single mass as high as the body of the church, with no string, buttress, or break of any kind till we have reached the height of the body of the church. It is a blank wall with a large central doorway, a window on each side of it, and another window above it. The doorway and the windows on each side of it are brought into fellowship with one another, and are joined into one whole by a string, the windows being singularly near to the ground. If there was only a string above, this would mark a real and well-designed stage; but the window above the doorway has no reference to anything else. Above this window the central portion of the front is carried up as a low tower, in which we at last get strings, and on each side the wall is carried up for one stage, only recessed and buttressed. The front must be seen, at least in a drawing, to be fully understood. As an outline, nothing can be barer; it may be that the mere height and breadth give a kind of dignity; but the workmanship of the doorways and windows is, as it always is in these Arvernian churches, thoroughly good without being enriched. Are they quite the same as they would be in our Norman? Not

quite; the doorway has a column of a more classical air than would be found in England or even in Normandy, and the windows are wider than they would be likely to be anywhere north of Le Mans. It almost makes one laugh to compare such a front as this with that of Ely; but, however different the treatment, the elements are the same; at Ely and at Issoire alike there is a western transept with a single western tower rising from the middle of it. And, as at Ely, so at Issoire, the square tower at the west end groups with the octagon at the crossing; only here it is a modern Arvernian octagon, set in true Arvernian fashion on the old raised bay. The whole is a perfect study of the style; and in the transepts at least we must not fail to notice the shafts with their capitals richly sculptured with Old Testament subjects.

The inside is as characteristic as the outside. Every stone shows us that we are in Auvergne and nowhere else. It is *Notre Dame du Port*, somewhat larger and perhaps a little lighter. We have the same elements, the compound pillars, the barrel-vaults, the tall columns round the apse, everything good but plain, save only the rich capitals of the choir, which make a series of scenes from the Passion. The view taking in the apse and the raised bay is specially characteristic; the arrangement brings in a number of points of view unlike anything in Norman and English buildings; and the very simplicity, not having a trace of rudeness, adds further dignity. Among the smaller details, we see coupled and mid-wall shafts, and in the clerestory the round and the trefoil arch are used side by side. As elsewhere, our work is not done till we have gone under-

ground; Saint Paul of Issoire has a crypt, but the capitals of his columns are very plain.

The monastic buildings have utterly vanished; they have not even successors of the kind to which we have become familiar in so many of the great monasteries of France. The church stands quite detached, too much detached by a great deal. At the history of the building we have chiefly to guess. Those must have a large faith who believe that the Huguenots in 1575, seeking for treasure, lighted on a copper inscription commemorating Nataria, Countess Brayère, in the year A. D. CCCVIII. One almost wonders that the figures were not Arabic. We were once called on to see a spinet or a harpsichord or a pair of virginals—we cannot be sure of the right name in such matters—bearing date in the very year in which King William came into England. 1066, we were told, was clearly marked on the instrument. We looked, and found that the evolution or elimination—is not that the word?—of the second figure had not gone so far but that there still were traces of a tail, enabling us to take a leap of six hundred years and to assign the instrument, not to the year of the two great battles, but to the year of the fire of London. As we cannot understand what a Countess Brayère could have been doing at Issiodorum of the Arverni in the tenth consulship of Maximian and the seventh of Galerius, may we venture, till some one versed in the *nobiliaire* of Auvergne sets us right, to stick in an M. on the chance, and to transfer the lady to the fourteenth century? There is one comfort in this; after rejecting Countess Nataria, we could believe almost any legend of Saint Austremoine; but we only hear that he built

the first church and that it was most likely ruined by the barbarians. What barbarians, and when? Attila did not get to Issoire, and we cannot have Euric the West-Goth called names. As the next rebuilding seems to be by the first abbot Gilbert about 958, perhaps the mischief was done by some stray Saracen. But we assumedly have nothing of Abbot Gilbert's building left now, unless anybody chooses to give him the crypt.

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### XIII.—BRIOUDE.

BRIOUDE, as we have hinted, is in some respects the fellow to Issoire. It is a small town, now a good deal smaller than Issoire, whose chief attraction is a stately church, once collegiate, which has lived through the storm of revolution, while its humbler parochial fellows have vanished. The site of the town is more striking than that of Issoire. It can hardly call itself a hill-town; but it does stand on a certain moderate height, and from a terrace which ends one of the chief streets we get a not contemptible view over the neighbouring hills and plains. Brioude too has more to show in the way of domestic art than Issoire. Without being a real rival of Montferrand, several of its streets contain picturesque bits of architecture, and there is one house which would be deemed precious even in Montferrand itself. Still at Brioude, as at Issoire, the church is the main object. It is not so much that the church of Saint Julian is the chief ornament of Brioude as that

Brioude is the town that contains the church of Saint Julian.

The history of Brioude, as we have hinted when speaking of Issoire, goes a long way back, and our first mention of it brings in the name of Saint Julian. Sidonius, in sending forth his book of poems to the world, mentions Brivas or Brivate as one of the earliest stages on its course:—

“Hinc te recipiet benigna Brivas,  
Sancti quae fovet ossa Iuliani,  
Quae dum mortua mortuis putantur,  
Vivens a tumulo micat potestas.”

And in his prose writings, in the letter to Mamercus of Vienne which announces the coming attack of the West-Goths on the dominions still left to the Empire in Gaul, we have another mention of “nostri caput Iuliani,” as one of the choice treasures of the Arvernian land. But Sidonius’s Imperial father-in-law did not find Brioude or its saint specially kindly, as it was there, in the church of Saint Julian, that the deposed Avitus was slain. So witnesses Gregory of Tours, speaking of a church in his own land, the miracles of whose patron he wrote at large, while to John of Antioch, far away, it was enough to record that Avitus died at some holy place in Gaul. This Julian was one of very many martyred bearers of his name, and it is specially needful not to confound this Christian soldier of Vienne, who died at Brioude in the persecution of Maximilan, with the bishop who presides over two of the great churches of Le Mans. The church of Julian became one of the most famous in Auvergne; nor did it lose its honours when the land passed from the rule of the

Roman to that of the West-Goth. Gregory looks on certain crypts and columns which were to be seen at Brioude in his day, as the work of Victorius who ruled Auvergne, city and land, in the name of King Euric. We hear again of the church of Saint Julian, when Theodoric son of Chlodowig harried Auvergne for calling in his brother Childeberht. It was sacked by some of the King's followers, but the vengeance of the saint did not fail to light upon them. In later times we have a printed cartulary, rich in documents of Carolingian date, where we read in a somewhat puzzling way of an abbot, a provost, and a dean, who all had something to do with the church of Brioude. A charter of the Emperor Lewis the Pious confirms the foundation of Berengar Count of Brivas, who had rebuilt (*in pristinum statum reduxit*) the church after it had been burned by the Saracens, and had established thirty-four canons. The Imperial licence gives the canons the right of choosing their own abbot—we have got used at Poitiers to secular and even to lay abbots—and the church is made free from all temporal service save that of presenting to the King yearly a horse, a spear, and a shield. In later times we hear vaguely of knights attached to the church, whose business it was to guard it against the Saracens, like Templars or Hospitallers before their time. And to the end of things Saint Julian remained the seat of a chapter of canons, who bore the rank of counts, and who held the temporal lordship of the town.

One is a little disappointed, though the wish is somewhat unreasonable, at finding nothing at Brioude which at all carries us back to Sidonius and Gregory,

nothing of the work of Victorius, not much, if any, of the work of Berengar. But we do find a great deal in other ways. The present church of Saint Julian is a building of singular architectural interest, as partly conforming to and partly departing from that Arvernian type which we have studied at Clermont and Issoire. This is true also of Saint Amable at Riom, but we at once feel that Saint Julian's is a church of a far higher order than Saint Amable, and more worthy to be put into comparison with Saint Paul at Issoire and Notre Dame du Port. The general outline is the same at Clermont, at Issoire, and at Brioude; all have the square western tower and the central octagon. As so often elsewhere, we must take the towers on faith, as those which now exist merely represent the ancient ones which were destroyed by order of Couthon. As they stand, the western tower of Brioude is more worthy to be called a tower than either of its great fellows. At the first glance the church seems to have somewhat the same outline as Wymondham; the apse is a good deal lower than the nave and transept; in the distant view therefore, a most striking and stately one, as we draw near from the south, the central tower has somewhat the air of standing at the east end, as the octagon at Wymondham has stood since the destruction of the abbey church. And though the western tower of Brioude has by no means the height and majesty of the western tower of Wymondham, still it is a good deal more important than its fellows, and if the central octagon has not the slender grace of the abbey steeple, it comes nearer to it than the other churches that we have been seeing. But, if the eastern limb of Brioude

is so much lower than the body of the church that it makes but little distant show, it is low only by comparison; where it really fails is rather in length; the apse, as in the little churches of Yanville and Newhaven, comes immediately against the central tower, or rather against the square base of the octagon. The different effect of this central tower, within and without, is one of the most remarkable things in the church of Brioude. Outside it rises with all dignity above a lofty nave and transepts of the same height. Within, the church has no cruciform effect whatever; the transepts do not project beyond the line of the aisles, and what should be the lantern bay is so treated that we are for a moment uncertain over which bay the central tower stands. So far from additional importance being given to the crossing, as at Issoire and Notre Dame du Port, by raising the innermost bay of each transept, the actual lantern arches, if we are so to call them, are lower than the arches of the nave, and support another arch forming a gallery, with a window over that. This arrangement must be carefully distinguished from that of those transepts where a gallery is thrown across a lantern arch of the full height, as in so many churches in the East and also at Strassburg.

We have strayed inside the church before our time, before we have done full justice to the extraordinary stateliness of this east end. We are almost inclined to set it before Issoire. It certainly does not lose from being somewhat more simple in its arrangements, and lacking the square-ended chapel which at Issoire breaks the circuit of the apses. Nor does it, to our taste at least, lose anything from the absence of the high central

bay; that is as regards mere effect, for of course its absence makes the building less characteristically Arvernian. And we notice a yet more important departure from the local style, of which we have seen no sign at Issoire. The pointed arch comes in both the square stage of the tower and in the transepts. It is seen alike in the window and in the great recessed arch which helps to form machicolations, a sign perhaps of unfriendly relations between the canons and the townsfolk. Nothing too can be less Arvernian than the clerestory, with its round windows rising distinctly, though with no very great height, above the sloping roofs of the aisles. The most remarkable thing in the outside next to the apse is the great open porch on the side, of two stories, with heavy columns sunk in the ground; here we have only round arches. So it is when we enter the nave; the pointed arch shows itself only in the vaulting. Again we have the narthex with its heavy capitals, too heavy, we fear, for King Euric's lieutenant to have made them in the fifth century, but which, if we are sanguine, we may please ourselves by looking on as a remnant of the church of Count Berengar. There is nothing else that we can carry back to those times. The style of the nave, though still Romanesque, is clearly late; it is light and, where Arvernian taste allows, rich, namely, in the capitals of the compound pillars, which give us a wonderful display of figures human and animal, the men for the most part being busy fighting. As the outside has shown, there is a real triforium, though not much is made of it, only a single narrow arch under the round window of the clerestory. Among them a single opening of rudimentary tracery with a pointed

arch has somehow made its way in. Then comes one bay of quite a different design. The main arch is pointed; the triforium has three round arches, above which is a round clerestory window. This bay is specially prominent in the general view, and it is easy to mistake it for the central bay under the mid-tower which should open into the transepts. This, as we have seen, is treated differently again; the arches of all its three ranges are pointed.

The great apse and those which surround it are distinctly Transitional. The whole idea and arrangement is so thoroughly Romanesque that it is no wonder if the details of that style linger in this part of the building. The windows inside and out, like all the enrichments of the apses, might have stood in any of the purely Romanesque churches. But the columns round the apse, tall and with fine flowered capitals, stand further apart than in the elder buildings, and they support stilted pointed arches. All this variety of form and detail makes Saint Julian's one of the most interesting churches in the district for study; but it lacks the majestic unity that we admire at Clermont and Issoire.

We have said that the town of Brioude has also something to show in the way of domestic architecture. The streets are full of houses with those corner-turrets which, even if there is nothing more to say of them than that they are corner-turrets, always have a pleasing effect. And there are some examples of more importance and of earlier date. One especially, in the open space called the *Place de la Fénerie* might, if only people could have left it alone, have held its ground

at Le Mans as well as at Montferrand. It has a beautiful coupled window, ruthlessly mutilated, of the end of the twelfth century or the beginning of the thirteenth. And the visitor to Brioude must not go away without taking a walk to Old Brioude. He must not however be led astray, as some have been led, into looking there, and not in the Brioude that now is, for the resting-place of Saint Julian. *La vieille Brioude* is no more a really older Brioude than *le vieux Rouen* and *le viel Evreux*, *Zara Vecchia* and *Ragusa Vecchia*, are really older sites of places of those names. The delusion is common everywhere; it is of a piece with the other delusion, so common in the neighbourhood of some ruined castle or abbey, that nothing can be in its right place, but must have been "brought from" somewhere else. The last case is the strangest of all, because it does not contain an element of truth. The Dalmatian Epidaurus is certainly not an older Ragusa; but its fall no doubt helped to people what, out of Sicily, we may safely call the only Ragusa. Our Old Brioude, which, whatever it is, is not an Old Brioude, has to be reached by what, on the day that we went thither, was a rather hot walk, but which, on the way back, supplies some good views of the towers of Saint Julian and of the distant Puy de Dôme. The village itself stands well above the Allier and its bridge, and it contains several things to look at. For one thing, there was, when we were there, a gold coin of a Merwing; our numismatic skill went far enough to see that it was neither an Emperor nor a King of the French, but it did not go far enough to know one Chilperic or Childeberht from another. It was then in the hands

of a small shopkeeper, who seemed to know which Merwing it was, and who was by no means eager to sell it. The church, which rises above the river, as we find when we get down to the river, is a small Romanesque building of the cross form, but without aisles, with several good points inside and out, specially the west doorway and the windows of the apse. But there is an unfinished and neglected look about it. There is another little church, which now forms the chapel of some institution, worth a glance, but not much more. But the site of the village to the west, standing as it does on a rocky hill, is very bold and picturesque. And a daring thought came into our head. What if this so-called Old Brioude should turn out to be the *castrum Victoriacum*, where Count Berengar founded twenty canons, when he founded his larger chapter at Saint Julian's. This *castrum*, which figures now and then in Arvernian story, was not far from Brioude, or, to use the words of the Imperial charter, Brioude was not far from it. "Ecclesia ubi sanctus Iulianus martyr in corpore requiescit, quae est constructa in vico Brivatensi *non procul a castro Victoriacō*, et a Sarracenis destructa et igne combusta est," says the second Frankish Augustus in his charter. It is hard to believe (see Longnon, *Géographie de la Gaule au VIème Siècle*) that this Victoriacum, not far from Brioude, can be Vitry-le-brûlé in the Catalaunian land.

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## XIV.—LE PUY.

It needs a little teaching, or at any rate a little effort on our own part, to take in that the town of *Le Puy* and the mountain called *Puy de Dôme* stand in no kind of relation to one another except that of having a common element in their names. We do not mean that we were ever tempted to think that the town and the mountain were the same thing. But there is a strong temptation to fancy that the town and the mountain must have something to do with one another, to fancy that the town stands, perhaps at the bottom of the mountain, perhaps at the top. In truth they lie wholly apart, at a distance of many miles, in different modern departments, in different ancient counties, in the territory of different Gaulish tribes. While the *Puy de Dôme* overlooks the *civitas Arvernorum*, the capital of the department to which it gives its name, *Le Puy* is the capital of the department of *Haute Loire*, while older geography places it in the county of *Velay* which became part of the vast government of *Languedoc*. We have passed altogether from the soil of the *Arverni*, and are now in the land of the much less famous people of the *Vellavi*. But we are still among hills; we are still within the dominions of the fiery powers. And the later capital of the land, *Anicum*, *Podium*, *Le Puy*, is assuredly, on the whole, the most remarkable place in our journey. Less famous in its story than many other cities, its position has certainly no rival among those through which we have passed, while for

a parallel to the architectural history of its head church we must look to no point nearer than Trier.

The town of Anicum, Podium, or Le Puy, was for a long time the capital of Velay; but it has still less right to be looked at as the immemorial head of the district than Clermont has to be looked on as the immemorial head of the Arverni. Clermont is at least the Roman head, the ecclesiastical head; no bishop ever set his bishopstool in Gergovia. But Le Puy had a Roman and Christian predecessor; indeed it never was the Roman or even the Gothic head of the district. Its existence as a city dates from the earlier days of the Frankish power, most likely from the sixth century. The old head of the Vellavi was at Ruessio, now Saint-Paulien, a village lying some way to the north-west of Le Puy. Several bishops sat there; but their history is shrouded in a cloud of legend. But Ruessio had hardly had time to change its name to *Vellavi* or some other form of the tribal name, when church and city moved to the hill of Anicum. The translation has something in common with those of Durham and Salisbury, and of the two the site of Le Puy certainly suggests Durham rather than Salisbury. But it has little really in common with Durham; it has little really in common with any other hill-city. The position of Le Puy is altogether its own. The course of our journey almost drives us to compare it with Clermont, and in some points the position of the two cities has a certain measure of likeness; in others Le Puy stands altogether by itself. In the view both of Clermont and of Le Puy there is, to use a common figure, an amphitheatre of hills; but at Le Puy the figure comes nearer to

the reality. On the slopes of the hills lying to the north of Le Puy we could almost conjure up the seats of a vast Coliseum, looking down on an arena below. Distant mountains come into the view; but in the nearer range we have no such marked peaks as Mont Rognon in the view from Clermont, still less as the great Puy de Dôme itself. On the other hand, the immediate position of the city itself at Le Puy is immeasurably more striking than that of Clermont. Both Clermont and Montferrand stand upon hills, as we feel very sensibly when we walk up their sloping streets. But the hills on which they stand are altogether insignificant in the presence of their loftier neighbours. But it would need some very lofty neighbours indeed to throw into insignificance the series of isolated rocks on the greatest of which, though not on its highest point, stands the Anician city with its “angelic basilica.” Steep and sheer rise the huge masses—some of them rather pillars—of rock; and on each man has placed some work of his own, a church or a castle, on the greatest of them a whole city. One bears the shattered castle of Espaly; another has been lately made the scene of a new holy place of the favourite Joseph-worship; a third, by no means the loftiest, but the boldest and most striking in its outline, bears the church and bell-tower of Saint Michael, rightly called of *Aiguilhe*. Lastly Le Puy itself stands on a huger rock, and over the city, over the church, soars yet a higher mass of rock, the loftiest of all, crowned of late years with the vast image of Our Lady of France. One could wish that something more ancient, something more worthy, occupied the site; nor is it easy to understand the

feeling which sets up sacred forms and then allows them to be used as a kind of peepshow. But, without climbing up the statue itself, from its foot, on the top of the rock, the rock of Corneille, we can best take in the surrounding hills, the more distant mountains, the stern tower of the castle of Polignac to the north, and to the south, at the foot of the rock, Le Puy itself, *Haute Ville* and *Basse*. And the wonderful church itself, its shape, and the changes which it has undergone, can be better understood from this point than from any other. The position of Le Puy has something in common with that of Sitten. But if there is nothing among the heights of Auvergne or Velay to liken to the mighty Alps which fence in both sides of the Rhone valley, yet the group of rocks at Le Puy must in themselves be allowed to outdo the twin heights of Sitten, Valeria with its church, and Tourbillon with its castle. But at Sitten the elder cathedral church occupies the highest point of all. At Le Puy no building of any great size could have stood on the point now covered by the vast image. Even the lower spot on which the angelic basilica was actually founded was found too small for the growth of a great minster, and half the length of the church of Le Puy is propped on a range of pillars and vaults which surely rank among the boldest and most successful of the daring efforts of the building art.

Le Puy, like many other cities, very conspicuously among them that city of Curia Rætorum which has so many aliases that it is safer to leave it in the Latin, consisted, and to some extent still consists, of two distinct towns, High and Low. The distinction was not quite so wide at Le Puy as it was in the other case.

There the Bishop was lord of the Catholic city on the height, while the lower town formed an independent Protestant commonwealth below. The religious distinction is not to be found at Le Puy; but the *Haute Ville* was the ecclesiastical and aristocratic quarter, the abode of the Bishop and his Chapter—a chapter which numbered the King of France among its canons—as well as of the temporal *noblesse* of the district. The *Haute Ville* formed a distinct fortress; mighty stones of Roman work have been pressed into the service of many of the buildings which surround the episcopal church and dwelling; and the old views of the town show a great square tower, which has now vanished, standing between the church and the foot of the rock above. The steep climb from the lower town to the church makes good for Le Puy a claim to a very considerable place among the hill cities; the ground on which the cathedral stands—that part at least which stands on any ground—ranges pretty nearly with the ground on which the church of Saint Michael stands on the solitary rock of Aiguilhe. But this last rises sheer from the lower earth; it has no higher rock and image immediately to overshadow it. It is, as its name describes it, a needle, a natural obelisk standing all by itself, as if set there solely to bear the remarkable building which human skill has set upon it. One could almost wish that a fellow to it crowned the loftier rock of Corneille; it would be far more worthy to overlook and point to the wonderful pile below it than the flaunting image which modern taste has chosen to place upon it.

The cathedral church on its rock and Saint Michael's church on its rock are brought into an immediate rela-

tion which is almost one of rivalry by the character of their bell-towers. Differing a good deal in detail, they agree pretty well in style and general effect, and from their position they are naturally—after the great image—the two most prominent points in the view. And there is some analogy in the history of the two buildings, great and small. Each began with a church much smaller than the present one, and each in its first estate had something of Byzantine character about it. Each has been considerably enlarged, though the church that stands on the needle's point could not well be enlarged either to the same extent or exactly in the same fashion as its greater neighbour. This last fashion is a truly wonderful one. The ancient bishops of Le Puy must have been men who refused to be baffled by any ordinary natural difficulties. When they wished to enlarge their church, and when the nature of the ground forbade it to be enlarged on the solid earth, they boldly reared walls, pillars, arches, and cupolas in the air.

The oldest church of Le Puy, the oldest that is of which any considerable part remains, the oldest which has had any effect on the building as it now stands, was one that may be fairly called Byzantine. We use that word advisedly. French antiquaries often use it in a strangely wide sense, almost as equivalent to Romanesque. But when we say Byzantine, we mean to convey a certain very definite meaning. The original church of Le Puy was very nearly a Greek cross. How it came to have a flat east end, instead of either the three apses of ordinary Byzantine rule or the complicated arrangement of chapels which we have got used to in Auvergne, it

might be hard to say. The result is that the western limb, consisting of two bays, is a little longer than the eastern. But the position of the tower, though a tower is by no means a Byzantine feature, which just touches the church at its north-east corner, goes some way, in a strange sort, to bring back the Byzantine proportion. From any point above the church, say from the great image or from its foot, the original extent of the building is clearly marked. And we soon feel its limits inside. It is only within the first building that the round form is exclusively used for the main arches. We thus get, as the original church of Anicium, a church Byzantine in everything except its east end, and provided with two very becoming satellites in the tower and the baptistery. The tower carries us back to Limoges; the baptistery carries us back to Poitiers. Of these two satellites the tower, though ancient enough, must be a later addition, while the baptistery may very well be the oldest building there. The lower stage of the tower is of exactly the same type as that of Limoges, the same reproduction of a very small Byzantine church; only instead of the columns of Limoges we have square piers. But outside the finish is far happier than that of Limoges, as it is carried up in Romanesque, though in Romanesque of a much later kind than this Primitive substructure. It rises well, lessening stage upon stage, and finishing with a low spire. Some might be inclined irreverently to liken it to a pepper-box; but, whatever it might be anywhere else, it is good at Le Puy, and fits in well with the other buildings. Within, the tower contains some important tombs. The baptistery, sole fellow to Poitiers

north of the Alps,\* is no rival to that which stands by the home of Hilary. It is all plain round-arched work, a single body, with columns only in the apse, and no such objects as the straight-sided windows and the cornices of Poitiers. Still it is a real baptistery; and the whole group to the north-east, church, tower, baptistery, a crowd of Roman and Romanesque buildings close together, all stern and gloomy, the magnificent doorway in the east end of the north transept standing out before everything else, make a group which is wonderful indeed. But for the view of the tower itself a better point is found at the south-east, and this view takes in the amazingly beautiful part, of the very richest and most delicate Romanesque work, which is attached to the south-transept.

Now what is the date and who was the author of this memorable group of buildings? The only bit of anything that can be called direct evidence is to be found on a stone over the simple doorway, which is covered by the splendid porch just mentioned. This stone commemorates a certain Scutarius, bishop, senator, and "artifex," who made ("fecit") something, which may likely enough be the whole of the original church. But there is no certain evidence as to the date of Bishop Scutarius; what a gain it would have been if Gregory of Tours had sometimes thought of his immediate neighbours, and had told us a little about the Vellavian bishops, as well as those of his own birthplace and his own see. Alas, he mentions Anicum once, and then not as "urbs" or "civitas," but only as "locus," which sets one doubting

\* There is another baptistery at Aix; but it does not now form a distinct building, like those of Poitiers and Le Puy.

whether it was a bishopric in his day. That the minds of the Vellavian antiquaries have been much exercised about the matter is only natural; with them the correct thing is to hold that the Bishop Evodius—locally *Vozy*—first moved from Ruessio to Anicum, and that Scutarius built the oldest church, and all in the course of the sixth century. No one can say that it is not so; Gregory's “locus” looks the other way; but it is merely a presumption; it would not stand against the smallest scrap of direct evidence. Only no such direct evidence seems to be had. It is perhaps safer to use some form of words which does not commit us to any exact date; we are certainly not wrong in calling it Byzantine in style and Merowingian in date. And in favour of an early date is perhaps the distinctly Byzantine character of the work, as well as its manifest position on the site of an earlier Roman building, large fragments of which are built into the east end. Of columns and capitals there are none of any size, as the main piers are square. But of the smaller capitals in the transepts and adjoining the piers of the great cupola some were clearly used again from the earlier building, some were made fresh after a thoroughly Byzantine pattern.

We said just now that it is only in the Byzantine part of the church that the round arch is used exclusively. But the way in which the pointed form comes in shows how little entitled it is in these regions to be looked on, as we look on it north of Loire, as the pioneer of the coming Gothic. The nave of Le Puy was twice enlarged, each enlargement, as we have already hinted, needing a kind of open undercroft to

bear up the new work at the level of the old. And the second work needed a lofty undercroft indeed, reminding one of that which stands like a huge buttress on the south side of the hill of Senlac. Inside we walk the six bays into which the nave has grown, with nothing to remind us that it is the two eastern ones only which stand directly on the solid earth. Some of our purely insular antiquaries might be puzzled at the form taken by these two additions. In the earlier the pointed arch is used exclusively, both in the pier arches and in the arches that span the nave; in the later addition to the further west these great arches keep the pointed form; but the round comes back in the pier-arches.

But, after all, we have as yet spoken only lightly and casually of the great wonder of the angelic basilica. As a piece of history to study and speculate on, Gaul has few things after Trier to set before the eastern part of Le Puy; but for one of the marvels of art and construction we must go to the west end. It is a path altogether unique when we go up from the lower streets of the town, streets where some bit of attractive domestic work meets us at every turn, by the steep ascent which leads to this greatest of undercrofts. As we look at the west front from below, it does not at once come into the mind that it is an undercroft with which we are dealing. It does not come into the mind that what seems to be about the middle stage of a very lofty west front is really the level of the floor of the nave. Three tall round arches, the central one somewhat taller and much wider than its supporters, rise in front of us. They make us think of Lincoln, of Tewkesbury, not of Peterborough—the great portico still stands by itself.

But we do not for a while fully take in that they do not lead into the church, but into something underneath the church; we still dream of porches, not of undercrofts, even though we feel that the porch must be of unusual size and very strange arrangements. Nothing to be sure is more unlike the west front of Le Puy than the west front of an Arvernian church with the western tower forming a *narthex*. Still with the *narthex* in our heads, with the thought of something to the west end of the nave, but not with the thought of anything underneath the nave, we find a special difficulty in believing that the three windows which rise above the three great arches are simply the west windows of the nave and its aisles. The front, as a west front of the church, apart from the arches below, is nothing very wonderful. There is no tower; it is hard to see how there could be one. The mid-compartment, that is, the west end of the nave, rises above the other two, and is finished with a low gable; of the aisles each bears, instead of a tower or turret, a bell-gable for three bells, like the *κωδωνοστάσιον* of an Eastern church. Both round and pointed arches are, as might have been looked for from the arrangements within, used in the windows and ornamental arcades. The front, in short, being set in the air, is stately; if it stood on the ground like other fronts, we might hardly think it worthy of an episcopal church.

But we have to go underneath, to burrow in short under the nave which we have hardly yet understood to be the nave. We go up many steps; we study much Romanesque detail, and we have to practise ourselves in distinguishing the earlier Romanesque of the first en-

largement from the more advanced Romanesque of the second. We mark the wonderful carved doors with their endless pious subjects, among the special glories of Le Puy. We make our way up to the doorway of the second church; we may then turn to the right and make our way by more stairs and passages into the original Byzantine church. Or instead of this path, we may climb to the left and make our way to the cloister. There is no better point for studying the changes of the building near at hand, and few cloisters offer a richer store of columns and capitals, classical and Byzantine. To the west of the cloister, at right angles to the nave, is a long building with pointed windows, which passes for the chapter-house, though a chapter-house in a strange place. Its architecture is plain enough; to the painter it has more to offer. We may go down the hill at various points; if we again use the steps, we may find it in our hearts to look at the hospital clinging to the church and to the houses in the neighbourhood, objects worth notice in themselves, but which we hardly heed while we have in front of us the ascent unto the house of the Lord, and, as in the dream of Jacob, the angelic basilica crowning its highest point. But the angelic basilica and its surroundings are not all. The Anician city and its near neighbourhood has still other things to show. At Le Puy the little church on the rock is at least as wonderful and interesting as the great one; and the lower town, in one of its not very striking churches, shielded the dust of a man at whose name Englishmen once trembled.

## XV.—THE SURROUNDINGS OF LE PUY.

We ended our last topographical notice with a kind of flourish of trumpets. We confess to a certain sound of unreality in their blast. Are there any to whom Le Puy means first of all the burying-place of Bertrand Du Guesclin, perhaps only his empty burying-place, perhaps the burying-place of part of him only, but anyhow, with some kind of qualification, the burying-place of the great Breton warrior? We should hardly have looked for his last home here in Velay, had not his last fighting been done in the neighbouring land of Auvergne. And we may further remember that, several years after his death, when Charles the Sixth already gave his name to a reign, the funeral of Du Guesclin was celebrated with great solemnity, neither at Le Puy nor in his own Britanny, but among the kings at Saint-Denis. Yet here we have, at the bottom of the hill of Le Puy, on the banks of the Borne, in the not very attractive Dominican church, in a side chapel in the north-east corner of the building, a tomb and canopy and effigy—its feet pointing westward—with an inscription declaring, as plain as words can make it, that “Ci gist tresnoble home et vaillant messire Bertrand Claikin”. The Anician sculptor has made strange work of the Breton name, but there need be no doubt of the identity, for the legend goes on “comte de Longueville jadi sconestable de France. Qui trespassa lan mil ccclxxx. le xvi. jour de juil.” Unless the inscription lies utterly, the whole of Du Guesclin must once have been buried

here. At present Le Puy claims only a small part of him, as Rouen claims only a small part of Richard Lion-heart. But then it is the lion-heart itself that Rouen has, the part which in the case of Du Guesclin has gone to his own Britanny, while we are told that all that Le Puy has of Du Guesclin is the part of him which Richard thought good enough for his own Poitevins at Charroux. In other words, the Anician tomb is said to hold nothing of Du Guesclin but his bowels, the rest having, one is driven to suppose, been translated to the company of the kings. We dare say it was quite wrong; but we confess to having been less stirred by the tomb of Du Guesclin at Le Puy than if we had found him somewhere else. Both he and the friars whose church sheltered him seemed somehow out of place; they were not the kind of things that we had come to Le Puy to look for. We can see friars' churches in most places and much better friars' churches in many places, and in this place we had rather have met with Duke Lupus or Duke Mummolus, or anybody who might seem to have some fellowship with Roman walls and Byzantine churches, rather than with a hero of so late a time as the fourteenth century. But, if we want to get out of late times we have only to lift up our eyes to the hills. There is the Rock of Saint Michael, the Rock of the Needle, soaring above us. And it is crowned by a small building as well worthy of study as the angelic basilica itself, and it hides at its foot another small building, less wonderful doubtless, but more graceful, and, as regards its purpose, equally puzzling. What was the object of that beautiful little octagonal building, of the latest and most delicate Romanesque, which stands in

the village or suburb of AigUILHE, not far from the base of the rock, and which now bears the strange name of the Temple of Diana? Perhaps it is simply a very small octagonal church, nothing so very wonderful after all; but the first thing that it suggests is a baptistery, a baptistery at the foot of the rock while the church stands above. Only baptisteries are not things that we meet with every day on this side of the Alps, and there could hardly be a less likely place for one than here so near to the undoubted baptistery on the hill, in its natural place close by the episcopal church. We cannot with any good conscience go back to the days of the Goths, and think of a Catholic and an Arian baptistery such as we see at Ravenna. Still, when the baptistery is once in our heads, we begin to think of the Temple of Saint John at Poitiers rather than of some possible confusion with the knights of the Temple who had a house at Le Puy. Otherwise the thought might come in for a moment that we have here a still smaller fellow of Little Maplestead. We could not find the way inside; so we can report nothing of its internal arrangements. Anyhow it is singularly elegant, and it must stand in some relation to the church on the rock. For we enter the precinct of the last—that is to say, the flight of steps that leads up to it—through a very pretty doorway which is clearly of a piece with the “Temple,” of the same style and with some of the same ornamental details. And when, after much climbing, we have reached the top, and, rather to our amazement, find that we are after all only on a level with the church on the opposite hill, we go in by a porch of the same style as the objects below; but of grace as well as rich-

SKECHES FROM FRENCH TRAVEL.

ness such as one could hardly have thought/ form of Romanesque was capable. The ... mouldings, the trefoil arch, the sculptured tympanum, outdo anything that we can see even in the western church of Glastonbury.

The later years of the twelfth century were thus clearly busy in the outskirts of Le Puy. But the Rock of the Needle had been taken possession of for sacred purposes long before. The little church to which this graceful porch is an addition shows Romanesque architecture in a much earlier stage. The building is attributed to Bishop Godescalc—we should hardly have looked here for such an unaltered Teutonic name—in the latter half of the tenth century. Joanne's Guide says, with great truth, "Il est difficile de donner par le discours une idée exacte de la chapelle d'Aiguilhe, tant elle s'écarte des données ordinaires." And we may add that it is almost equally difficult to draw the inside; the shape is so strange that the eye wanders about and loses the relations of one part to the other. But we certainly thought there were at least two dates, besides the palpably later doorway, and that one of them might well, if anybody chose, be older than the days of Godescalc. There are two levels, one might almost say three, within the building, and there has clearly been some change in the levels. But there is a kind of chancel which takes the form of a Byzantine church, as small and as plain as it could possibly be. And outside of it is, not a round nave, but something more of an irregular oval, with arches resting on columns used up again. This is surely what Godescalc made; indeed our book goes on to tell us that the little choir

was already ancient in those days. In fact it would seem to be almost the history of the cathedral over again. A church of Byzantine pattern is built on each rock; each is enlarged, only not in the same fashion; a six-bayed nave could not be made on the Rock of the Needle. And each is furnished with a bell-tower, that of Saint Michael's being very like that of Notre Dame on a smaller scale. We may guess that the lower part is contemporary with Godescalc's work and the upper with the twelfth-century doorway. But we are driven to guessing. We have before us a stately volume on the antiquities of Velay, which gives us the episcopate of Godescalc as the date of something, and promises a fuller account in another part of the book, but we have not been able to find it.

But there are other hills round about Le Puy, and each hill is crowned with something or other. When we reach the high points of view, we see to the north-east a hill which is plainly covered with buildings, over which a huge square tower rises conspicuously. This is the castle of Polignac, a place famous in the local annals of Velay. Its viscounts were for some ages very unpleasant neighbours to the bishops and the citizens of Le Puy; and one of its princes fills a place, such as it is, in the history of our own century. Their home was a most stately fortress, now utterly ruined, and clearly standing on the site of a Roman building, most likely a temple. The road thither from Le Puy winds up and down the hills, and gives a view over the valley of the Borne and the rock of Espaly. And we pass close by a notable natural phenomenon, the mass of basaltic rock known as *les orgues d'Espaly*; the hexa-

gonal shafts, stage on stage, having thoroughly the air of a gigantic organ. We note here and there signs that, though no longer in Auvergne, we are still in the region of the powers of fire; heaps of pre-historic cinders are there to bear witness. We go on, up and down, and reach the village of Polignac at the foot of the castle-hill. The church is a notable one, departing widely, as here in Velay it has a perfect right to do, from the local type of Auvergne. The outline is utterly different. The single tower—there is no narthex—rises, we cannot say from the centre, as it is all but at the east-end, but from the intersection of quasi-transepts. Rather tall, very plain, bearing a plain and heavy spire, rising too as the crown of a picturesque mass, grouping in the north-east view with a tall octagon turret, one huge buttress and many smaller ones, with the walls of the churchyard and various buildings attached to the church, we seem carried far away from Issoire and Brioude. But Romanesque windows peep out, and the apses remain untouched, not an Arvernian group of chapels, but a central apse, octagonal without, but with well-finished Romanesque windows, and the side apses, tall and plain, watching by it as its humble satellites. As we walk round, we mark the Romanesque west front, simple, but not graceful; the aisles have a look of shouldering the central space which the Arvernian narthex and tower would have forbidden. We go in by the large open southern porch and find a Romanesque inside with tall rectangular pillars with shafts in the nave, barrel vault, and no clerestory. The main apse, circular within, and the cupola under the spire, drive away the memory of the outside, and seem

to bring us back altogether to the right centuries. We do not come into Auvergne and Velay to see spires; for them we go to the Bessin or to the insular Holland; but we do come to see cupolas and barrel-vaults, and, if we can do a bit of volcano by the way, so much the better.

We have looked down on the valley of the Borne and the rock of Espaly. They are to form part of the same day's journey as Polignac, but we have to go back by another road, to the bridge at the entrance of Le Puy, to get to them. The rock of Espaly itself is crowned by some small ruins of a castle, which, if we were going to write the history of Velay, would have their part in the story, but which the traveller who has no such purpose hardly need climb up to after he has seen Polignac. There are other objects around, traces of Roman villas, and a sanctuary of modern Joseph-worship, for those who may care for it, hewn in the rock. But we hear of an ancient church also hewn in the rock at Ceyssac, and surrounded, the book says, by pre-historic caves. We press on, only to reach Ceyssac rather too late in the evening for much work, and to hear further that the rock church is crammed full of fagots or something of that kind, and that the key is far away. So we come back, having had a good taste of Vellavian scenery, but having taken nothing in the way of antiquities since Polignac. The rock church of Ceyssac may be as well worth seeing as those of Saint-Emilion, Brantôme, and Warkworth; or it may not.

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## XVI.—BOURGES.

WE are on our way back from Auvergne and Velay. And we make our way back by a straighter road and with greater speed than we made our way thither. We halt again at Clermont, and thence a rather long day on the railway, first through the still hilly borderland of Auvergne and Bourbonnais, then through the tamer scenery of Berry, by the banks of the Cher and its artificial rival, takes us to the most central city of Gaul. We have Arvernian scenery and Arvernian architecture in our memories, and we feel half inclined to dispute the right of the Archbishop of Bourges, not only Archbishop but Patriarch, to call himself Primate of the Aquitaines. Are we, when at Bourges, in Aquitaine at all? There is nothing at the moment to suggest it. We are at any rate in a very different land from Auvergne and Velay. We come bearing in our minds from a former visit a distinct remembrance of Bourges as a hill-city, where something of a climb was needed to reach the great church. But when we have so lately climbed to the great church of Le Puy and its satellite, the hill on which Bourges stands seems a *monticule* indeed, yet nearer to the nature of a molehill than the *monticule* of Clermont. But then the *monticule* of Clermont is felt to be a *monticule* in the presence of lofty *puyss*; the *monticule* of Bourges may fairly pass for a *mons* where there is nothing greater than itself. Just as little savouring of the southern lands is the mighty pile which crowns the hillock. As at Limoges, as at

Clermont, whatever the land is, the great church is French. Perhaps it has a right to be so; the viscounty of Bourges was the very first acquisition of the Parisian kings to the south of their natural duchy. It does, after all, need an effort to take in that we are not only still on Aquitanian soil, but that we have reached the city which was the head of Aquitaine when Aquitaine gave a title to kings and not to dukes only. We have come from Clermont; in a manner we have come from Gergovia; and we have come to a spot whose name is closely bound up with that of Gergovia. The town of the Bituriges stood side by side in a great struggle with the town of the Arverni. And if Divus Julius did not leave his sword behind him on the hill of Avaricum, he at least left behind him a fearful memory of what his sword could do while he still wielded it.

As we walk round modern Bourges it is not hard to step out of the bounds of the ancient city. Parts of the Roman wall of Avaricum are still standing in several places, and, as usual, the general outline of the ancient line of defence has stamped itself on the more modern streets, streets which at Bourges are nowhere very modern. The space girded by the Roman wall was an irregular oblong, climbing up the north side of the hill, and taking in, in its highest point, the church and palace of the Primates of the Aquitaines and the castle or palace, once of the Kings of Aquitaine and afterwards of the Dukes of Berry. The hill of Avaricum is so much lower and less steep than the hill of Anicium that there is not so strongly marked a distinction between *Haute Ville* and *Basse Ville* at Bourges as there is at Le Puy. Yet at some points the ascent is fairly

steep, and the highest ground is reached by steps. There stands the ecclesiastical glory of Bourges, the metropolitan church of Saint Stephen, with which we are for the moment concerned only because, while in its lowlier days, it had kept within the wall of the ancient city; its rebuilding on a vaster scale, with a great advance to the east, caused it, like its fellows at Le Mans and Lincoln, to overleap the antiquated barrier which had become a hindrance to its growth. We lose the Roman wall on the north side of the church; we find it again a little way to the south, where one of the solid bastions of Roman work has been taught to act as the substructure of an apse. And this is far from being the only case at Bourges in which the ancient wall, instead of being swept away, has been applied to the purposes of later builders. At Bourges we cannot forget that the primatial church of Aquitaine has a rival among works of another and commonly a far humbler class. Bourges is rich in ancient houses, meaning as usual by ancient a time which among churches seems comparatively modern. There is no house at Bourges which we should call ancient at Dol, at Le Mans, at Lincoln, or at Montferrand. But in houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Bourges is rich indeed; we shall hardly be wrong in saying that it contains the noblest town-house, the noblest dwelling of a private man within the walls of a city, to be found north of the Alps. When Rouen had gone back to its own duke, when Paris obeyed an English king, Bourges had, as in older days, a king of its own, and her king found a minister in a citizen of his capital. Jacques Cœur, merchant of Bourges, minister of Charles of

Valois, ambassador, condemned criminal, perhaps involuntary crusader, died far away from his own city and country, but owner, it is said, of wealth gathered in Cyprus hardly less than that of which his ungrateful master had deprived him in France. At Bourges his memory lives in the house, the *hôtel*,—in Italy it would be the *palazzo*—which he built, like a good burgher, in his own town. At this moment we are most concerned with it because, as we have just seen a Roman bastion taught to carry an apse, so several Roman bastions have been taught to carry the towers of the house of Jacques Cœur. After all, a house is but a house, and it cannot be a real rival to a great minster; yet the great house of Bourges has this pre-eminence that it is more distinctly the first in its own class than even the mighty church of Bourges can claim to be.

Yet the primatial church of all the Aquitaines must claim a high place in the first rank of the churches of Christendom. Its size, its majesty, the sublimity of its effect within and without, are excelled by very few buildings, and it has the special charm which attaches to every building which has some great feature peculiar to itself. The metropolitan church of Bourges is an attempt at the solution of a great problem, a problem which we have already had brought before us at Clermont. Possibly we might get more easily tired if all French minsters followed the type of Bourges; but it is certainly well to have at least one church of the very highest class in which that type is followed. Bourges shows what can be made of an outline which we are apt to think belongs only to much smaller buildings, the outline from which transepts are absent. Alby,

which carries the same experiment yet further than Bourges, which dispenses with aisles as well as with transepts, which has its single western tower like the most ordinary parish church, is, with all its wonder and all its grandeur, not a church of the first rank. It is no rival to Bourges in breadth, length, or height. And Alby is essentially an Aquitanian church, which the head church of Aquitaine is not. Bourges is a French church, and it seems logically to carry out the principles of a French church. Norman and English minsters have transepts, because they have mid-towers to carry; but when there is no mid-tower, the question at once starts itself, are not the transepts as well away? In a crowd of French churches, they seem to ask for their natural crown, and not to get it. At Bourges the crown is not missed, because there is nothing that asks for it. Few external effects are grander than that of the church of Bourges from the south-east. No building better carries out the received metaphor of the ship. The one vast body, its length unbroken by even a *Dachreiter*, seems pushing its way eastward over all obstacles; we might even go on and say that the flying-buttresses suggest the notion of oars, and that the ranges of them, one above another, call up the memory of the trireme. For at Bourges there are indeed ranges one above another. Simple as the plan of the church seems in one way, it is all complexity in another. It is the very opposite to Saint Ouen's, where we admire the grand simplicity of aisles and clerestory, with the vast buttresses standing in all their stateliness, unencumbered by chapels thrust in between them. But Bourges has no such intruders, such parasites, as those

which have thrust themselves in between the buttresses of Amiens. At Bourges we have five bodies, one rising above the other. The central nave soars above all; but the aisles, each with its own clerestory, soar no less over the lower aisles beyond them. It is like the degrees of rank in a feudal realm; the lesser nobles gather round the dukes and counts, and above dukes and counts rises the single king. The apse of course is of the true French pattern, perhaps made a little more complicated than usual by the arrangement of the inner aisles. As if in consciousness of the strength of the older substructure, the chapels round the apse hang in the air, borne on corbels, like oriel windows, or like the turrets of many a house both in France and Scotland. We walk round the vast building; we feel thankful for the noble Romanesque doorways surviving north and south to remind us that older churches, as glorious, it may be, in their own way, once stood on the same site. First or last in our survey of the outside, according to the path by which we go up, we stand and gaze at the vast width of the western front. Here is no need, as at Wells and Rouen and Poitiers, to seek for width by carrying the towers north and south of the actual church. Here at Bourges are five bodies, each needing its finish to the west, and the towers naturally finish the outer ones. Two unequal towers, neither perhaps ideally finished, one showing signs of Renaissance at the top, are not according to English, hardly according to Norman, taste. And we must regret the need which was found, ingenious as was the expedient by which the need was met, to support the southern tower by the hugest of flying-but-

tresses. But the whole effect is stately and striking; and the doorways—on them lovers of sculpture detail might spend hours and days.

We pass within one or other of the doorways, and we find that the inside of Saint Stephen of Bourges is one of the stateliest in the world. Whatever one may think outside, within at least the absence of transepts is not felt as a lack. Indeed, while outside we cannot help noticing that there are no transepts, within we hardly think about the matter at all. We look eastward and westward; we hardly trouble ourselves with the thought that the ranges of pillars eastward and westward are, as they are in no other church of such a scale, altogether unbroken. We are in a Gothic minster, in one of the noblest of Gothic minsters, in one moreover of most complicated outline and ground-plan; and yet, as we look eastward, the church has the unity of a basilica. It is in fact one of the great basilicas, with their many ranges of columns, translated into the architectural language of a later age. And nowhere surely does that architectural language speak with a nobler voice than it speaks among the pillars of the church of Saint Stephen, ranged row behind row, like those of the old Imperial Saint Peter's, boundless alike, as it seems to the eye, in height, length, and breadth. Yet, with all the grandeur of this noble interior, one who comes from Limoges and Clermont may be tempted to ask whether those far lowlier buildings do not show more real skill in the design of their internal elevations than is shown in the patriarchal church of Aquitaine. The interior of Bourges is unspeakably sublime, but we are not sure whether some churches which are

less sublime in their general effect will not better bear critical discussion. One of the most striking features at Bourges, a feature in which that church has some likeness to the Gothic part of Le Mans, is the prodigious height of the pillars and consequently of the inner pair of aisles. These aisles rise above the outer aisles just as the main body of the church rises above them, and they are treated just like the elevation of a nave, showing a perfect design of arcade, triforium, and clerestory. Now these aisles are fully of the height of the main body of some great English churches, and the effect is not at all that of a smaller object treated as a miniature of a greater. The effect is rather as if, by some astonishing process, we looked into another church, and this effect is not altogether pleasing. And, if we look for mere detail, we shall certainly find Bourges outdone by many lesser churches. One might even say that a certain plainness, almost bareness, is a characteristic of the building.

Standing thus in the great church of central Gaul, looking southward and northward, we cannot help comparing this building, southern in site, northern in style, with some of the great buildings on either side of it. We look north towards Normandy; we look south towards more unmistakeably Aquitanian lands. We see how the local styles, Angevin, Aquitanian, Arvernian, die out in the thirteenth century. The French conquest of Normandy came so early in that century that there was no time for the growth of a variety of Gothic, either locally Norman or common to Normandy and England. Normandy, to be sure, stuck stoutly to the tradition of the central tower which it shared with

England, and, down to the last days of mediæval art, it kept also a tradition of better and purer detail than we find at the same date in other parts of France. But we can hardly say that there is a Norman-Gothic style; there is nothing in Normandy answering to Alby in the later half of the thirteenth century. That wonderful building is essentially Aquitanian and not French; it is perhaps the only cathedral church built in a truly local style after Gothic forms were fully developed. But Normandy and Aquitaine, and all other parts of Gaul, as they became French, became French in architecture as well as in other things. There is certainly far more likeness among the great churches of France from the fourteenth, even from the thirteenth century onwards, than there is among the great churches of England. Neither local nor personal taste had such free play as they had in England. It would be hard to find the same kind of difference in the same number of great French Gothic churches, as those which distinguish the early Gothic of Wells from the early Gothic of Ely, or which mark off three distinct varieties of the later Gothic at York, at Gloucester, and at Winchester. One result is that, through all southern Gaul, so many of the great churches seem exotics. They are French buildings on Aquitanian soil; they are like the royal officials in an Aquitanian town or district alongside of the native consuls. Churches like those of Bayonne, of Clermont, and of Limoges, look always like foreign settlers in a strange land. If we do not feel this so strongly at Bourges, it is because we hardly feel that Bourges is Aquitanian soil. It may enlarge our minds in all directions, if, when we have taken in this last

fact, we look back for a moment to the days when the West-Gothic king, lord of the Aquitaines, had to defend Bourges from a Breton assault, when the Breton and the Frank were the allies of Rome, and the Goth and the Saxon were her enemies.

But the great church of Bourges is not the whole of Bourges. We have the house of Jacques Cœur; we have several other grand houses of still later date. But there is no great church, like Saint Ouen or Saint Sernin, to rival Saint Stephen's. Of smaller churches, many have perished, and those that remain are of comparatively small account. The church now called Notre Dame, though its real dedication is Saint Peter, draws some slight interest from its strange irregular shape, and more from its lofty tower, the upper part of which has much likeness to the butter-tower of the metropolitan church, and is said to be the work of the same architect. Saint Bonnet is of still less consequence. But there is another church of Saint Peter lying just outside of the Roman enclosure to the south-west, which is of a much higher order. It is a really fine church, and one of a type which again suggests some comparisons between French and English buildings. In England such a building could never have stood as the whole of a small church; it might very easily have stood as one-half of a large one. Saint Peter at Bourges would make an admirable choir for a small minster; according to English notions, it needs transepts, mid-tower, and nave, to give it any kind of shape or proportion.

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## XVII.—ORLEANS.

WE have at last come back to the border-stream of Loire. We have been oftentimes near it; we have been in a land which the most modern geography calls by its name. But somehow Loire, till he takes a great bend, till he begins to run unmistakeably to the west, is hardly Loire in the fullest sense. He has not begun to discharge his special function in the world's history; he has not become the boundary-stream of northern and southern Gaul. And we come to him even now at a point of his course where he certainly fails to do his duty; we find a considerable piece of northern Gaul, a considerable piece of France itself, lying south of the river which ought of good rights to part France and Aquitaine. In fact it is only by a figure of speech that we call the Loire a border-stream at all. It is only at a very few points in its course that the river is the actual boundary. Still we feel that it is more than a convenient limit; it is a natural limit. If most of the states of northern Gaul stretched beyond the river, the land which they held to the south of it seems as a kind of *Peraia*, an outpost such as Rome held east of Rhine and north of Danube. Tours, for instance, stands on the Loire; but Touraine stretches some way to the south. But we have now reached a point where one of the divisions of northern Gaul, one of the members of the original France, has its greater part south of the river. We said of the original France; we were all but using a stronger phrase, and saying, of France in the

very narrowest sense of that name. But we checked our pen on remembering a yet narrower sense; we are in the duchy of France, but we are not in the Isle of France. One of the most famous cities of France and of Gaul lies opposite to us, a city whose name has not run the ordinary course of the names of Gaulish cities. We are not yet out of the reach of that stirring piece of history, Gaulish and Roman, of which we have called up the most stirring scene of all at Gergovia. Genabum was taken by Cæsar, as Orleans was not taken by Salisbury and Talbot; to Salisbury Orleans was even more than Gergovia was to Cæsar. But how had Genabum turned into Orleans? Or the question may be put thus, Why is Orleans not Chartres? Genabum seems to have been the chief town of the Carnutes; but the city of the Carnutes is not at Genabum, but at Autricum; that is to say, Autricum has taken the name of the people and keeps it in its modern form, the form of Chartres. Genabum has taken the name of an Emperor, or rather it has turned the name of an Emperor into the shape of a tribe name. While Autricum became *Civitas Carnutum*, Chartres, Genabum became *Civitas Aurelianorum*, Orleans. It became one of the seats of Frankish kingship in the early days of the Merwings. When the great duchy of France was cut short by the settlement of the Norman from without and the growth of the Angevin from within, Orleans always remained part of the heritage of the dukes who were to grow into kings. Next in importance to Paris among the cities of the royal duchy, it surpassed Paris in one point of dignity. Orleans twice beheld, what Paris never beheld, the crowning of a native King of the

French. There was crowned the holy King Robert; there was crowned that Lewis who so stoutly fought for France against the Red King, lord of England and Normandy. The like honour in a later day fell to the other city of the Carnutes, to Chartres, crowning-place of Henry of Navarre. The two cities and lands were parted into separate lands, ecclesiastical and temporal, to be joined again under a single government in the latest geography of the old kingdom. Chartres fell away to become, like Angers, the home of a line of counts of a character almost as marked as that of the Angevins themselves, and to give a king of their blood to England. Orleans clave to its own dukes and kings to become again and again the appanage of dukes who, like Hugh and Robert, were to become kings. The name is a familiar one, even among modern princes, but, when we hear of princes of the House of Orleans, our thoughts do not always fly quite so quickly as perhaps they ought to the actual *Civitas Aurelianorum*.

The thought that the name of the city itself is most likely to call up is that of the Maid who, born far away from Orleans, has taken its name as a kind of surname. She saved Orleans from the English besieger, and we have come to think of her as belonging to Orleans rather than as belonging to her own Domrémy, to Chinon, or to Rheims. And perhaps we have also got into a way of thinking not only as if the Maid were specially the Maid of Orleans, but as if Orleans had its chief being as the city of the Maid. But Orleans had seen other sieges in far earlier times, and one of them a siege when Orleans was delivered from a

sterner foe than Talbot, and, as legend said, by the wonder-working of a holy personage who has won that crown of formal sanctity which has not yet been granted to the Maid. The deliverance of Orleans from Attila holds a higher place in the history of the world than its deliverance from any later invader. Orleans was in the middle of the fifth century a chief seat of the Roman power in central Gaul, and it was against so important a city that the march of the Hun was directly aimed. To save Western Europe from the barbarians of the Asiatic wilderness was the fit calling of the two powers which were the joint representatives of Europe as it was and as it was to be. Roman and Goth, Catholic and Arian, but both Christian, both European, marched as brothers-in-arms to meet a foe against whom they did well to call in the heathen Frank, against whom they would have done well to call in the misbelieving Saracen, if the Saracen had been already in the land. But in local belief it was not only Theodoric and Aetius who saved Orleans, but Theodoric and Aetius, holpen in some way or other by the holy Bishop Anianus. Did he go simply on a mission to hasten their coming, or did he himself do something to discomfit the barbarians in the way of signs and wonders? The tale is told in various ways, and, like all other tales, it grows in the telling. It is worth studying its stages in Gregory of Tours and elsewhere, and it is worth comparing it with the story of the deliverance of Worcester from the rebels in 1088. There our own Wulfstan plays much the same part on behalf of his city which Anianus plays on behalf of his city. On the whole it looks very much as if Attila and his Huns

did actually enter Orleans, and as if the business of West-Goth and Roman was in the end, not to keep them out but to drive them out. Anyhow they were driven out, first from Orleans, then from Gaul, though Orleans was saved only to make the doom of Aquileia more fearful. Ten years later things have changed not a little. Roman and West-Goth are no longer allies; the Roman power in Gaul, cut off from either Rome, abides as one of many separate powers in the land, alongside of Goth, Burgundian, and Frank. Of that power Orleans under *Ægidius*—are we to call him Giles?—was still the centre, that *Ægidius* whom the Franks are said to have taken for their king, as before and after men in vain called Scipio and Belisarius to kingship, and who, as some have deemed, was father of the first Roman king since Tarquin. Against this Roman kingdom, this fragment of Roman Empire, the Goth, a second Theodoric, sent his brother to whom we may as well give the modern form of his name and speak of him as Frederic. Chinon, famous in the history of the Maid, famous in the history of Henry of Anjou, became for a while a West-Gothic possession, but not far from Orleans the Roman gained his last Gaulish victory; Orleans and the rest of the Roman land was saved from the Goth to become presently the prize of the more abiding Frank.

We leap on to the days of the Maid. When we have reached them, it strikes us that perhaps few stop to ask how it was that Orleans could still be saved from English besiegers in 1429, when those besiegers were not, like the Hun and the Goth, invaders from the south, but soldiers of the King in whose name

Rouen and Paris were governed. It was because Orleans had its own duke, that Duke Lewis who was made captive at Agincourt, and who confounds all ordinary chronology by being the father of that King Lewis who died at no very great age just a hundred years after his father's captivity. While Orleans was besieged, its poet-duke was still a prisoner in England. He claimed neutrality for a city whose lord could not defend it. The practical mind of John of Bedford denied that a lord who could exercise no authority in his city could claim any neutrality on its behalf. But the arms of England never made their way into Orleans; the Maid forbade them. But one might fancy that the arts of England, and of one special part of England, must have done so. There is a tower in Orleans, the municipal tower, with flint-work so exactly after the manner of East-Anglia that, did we see it in any French town where he could possibly have ruled or tarried, we should be tempted to set it down, almost without a doubt, as the work of Sir Thomas Erpingham.

But though this time the enemy was one that came from the north, yet the work of this siege, like the work of the siege by Attila, was done on the south side of the Loire, the side which should be the Aquitanian side. The river is the chief feature in the aspect of the city. Orleans is not a river-city in the same sense as Paris or Châlons; but it is eminently a city by the river-side, and we can hardly call it a hill-city. Of course the town does stand above the river; the banks of the Loire are not a dead flat; there is a marked rise in the long street that leads down to the bridge; but there is no real hill, no steep like those of Angers and Le

Mans. From the bridge spanning the wide river, the view of the city, its buildings, its towers, is still very striking; it must have been noble indeed when Suffolk looked across at the hoped-for prize which the Maid had come to snatch away from him. He must have looked on some things which Attila could not look upon and which the havoc of later days has hindered us from looking upon. But at Orleans it is the havoc of the sixteenth century, not of the eighteenth, of which it first strikes us to complain; and that havoc, strange to say, was zealously made good by the seventeenth. Here, unlike most French cities, the chief object is one of later date than the time of Suffolk. The two western towers of the cathedral church catch the eye, and not unpleasingly; they suggest their fellows at Tours, and they have an air of greater boldness than those at Tours. Yet there is something strange in the round shape of their highest stage, perhaps without a parallel in any building which at all professes to be Gothic. Yet we should hardly guess at first sight that the finish of those towers dates from the very eve of the French Revolution. The church of Orleans has incomparably worse work to show, of earlier and of later days, in short, as it now stands, it is coequal with the dynasty of Bourbon. Its beginnings date from Henry of Navarre; its first finish dates from Lewis the Sixteenth; its latest and worst part, the doorways in the west front, commemorate the taste of the reign of Charles the Tenth.

Such being our dates, it seems hardly fair when the course of our journey constrains us to take the church of the Holy Cross at Orleans immediately after the church of Saint Stephen of Bourges. It is hard to

set the work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries against the work of the thirteenth and fourteenth. Yet the church of Orleans, being what it is, draws a certain interest of its own from the fact that it is work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And it draws a certain interest of its own from the fact that it stands quite distinct from those churches in which the lines and general effect of a Gothic church are thoroughly well preserved, but in which there is not a single pure Gothic detail. Of this style we have seen some good examples at Riom. In buildings of this kind the detail may be called Italian; but it is applied in a Gothic fashion, by the *multiplying* instead of the *magnifying* principle. Thus in Saint Eustace at Paris there is not a correct Gothic detail in it; but its general impression has much more in common with Amiens and Bourges than with Saint Peter's in Rome or Saint Paul's in London. Now when we are told that the cathedral of Orleans was gradually rebuilt in a period stretching from 1601 to 1789—to say nothing of the yet later performances of 1829—we should have expected that the earlier parts at least would have given us a grand example of the style of Saint Eustace. Instead of this, in some parts the style is a great deal better than Saint Eustace, and in some parts it is a great deal worse; but there is none where the style is exactly the same. The truth, we believe, is that, though the original building was broken down by the Huguenots in 1567 and was left desolate till 1601, yet the destruction was by no means complete. It would be enough for the purposes of the destroyers to leave the church roofless and ruined, so as to be incapable of

being used for divine worship; they had no temptation to take the trouble actually to upset every stone. And when the builders had not to build quite fresh from the ground, when they had to set up again a building of which some parts still remained as models for them to follow, it is not wonderful if, as long as the least spark of ancient tradition still lingered, they followed those models far more closely than they would have thought of doing if they had been at work on some altogether fresh site.

The general effect then of the church is that of a Gothic church; but it is not a very successful Gothic church. It is only the east end as seen outside, with a well-managed apse and chapels of the usual French pattern, that is really satisfactory; but it is only the fronts of the transepts, the work of the later days of Lewis the Fourteenth and the monstrous work of 1829, which we can call thoroughly bad.

Anianus, the Bishop who saved the city, naturally became its protector among the saints, and the secondary minster, the abbey outside the walls, bears his name under the modern form of Saint Aignan. The church so called is disappointing, at least its inside above ground is; for no one ought to be disappointed with either the outside of the east end or with the crypt. The eye sometimes gets weary of the east ends of the great French churches, with the endless array of flying buttresses, sometimes over-heavy and over-complicated, which are made necessary by their tall apses and surrounding chapels. The east end of Saint Aignan's gives us this same arrangement in a simpler shape, a kind of skeleton which, on a greater scale and by the

use of more elaborate detail, might grow into the gorgeous mass of buttresses which support the east end of the cathedral church. The simpler building of the same kind is felt as a kind of relief after the richer. That the church is imperfect is no fault of its original designers. The choir and transepts alone are left; the nave perished along with the cathedral in the religious wars. But it is perhaps better to stay outside; the effect of the choir within is weak and bare. The parish churches of Orleans are of still less account. In houses the city is stronger, but they are all of late date. Here is one that bears the name of Diana of Poitiers; here is one in which the opposite to Diana of Poitiers, the Maid herself, is said to have tarried, as she may have done in the elder parts of it. On the whole the study of Orleans on the spot is a little disappointing, when we think of the great renown of the city. Its best chance would be if an English traveller could make his way thither as his first sojourn in France, without seeing anything else on the road. Then of course it would strike him in many ways. It might be a better beginning than our own many years ago, when we took our first notions of a French church from a *Renaissance* building at Havre. The real strength of Orleans lies in its long and manifold historical associations; as a matter of buildings, it makes a somewhat weak ending to a series which began at Angers, and which has carried us round to Bourges.

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III.

SOME POINTS IN SOUTH-WESTERN  
AQUITAINE.



## I. A DRIVE IN PÉRIGORD.

Périgord is, we may suppose, best known to the world in general by its pies, the chief delicacy of which is of a more innocent kind than the chief delicacy of the rival pies of Strassburg. For it is the truffle, the object, in Sussex at least, of the most harmless of all forms of hunting. But it is a fact to be put on record that visitors to Périgord have been known to refuse the pies of Périgord, and to leave the land without any experience of its chief boast. Among scientific inquirers Périgord appeals to two classes. The primeval antiquary knows it as the choicest land of flint instruments and of human burrows in the hillside. Only we have sometimes noticed that primeval antiquaries, combining the oldest and the newest, have professed utter ignorance of any such land as *Périgord*, though they have known it and its wares perfectly well by the more modern name of *Dordogne*. To those who look chiefly to the later attractions of the land, the ancient name of the county comes more kindly than the modern name of the department. The domical churches of which Périgueux is the centre and parent, and Périgord one of the chief homes, seem more at home with the name

that calls up the succession of Petracorian counts and bishops. But it is not of the city, but of the land that we have now to speak, a pleasant land of hills and rivers, worthy of the fame that it has won in three such different fields. It is specially so in that part of the district which is most precious to the præ-historic inquirer, the pierced hill-sides on the way from Périgueux to Monsempron. This last however is a definition which would convey no meaning save to inquirers of the other class. For no one is likely to mark Monsempron as anything but the junction for Cahors, unless he has been warned to climb the hill and see what lurks inside a church which from the station looks thoroughly unpromising. But Monsempron lies out of our beat; we have wandered out of Périgord into the land of Agen. So we will only counsel any architectural inquirer to stay and take a look at a church in which an odd variety of the Petracorian cupola is combined with a nave of Arvernian stateliness, which may also call up memories as far apart from one another as those of Gloucester and of Carcassonne.

Of drives in Périgord we might record two; but the first, a supplement moreover to a railway journey, had its charms altogether quenched by a pouring rain. Yet we conceive that a zealous inquirer on a fine day might do many worse things, supposing the train to have carried him from Périgueux to the little hill-town of Thiviers, than to drive or walk to what is left of the abbey of Saint John, known as *Saint-Jean de Cole*. Thiviers itself has not much to show besides its church and two picturesque houses to the east of it, one of them rising to the rank of a *château*. The church itself, with some

Romanesque remains and some local features, has not the particular thing that we are looking for; it does not make the feeblest approach to the general model at Périgueux; it has not a cupola. For this last we must run a few miles down hill till we reach the abbey of Saint John, and even there we do not in truth find the cupola, though we find visible signs enough of its once having been there. It is but the east end of the church which is now left; but the village to which it belongs stands well in the valley, with a stream and a bridge and a large *château* of various dates, which has been lately given to a charitable use in Périgueux. The east end of the church is striking in the outside view, with its three diverging apses, polygonal, though of good Romanesque. Inside we find that they are set on in a strange way, which it is hard to describe without a ground-plan, and the internal effect is bare and heavy, with a strange lack of windows. The central compartment only is standing, the pendentives of a cupola—for the cupola itself has vanished—resting on plain piers of vast thickness, which could have left little more than a narrow passage into the bay to the west of it. That bay also had a cupola; so likely enough had one or more to the west of it; but all this has utterly perished. We wish to see Saint John's in fair weather; we wish to go on further to another village, where some more characteristic architecture of the district is promised us; but the elements forbid.

But we had no complaints to make of the weather on the day on which we took a round which we first made as long ago as 1857, the road from Périgueux to Brantôme, taking in Chancellade and Bourdeille. The

journey goes over hill and dale, and the spots where the three places actually stand are all taking; but the road as a whole, the road to the north of Périgueux, does not lead us through such fine scenery as the railway from Périgueux to Monsempron. It is characteristic all the same, as we see the rocks and the dwellings pierced in the rocks, and we hear a tale of a sad calamity of last year,\* the fall of a great piece of rock, the crushing of several houses, built houses, we mean, not hewn in the rock itself, and the loss of several lives. This was not far from our first point of stoppage, the abbey of Chancellade, which stands a little way off the road from Périgueux to Brantôme, in a small rocky bottom occupied by the abbey itself and a dependent chapel. The great church we should in England count small for the church of an abbey, and to an English eye it would not at the first glance suggest its local character; it has much the air of an ordinary cross church with a central tower. We at once notice a fine Romanesque western doorway not unpicturesquely sheltered by a wooden porch, and the conventional buildings join on at the north-west corner. But we presently see that the church of Chancellade is one of the churches of the district turned by later changes into this to us more familiar shape. There is a seeming clerestory; but there are no aisles; the effect of a clerestory has been brought in by raising the walls, arcaded as usual, and adding another range of windows. The tower has been raised in the like sort, and even when we go in, there is no effect of a domical church, save from the single cupola hidden by the mid-tower. The late windows

\* 1886.

have an odd form of tracery, not common Flamboyant, but something rather falling back on what Professor Willis called plate-tracery. Something has been done within since 1857 in the way of scraping and scoring, perhaps nothing worse, but that is too much. From outside Chancellade abbey looks very much as it did then.

Still less changed outside is a small building a few yards higher, close at the foot of the rocks, which is perhaps more taking than the minster itself. This is a little desecrated chapel of the very best late Romanesque; yet, strange to say, in some of the small shafts of its west doorway and window, we see distinct signs of the baluster. We are carried back, if not to Earls Barton and Saint Michael's at Oxford, at least to the slype of Worcester and the west front of Tewkesbury. It is wonderful how little work of this character there is in Gaul generally, except in particular districts, as in some parts of the Pyrenees and in some parts of the kingdom of Burgundy. The keeping on of balusters here is even more remarkable than their staying on at Tewkesbury, where they are much earlier in the century. The old woman who opens the chapel tells us how she was one of the sufferers from the fall of the rock, how her house at some little distance was crushed; she also goes back into long past ages, and tells us how the chapel was built by the English. This is one of the many strange ways of setting forth the strange fact that, at the time when the chapel was built, a Count of Anjou had come to be also at once Duke of Aquitaine and King of England. But hereabouts, where the peace of Brétigny affected matters, the confusion is more par-

donable than when in Anjou itself one hears of a "domination anglaise." Anyhow a very pretty little chapel it is, which one would gladly see cleared out. These balusters seem to thrust themselves in in odd places; there is something like them in the stately Romanesque of the desecrated abbey church of Saintes.

We go on to Brantôme, a name which to most people will first of all suggest the not exactly monastic writer who so strangely bore the title of abbot of its chief church. Thomas Cromwell, Dean of Wells, was at any rate outwardly more decorous. The little town is said to be much frequented by artists, and no wonder. One feels a wish, not merely to get up the antiquities, but to stay for a season and be idle. Like a good many other places in Aquitaine, the feeling is Swiss, Welsh, Cumbrian, anything but French. The hills, the river, the bridges, the houses, the abbey church close against the rock, the parish church turned, in an unpleasant but still picturesque way, into a market-house, the holes and dwellings pierced in the rock, must all supply plenty of subjects for the limner's art. The chief object of all to the architectural eye is the bell-tower of the abbey church, built on a foundation of rock between the church itself and the main hill. It is a tall Romanesque tower, which it is hard to avoid comparing with that of Saint Front at Périgueux, though there is far more of contrast than of likeness between the two. The Brantôme tower has a character of its own, drawn mainly from the arches under tall gables which fill up a great part of its upper stages. The church itself at once strikes the English eye as something strange for the church of a famous abbey. Chan-

cellade, though small, keeps what to English and Norman taste seems the natural shape of a minster; here at Brantôme we have nothing but a single body of three bays. There is not even an apse; the eastern bay of the three forms a choir with a flat east end. But then those three bays are very much more in the grand style than anything at Chancellade; tall and wide, they are thoroughly Southern; only we are little amazed to find, instead of the local cupola, a vault more after the Angevin fashion. The three bays differ in width and in treatment inside and out, the eastern one having the greatest share of ornament. But all alike are in a simple and highly finished variety of the Transition, the eastern bay being the most advanced. The only departure from the simplicity of the single-bodied type is a low apsidal recess with shafts attached to the north side of the western bay.

The position of Brantôme abbey made it only less impossible than at Saint Michael's Mount to give the monastic buildings their usual position. The cloister, of much later date than the church, takes, as at New College, the shape of a *cortile* at the west-end; part of it is broken down; and, unless our memory strangely fails us, this mischief has been done since 1857. The monastic buildings, as so commonly in France, are of the *Renaissance*; but they contain one or two things worth looking at, specially a large room which seems to have been the dormitory, in which we may see a nearer approach to an artistic wooden roof than we often light on in a French building. And behind the buildings there is, as there is all along the hill, a good deal of burrowing in the rock, some of which takes artistic and pious shapes in

the sculpture which is hewn out in the living stone. And there are other objects to see at Brantôme besides the abbey. There is the desecrated parish church, hard by, but on the other side of the river. It shows how very conventional was the notion of east among mediæval church-builders that the two churches stand nearly at right angles to one another. There is nothing very wonderful about the parish church, save a single corner buttress, finished with an oddly corbelled stage, giving it a military air. It was, as usual, a vaulted building, aisleless, but with side chapels and with fair Flamboyant windows. A little way further from the abbey is a singular bridge, which changes its direction in the middle of the stream. This is one of several bridges at Brantôme; for the position of the town is in truth peninsular, though the fact does not strike one as it does when the peninsula is also a hill as at Poitiers. There are old houses in abundance, both really mediæval and later; here, as often in France, the mere pointed arch in the wall, even the distinctly marked doorway or window which we should seize on greedily in England, does not strike us as anything very remarkable. But some of the Brantôme houses have something more to show. There is one good, but plain house, where, by going to the upper story, we well take in that primitive arrangement which nowhere comes out better than in the Bayeux tapestry. And there is another house near the river, on the other side of the town from the abbey, which rises far higher in the scale of art. There is no reason why it should not have been simply a house, though somebody whispered that it had been part of a monastery—perhaps only from the tendency to call out .

"church" or "monastery" wherever there is a pointed window. Anyhow here are, over a range of four plain pointed arches below, a range of four elegant and well-finished pointed windows, more or less mutilated certainly, but showing signs of what they have been, and one of them keeping its graceful Geometrical tracery untouched. It is a very pretty fragment indeed.

We leave Brantôme for Bourdeille, and thence back to Périgueux by another road from that which brought us through Chancellade. It is always pleasant to catch something that we have not reckoned on, and in an architectural journey few catches are more pleasant in their way than to light on a small building reproducing on its own scale the characteristics of a greater, but which is not in any way felt as a mere model of the greater. Thus, on our way from Brantôme to Bourdeille, the eye is caught by the little village and church of Valeuil, on a small hill above the road. We feel certain that the church must have a cupola. We go up and find, what we have not yet seen, a small village church in the local style. At Chancellade we have had the abbey and the chapel, but not the parish church strictly so-called. Here we have a small building of the Iffley type, the central tower without transepts. But here in Périgord the central tower becomes a cupola, the nave has a barrel-vault, and east of the cupola is an apse, somewhat more highly finished with shafts. A later aisle has been simply cut through the Romanesque wall; it has no local feeling about it.

We reach Bourdeille, a small town sloping steeply down from the road to the river. Here are two objects to see, the castle and the church. Of these the church

stands the higher of the two; the castle was so placed as before all things to command the river and its bridge. But as both church and castle are now, each gives us a feeling of disappointment. With regard to the castle the disappointment is the result of sheer accident; all its inhabitants have gone away, and they have taken the keys with them. We have therefore to content ourselves with seeing the outside only, and trying to remember whether we did not see the inside also nine-and-twenty years ago. The case of the church is more grievous. The restorer is rampant in Western Aquitaine, and he has had the satisfaction of destroying and making afresh a large part of the ancient church of Bourdeille. It is a small building, again of the Iffley type, the mid-tower of course covering a cupola. But at this moment the cupola has perished, very likely to make way to a successor; the apse has found its successor already. The outline remains; but the heart is saddened; we turn away to the castle, or so much of it as we can get a sight of. And we can at least take in the general effect of the great fortress and dwelling on its peninsular height, in many points founded on the living rock, and sloping down to the ancient bridge over the Dronne. We can mark its double circuit, its octagonal donjon with its flat buttresses and corbel-table. We can mark the windows of a long building which must surely be the great hall. At first sight they seem to belong to the earliest days of the growth of tracery, and to days earlier still. There are there, to all appearances, not only groups of two lights with the mere Geometrical figure pierced in the head, but the coupled round-headed window of the early Romanesque, the two lights not

even brought together, Norman-fashion, under a containing arch. Yet somehow, even in the distance, though they have the lines, they have not the true air, of early windows. When we bring the glass to bear on them, we find that they belong to a class the acquaintance of which we have made at Limoges, Toulouse, and elsewhere. The forms of Early Gothic and even Romanesque windows are kept on with details of perhaps the fifteenth century. We have seen them in church-towers; here they are in a castle-wall. And their presence in both is doubtless owing to a feeling that windows of their shape are more in place either in the tower or in the wall than the forms to which the architect would most naturally have turned. Adaptations of this kind are really much commoner than is often thought. These little windows at Bourdeille are akin to the fifteenth-century nave of Westminster, carrying on all the lines of the earlier choir, but with the details of its own age.

We would gladly tarry longer and find more to tell at Bourdeille, church and castle, but the fates are against us. Our antiquarian journey is done for the day; but it is a little thrilling when, on the road back to Périgueux, we have spots pointed out to us where "that grey deer, wolf on weald," still keeps his lair, in the teeth of all progress and enlightenment.

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## II. SAINT-EMILION.

THE department of Gironde is one of those two departments of France which have a history as departments, a history which fell to the lot of both of them very soon after they first appeared on the map in their new character. But the two tales differ; the tale of La Vendée, if a tale of suffering, is also a tale of action; the action of the historical men of Gironde happened elsewhere; their own department saw only their sufferings. And in the story of their end a chief part is played by a spot most remarkable on many other grounds. The little hill-town of Saint-Emilion can now be reached by the railway between Bordeaux and Le Buisson; it was not so when we first saw it nine-and-twenty years ago. And we hear that this easy means of reaching it has made it a favourite place for excursions from the neighbouring town of Libourne, the *bastide* of King Edward. But for all this, Saint-Emilion, above ground and below, seems very little changed since 1857. For at Saint-Emilion we must distinguish above ground and below; it would be a very imperfect account of the place which kept itself to either branch only. The history of Saint-Emilion begins with the rock-hewn cell of a hermit, and its most striking event of later times is the attempt of the proscribed Girondins to hide themselves in the rock-hewn shelters generally,

perhaps in that of the hermit among others. When we say that the great church of Saint-Emilion was first hewn in the rock, that then the tower was built directly over it on the rock, and that lastly a second church was built alongside of the tower, we shall at once give some notion of the kind of place of which we are speaking.

From thus much of knowledge, almost from the name of the place without any further knowledge, it follows that Saint-Emilion is neither an immemorial Roman and Gaulish town, nor yet a *bastide* called into being at the bidding of some Aquitanian duke or Parisian king. The place is, on the face of it, a good deal younger than Bordeaux and a good deal older than Libourne. It ranks with towns in England like Crowland, Evesham, and Selby, which have risen round the dwelling-place of some holy man. But the characteristic difference between the towns of Gaul and Britain extends to towns of this kind also; Crowland, Evesham, and Selby are all down in the flats—Crowland very much in the flats—while Saint-Emilion is on a hillside. Hence Saint-Emilion puts on another character which its English fellows never held; its position made it an important military post. Therefore, though the town is of ecclesiastical origin, neither its history nor its monuments are wholly ecclesiastical. It has its walls and its castle to show as well as its churches. The walls mark the growth and separate existence of the town of Saint-Emilion under its natural dukes; the castle, emphatically the *château du roi*, marks a moment of occupation by a dangerous neighbour. The small donjon high on the rock, with more than one

range of dwellings, if dwellings they be, beneath it, was the work of the French king Lewis the Eighth. He for a season held Saint-Emilion, as he also held Avignon and London. He built the castle avowedly to keep the town in his possession. It stands alone and apart, an episode in the history of the place; but it is quite worth climbing up and looking out through the graceful coupled Romanesque window. From the more points of view Saint-Emilion can be looked at the better.

The walls, on the other hand, are an essential part of the place. They came in the natural order of things to fence in the church of Saint-Emilion and the dwellings of those who found themselves a home under its shadow. This last metaphor came in a moment of forgetfulness of the truth that the first church of Saint-Emilion could not cast any shadow. We must leave it to local antiquaries to settle whether Saint-Emilion was girded with walls before the existence of something that could cast a shadow, in the shape of the tower that stands over the rock church. It is strange to stand on the slope of the hill, in the middle of the town, or more strictly at the point of junction of the upper and lower town, and to see a grand entrance doorway of the fourteenth century built up against the rock, with some ugly Flamboyant windows built in the rock, suggesting certainly a prison rather than a church, and the stately tower and spire rising above our heads. To the left is the graceful Transitional chapel of the Holy Trinity, now desecrated; its apse, and the apse of the great church above, and the Flamboyant windows which in truth mark the conventional east end of the rock church, point in directions as widely removed from one

another as anything that the freest licence can bring together as east. And the conventional east end of the rock church is driven to be its conventional west end also. The great doorway, and a meaner one by which we are smuggled in, both range with the windows over and beside the altar. Why not have hewn out a complete apse at the other end? The rock church is cut out into the likeness of body and aisles, of square piers, arches, and barrel-vault. The material was well suited to carrying out Aquitanian conceptions. For between the rock church and the Trinity chapel is another artificial cave which passes for the oratory of Saint Emilion himself. Here a cupola has been hewn out, which somehow suggested Mykêne and New Grange;\* and, as cupolas are sometimes finished with a *louvre*, so this hewn-out cupola is finished with a kind of chimney to let in a little light. Hard by, under the Trinity chapel, is what tradition calls the hermitage of the local saint. We see his bed, his chair, and the holy well, a draught of which fully justifies the boast of a local writer that, if Saint-Emilion is famous for its wine, it has a still better right to be famous for its water.

At our last visit to Saint-Emilion we could not get into the Trinity chapel itself; the key was not just then to be had. But we have a drawing made twenty-nine years ago, which calls up again the inside, with its graceful shafts and pointed arches and its apsidal vaulting, which might pass as a very model for the roofing of a building of its date and style. When this whole group of buildings has been seen, it will be well to climb to

\* Some of the larger among the *Sikel-holes* at Lentini come nearer still,

the terrace where the bell-tower stands above the rock church, and not far from the built church which has supplanted it. Thence we get a good look out over the town and its neighbourhood, with a special view of the royal castle on the height immediately opposite. And here may be enjoyed the third special produce of Saint-Emilion, besides its wine and its water, a product the secret of whose make its prudent people refuse to share with any other. These are no other than macaroons, which in other places may be had dry, but which at Saint-Emilion may be had fresh baked, cleaving in rows to the paper which, in their more familiar state, appears only as a survival. Helped by any light drink, they make a good little local luncheon, while looking out on the land on a hot Aquitanian day. The tower under whose shadow we thus refresh ourselves—for the tower does cast a shadow—is of at least three dates. The lower stages, the lowest of them originally open, are Romanesque; it has been carried up in the early Gothic, and carried up further and finished with a spire and a staircase-turret in the late and rich French style. The love of spires is abiding in this district; they appear on all the new church-towers, and in Bordeaux they have been since 1857 added to the detached bell-towers both of Saint Michael's and of the metropolitan church. It was doubtless the presence of this striking detached tower which hindered the western tower of the neighbouring minster from ever being carried up. Its unfinished second stage hardly rises above the roof, and gives a shapeless appearance to the building. This church was begun in 1110, for an abbot and canons regular. Its nave still stands, three bays besides the

tower, the two most eastern of which carry cupolas after the use of Périgueux, which is not the use of Bordeaux. The cupolas of course rest on pointed arches, and pointed arches at two heights, after the manner of Auvergne, open into the west tower. In all things, it may be needful again to put in the reminder, there is no sign of approaching Gothic; that is to be seen only in the western bay, which may possibly have supplanted a third contemplated cupola; at present it has an ordinary vault. The windows are mostly of the purest Romanesque; there was no constructive gain in making the arches of windows or doorways pointed; so they remain round, though the pointed form is used in the main arches of the building. The west window especially, placed in a kind of porch projecting from the unfinished western tower, and above all the many receding round arches of the doorway, form a marked contrast to the use of the pointed arch within. A few windows have been inserted; the west bay has one on each side rather like the German fan-light; but on the whole the nave of Saint-Emilion is a pure and very good example of this class of domical churches, which no one would take to be domical merely seen from outside.

The eastern part of the original church has given way to a rebuilding on a greater scale, contemporary with a change in the foundation. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Pope Clement the Fifth changed the abbey into a collegiate church. Twelve prebends were founded; but there were not twelve prebendaries. Of the four dignitaries, dean, chanter, sacrist, and almoner —where were the chancellor and treasurer?—the Dean

held two prebends, and one went to defray the expenses of divine service. *Domus*, so to speak, held a stall. This change seems to have been accompanied by the building of a new choir, probably a good deal larger than the older one. While keeping the full width of the domical nave for the choir itself, it was further widened by the addition of wide aisles. The apse, simple and without chapels, is of later date again; it seems to be a mere addition to the fourteenth-century building, which has the look of having had a flat east end, a feature less rare in these lands than might have been looked for. Some other late chapels have been added, specially one on the south side of the choir. There is strictly speaking no crossing where there are no transepts; but two tall and massive cylindrical piers, reminding one of Gloucester or Carcassonne or Monsempron, give somewhat of the effect of one. The cloister remains, a plain, almost rude, specimen of the type of Moissac, with coupled shafts and pointed arches, the skeleton, as it were, of Monreale.

The collegiate church was also the parish church of the town, and one of the dignitaries of the Chapter, the sacrist, held the place of parish priest. There are therefore no other parish churches. But the friars did not fail to settle at Saint-Emilion as elsewhere, first outside the walls, and then within them. The whole monastery of the Cordeliers, church, cloister, the west front with its double door, all the buildings, old and new, remain, though in utter ruin; they are small, but follow the usual type of such buildings. But the most striking bit of friars' architecture is outside the wall. In truth the churches of Saint-Emilion, above ground

and below, are so closely connected with the origin and the name of the place that they have carried us out of the due order of visiting the town. As a matter of fact, we did not walk round the walls first; but we ought to have done so. The walls are not altogether perfect; the greatest amount of breaking down is on the south side, that by which we are likely to draw near. We are therefore tempted to go in at once, instead of first making the circuit of the defences outside. Having come in this way, having made our way to the castle and to the great church, we may begin our survey in the neighbourhood of the latter, the very near neighbourhood, as a piece of the wall now destroyed all but touched the tower. We may walk either way; the turn to the east will lead us to the fragment already spoken of, three bays and a little more of the vanished Dominican church, commonly known as the *Grandes Murailles*. Small fragment of a great building as it is, it shows all the boldness and simplicity so characteristic of that class of buildings, which nowhere comes out better than in the tall friars' churches of Toulouse. But the wall itself, with its deep ditch cut in the rock, with the houses built on and against it and their windows of various dates cut through the wall itself, is no small matter. When we turn round the corner by the *Grandes Murailles* the interest grows. No walls anywhere were ever further from following the regular lines of a *chester* than those of Saint-Emilion. The sides, if we can talk of sides, are of any length that may happen, and the points of the compass come in only casually, as to be sure they do in the orientation of the churches also. But the north end, near the *Grandes Murailles* and the

vanished *Porte Bourgeoise* outside which they lie, is marked by some notable buildings. At two points the line of the wall gives way, so to speak, to stately Romanesque houses which seem to have been thought strong enough to form parts of the defences. They have the usual flat buttresses and strings, and the upper stages have grand ranges of coupled windows in the best style of the twelfth century. The one close to the gate, in its outer face at least a quite untouched example of its class, goes by the name of *Palais Cardinal*, and tradition connects it with the first Dean, Cardinal Gaillard de La Motte. He may have owned it; he may have lived in it; but assuredly no man of the fourteenth century built it. We go on and come to another house, whose details are richer, and which looks as if it had been yet more stately in height, but whose perfect Romanesque effect is a good deal marred by later insertions. When these houses were built, the church of Saint-Emilion had regular canons; they therefore could not have been, in their beginnings at least, ecclesiastical dwellings. They surely mark the upper quarter of the town as the aristocratic, or at least the wealthy, quarter. And in truth a gate, the *Porte Cadène*, placed on no small slope, not very far from the rock church, divides the upper quarter from the lower. In this upper quarter a well to each house supplied the sweet waters of Saint-Emilion, while the lower part of the town was served by only two fountains for the whole. The town had one advantage in time of war, that it could never be driven to surrender by force of thirst.

But we must also walk the other way, more west than anything else, from the point where the wall is

broken down near the great church. We trace the wall and its rock-cut ditch, and gain new points of view at every step. But specially two other subjects, two small churches or chapels outside the walls, remain to be seen. One of them, which will be reached by simply following the wall to an open green, is a Romanesque chapel of no great account; but the other, the church of Saint Martin, now the chapel of a burying-ground, must in no case be left out. We missed it in 1857, but we made good the error in 1886. It is a small Romanesque church, not quite of the type of Iffley and Valeuil, as it has transepts of the smallest possible projection. To the east of the central cupola are one barrel-vaulted bay and an apse; the nave and apse are vaultless. The whole is Romanesque, with narrow windows, and wonderfully heavy capitals, both to the lantern-arches and to the south doorway. In the apse is a dedication inscription which fixes the day of the rite to XVIII. KAL. Ianvar. But why could not we have the name, if not the year, of some king, duke, or consul? We think of King Edward and Earl Tostig at Kirkdale, of Earl Odda at Deerhurst, and we are inclined to blame the men of Saint-Emilion for cleaving so closely to primitive practice.

Through the town again; down the hill; back to Libourne and Bordeaux. The great city changes fast; but the mere advance of years seems to make little difference at Saint-Emilion.

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## III. SAINTES.

*Mediolanum Santonum* is one of the towns which follow the proper course of nomenclature for a Gaulish town. On two sides of it Burdigala and Encolisma have declined to exchange their own names for any tribe name; they still abide under the slightly changed shapes of Bordeaux and Angoulême. But Mediolanum, by that name, has ceased to be, no less than the Mediolanum of Normandy and the Mediolanum of Shropshire; the great Mediolanum of Lombardy is left to represent them all, save only the obscure Mediolanum of Berry, still bearing the name of *Meillan* on such maps as stoop to show it. But the Santones, older than Mediolanum, have survived Mediolanum, and still give their name to both city and province. *Saintonge* is not a mere formation from *Saintes*, like *Angou[les]mois* for *Angoulême*; the two names are cognate, each directly representing a people of whom Cæsar has something to say more than once. How both city and province came by the *X* which they bore for several centuries, is less clear. The old name is *Santones*, not *Xantones*; yet it is always, both in Latin and French, *Xantones*, *Xaintes*, *Xaintonge*, all through the middle ages and later. *Saintonge*, as the name of the province, could not have been very old when it became part of the department of *Charente-Inférieure*. Did the difference of spelling at any time represent a difference of sound?

The position of Mediolanum Santonum is very unlike that of the great Mediolanum in the vast plain of Lombardy. Saintes slopes down from the top of the hill to the low and marshy ground by the Charente, that low ground which, on the other side of the river, makes alluvial meadows of wonderful fruitfulness. But old Mediolanum stood wholly on the hill, like the oldest Lindum, and did not trust itself at all on the lower ground. The town has not exactly changed its site; but modern Saintes takes in ground that was not part of Mediolanum, and leaves out ground that was. Contrary to all rule, the cathedral church of Saintes, the church of Saint Peter, stands on the lower ground, with the abbey of Saint Eutropius soaring above it. Saint Peter's in truth stands on something more than the lower ground: all this part of the town is simply reclaimed swamp, and the church itself is actually built on piles. The singular departure from ordinary usage is explained by the statement that the site of the church has been changed, that the original Saint Peter's became the church of the local Saint Vivian, and that a new Saint Peter's arose, still in very early times, on the spot whence the bodies of several Christian martyrs had been thrown into the swamps of the Charente. It must therefore be the older Saint Peter's of Saintes on the older site which claimed to be the second church in the world that was dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles. But this honour has followed the dedication, and has moved with it to the present site; the claim is believed, and a bull of Pope Nicolas the Fifth is quoted as evidence. The church has lost its cathedral rank, as the bishopric of Saintes is merged in the modern bishopric of La Ro-

chelle, which was cut out of its own substance in the seventeenth century. On the other hand, privileges from Pius the Ninth have raised it to the dignity of "basilica minor," and have "aggregated" it to the Vatican basilica itself. Saint Peter's therefore, now no longer the bishopstool of a Santonian diocese, rejoices, like Saint Sernin at Toulouse, in the style of "insigne basilique." Saint Sernin is strictly "basilica," according to the distinction followed by Gregory of Tours. The "ecclesia" of Toulouse is the now metropolitan church of Saint Stephen. At Saintes the whole state of things is so anomalous that one does not know what words Gregory would have used.

In the general view of Saintes then one might be tempted to take Saint Eutropius, the highest object in the town, for the cathedral church. But Saint Eutropius always stood in a *faubourg*, and now at least Saint Peter's is in its proper place, in the heart of the city as it stands. But Saintes has more than the *ecclesia* and a single *basilica*. As it now stands, it contains three grand churches, all of which have suffered more than usual from wilful destruction and degradation. Saint Peter's keeps its full length and breadth, but very far from the full height of its nave since it was battered down by the Huguenots. Saint Eutropius is one of the noblest of Romanesque fragments, but it is only a fragment. The choir is there, and the crypt and the chapels and the north tower, but the nave has perished, leaving only a few scraps of the south wall. The church which has formally undergone the greatest degradation has really suffered the least in its material fabric. The royal abbey of Our Lady beyond the river, changed

from a house of nuns into a house of soldiers, keeps its parts and proportions untouched, and even its details comparatively little injured. Should its present inmates ever be cleared out, it will stand forth by far the finest building of the whole three. If we can conceive the three suddenly called back to their old perfection, it might be that Saint Peter and Saint Eutropius might fairly dispute the first place for original grandeur, as they now may for present disfigurement. Saint Peter's, after its sufferings in the religious wars, was set up again how it might; the nave has been roofed in far below the old height. Inside we can see that there have been a triforium and clerestory; outside are flying buttresses still standing and doing nothing. But after all its wrongs, it still keeps two striking features, one within and one without, one of early and one of late date. Each transept keeps a cupola to remind us in what land we are, and at the west end is the single stately tower with its imperfect spire, either left unfinished or broken down. It looks like Yatton or Saint Mary Redcliff, before the latter was so unwisely cumbered with a spire out of all proportion to the building. Altogether we see enough of Saint Peter of Saintes in its present strange state, neither perfect, nor ruined, nor exactly anything, to tell us that it must once have been a fine exotic in the Aquitanian land. But it is the one remnant of strictly native art, the cupolas which hinder us from forgetting in what land we are, which really speak to the historic memory.

The other two great churches of Saintes stand outside the present city. Saint Eutropius may be reached by more than one road; the most effective is doubtless

that which skirts the *boulevards* which preserve the line of the mediæval fortifications, the defences of *Xainctes*, not of Mediolanum. The fragment of the minster on its height, with its now single tower almost rivalling that of Saint Peter's down below, forms a striking object in the view of Saintes from every point. It nowhere looks better than when we draw near to it by the road which we have mentioned, and come upon it from the high ground opposite to it just before the traveller goes down to his right to follow the path which leads to the amphitheatre. From the amphitheatre itself the view is also effective, but it is somewhat misleading. The church seems to have a finish to the west end. From that distance it needs the glass to show that the finish is no finish, but a beggarly imitation of a west front at about the point where the rood-loft ought to be. From the opposite height, at the top of the lane, we see what we have left to us and what we have lost. We see that the eastern limb alone is standing, with the northern tower of a pair set Exeter-fashion. And there is part of the northern wall of the nave or its aisle, enough to mark the extent of the building, and to show what the church when perfect must have been, with the single exception of the tower. And here is a harmonious Romanesque design of first-rate merit. But it is ordinary Romanesque, coming nearer to the Arvernian than to the Petracorian model. It has not the single wide body and the cupolas, but aisles, pillars, arches, and barrel-vaults, such as may be seen in other places. Only they are seen here with lavish display of the best, not the very latest, detail of the style, inside and out. Saint Eutropius has indeed a study of capitals, and they must be studied both

above-ground and below. For here is a crypt said to be the largest in France after that of Chartres, and which certainly is most unlike Chartres in its pillars and capitals.

We have said that the desecrated abbey beyond the river has really undergone less damage in its fabric than the other two minsters which are still, wholly or partly, applied to sacred uses. The church stands, with its conventional buildings attached, and needs hardly more than to be cleared out. It is a very remarkable study of Romanesque. It shows how the taste of the district changed, and how, when the cupolas came into fashion, they actually displaced the basilican arrangement in existing churches. Our Lady of Saintes clearly once had aisles to the nave; but the pillars are gone, and the spreading cupolas spring from wall to wall. With the cupola of course the pointed arch comes in, otherwise the church is throughout of the purest Romanesque. The central tower with its round finish suggests Notre Dame at Poitiers; the wide west front keeps its doorways with an admirable study of detail. But how are its minuter details to be borne in mind, if a sudden change back again from summer to winter hinders the traveller from making or recording his minutest impressions, and that in a city which does not furnish the beautiful photographs which may be carried off from Arles or Nîmes to strengthen the memory? To those who wish more minutely to study the capitals and other details of the Santonian minsters, we can only say, Go and study them; they are worth the journey.

But we have not yet exhausted even mediæval

Xainctes, and we have as yet hardly touched what is left of more ancient Mediolanum. Saintes has something to show in the way both of houses and of churches on a smaller scale than the three great minsters. Hard by the desecrated abbey is the church of Saint Palladius, with a good Romanesque doorway covered by a modern porch. In the middle of the town there is a far more unexpected object, a small church with a flat east end, and an east window which, to say the least, comes a great deal nearer to Carlisle or Selby than we look for even in the greatest French churches. As for Mediolanum, what words shall we choose to describe the strange fate of its most notable monument? The Charente was spanned by a bridge which joined the city to its eastern suburb beyond the river; on the bridge stood a triumphal arch, the arch of Germanicus, with inscriptions of dedication to his jealous uncle or father. The bridge has vanished; but the arch abides in such a sort that we hardly know whether to say that it abides in a figure or in its substance. Let metaphysicians argue whether what we now look upon is to be reckoned as the real arch of Germanicus or as something else. The truth is that the arch, the two arches rather, with their Corinthian pilasters and all that belongs to them, have been carried away stone by stone, and set up again stone by stone at a little distance by the river-side. The thing has been cleverly done, and the traveller who was not told might perhaps not find out that it had been done at all. He might perhaps think that the arch was set down rather casually in its actual site; but that might be due to the original designers. Any-

how it was better than smashing it altogether, which was most likely the other alternative.

Had Mediolanum a capitol, like Toulouse? That point has been argued with much fervour by the local antiquary, M. Audiat, who will not allow his city to claim any such honour. We must ourselves confess to certain qualms of ignorance, as not feeling at all clear what a capitol out of Rome might be like. There seems to have been something at the top of the hill, but whatever it was, capitol or otherwise, it is not there now. The Roman interest of Saintes is divided between the arch, perfect, but not in its right place, and the amphitheatre, still in its right place, but very far from perfect. The remains are down in the hollow below Saint Eutropius, and they supply a good comparison with other buildings of the same class as regards their material. The amphitheatres of Arles and Nîmes are built of great stones, that of Bordeaux of layers of brick and small stones, this of Saintes of small stones without bricks. Far less perfect than the amphitheatres of Arles and Nîmes, this of Saintes seems, when it was perfect, to have been larger than they. And it has a modern tale which is worth telling. Not far off is a house built on a Roman substructure, the remains of a building which clearly stood in some relation to the amphitheatre. Whatever it was, it was certainly turned into a human dwelling at some time, remote enough now, but when amphitheatres had already begun to pass away. No time is more likely than the terrible years 407-409, when men had to shelter themselves how and where they could from the great flood of Vandal, Suevian,

and Alan inroad. Some fugitives made themselves a shelter in the Roman building. They used its walls as rocks and hill-sides have been used long before, and long after, at Chancellade and Brantôme, as well as by the banks of Loire and Dordogne. They dug in the substance of the wall to make for themselves such conveniences as they needed, here a bed, there a little bed, there a cupboard. But this is not all; thereby hangs a story which might suggest a thrilling heading for a professed teller of tales, as "*Le Roman des Trois Vaches des Arènes.*" The owner of the house, no other than the chief antiquary of Saintes, owns a field and orchard between his house and the remains of the amphitheatre. In the field he fed a cow. At a certain point of the field, whenever the cow reached it, she tossed her head, threw up her tail, pawed the ground, even ploughed it with her horns, behaved in all points like a cow bereft of understanding. What was the cause? A cloth was thrown over her head that she might not see, she was muzzled that she might not smell; yet still at that one marked spot she went through exactly the same antics. In course of time this cow was sold and another cow was bought. The second cow did as the first. The second was sold and a third bought, and the third did even as the second. The time was clearly come for a more minute scientific inquiry into the cause of these strange doings on the part of three successive kine. Diggings were made, and a drain was found to run across the whole field from the house to the amphitheatre. At the particular spot chosen for the cow's gambols was a further hole like a well, stuffed full of rubbish of every kind,

but mainly of the bones of animals. The hole was cleared out and filled up, and made like the rest of the field; and from that time such cows as have fed in that field have shown no tendency to the strange pranks of those that went before them. Now what is the explanation? Animals have a keen sense of smell, and are often much affected by the presence of anything like animal remains; but here the experiment of the muzzle seems to shut out the possibility of smell being the faculty called into play, if any smell could have attached to bones or anything else after so long a time as they are likely to have been hidden. It seems more likely that the faculty that was called forth was the power of discerning insecurity in the ground, a power which animals often show in a high degree. Anyhow there is the story; one would have liked to know how it would have struck Gregory of Tours.

Saintes and its bishops are naturally mentioned a good many times in Gregory's story; but the city hardly holds a first-rate place in his pages. It has a deeper interest at a later stage, when the first crowned Pippin made it his starting-point for the conquest of Aquitaine, the headquarters where he left his queen during his campaign with the native prince Waifar, and whither after his victory he came back to sicken of the sickness which brought him to his grave at Saint-Denis. It figures in a character in some respects opposite in another warfare when a king of Northern Gaul went forth on the same errand of Aquitanian conquest, but when the prince to be fought against was so strangely the bearer of an island crown. In this view Saintonge and Saintes have, like most spots in Aquitaine, their place

in English history. Pippin could hardly refuse to be represented by Saint Lewis; but Waifar would hardly acknowledge a worthy successor in Henry of Winchester. But in this story Saintes becomes a kind of appendage to one of the smaller towns of Saintonge, to its own neighbour Taillebourg. As we are driven to study Saintes less perfectly than is our wont among the cities of southern Gaul, so we are driven to give up the hope of seeing Pons and Saint Jean d'Angely, and a crowd of places which we know have much to offer us. But Taillebourg, if no other place, we can manage. We will move thither to meet face to face with Henry of Aquitaine and England, with Lewis of France, and with Richard of Cornwall and Almaine. Charles of Anjou and Sicily should have been there to make up the quaternion; but we can perhaps dispense with his presence.

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## IV.—TAILLEBOURG.

Saintonge, by the report of all topographical and illustrated books, is full of objects which the visitor longs to see, churches, castles, historical sites of all kinds. But it may so happen that a hard and unlooked-for destiny makes him unable to see more than a single spot beyond the city of Saintes, and that a spot more memorable as a historic site than for anything at all attractive in the way of architecture. One has to be careful nowadays in one's naming of battles, at least if one wishes to be literary and not to be pedantic. It is, we believe, literary to call a battle after a place as far from its actual site as one conveniently can, so that the general reader may not be troubled by knowing where it really happened. It is, for instance, pedantic to speak of the battle of Stamfordbridge; it is more literary to call it the battle of York, eight miles off. But in our present case we are quite safe. From the height of the castle of Taillebourg we look down on a wide view, in which the points which concern us are the river Charente and the meadows beyond it, spanned by a most remarkable causeway which now leads down to the river. Our books speak of the battle of Taillebourg, and there can be no doubt that they speak with the utmost literary precision; for there was no battle at all, and it was not fought at

Taillebourg. As far as Taillebourg is concerned, it was not even a case of

“Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.”

On that meadow Henry, Duke of Aquitaine and King of England, took his *vapulatio* without his saintly cousin of France having to do any *pulsatio*, unless we except a slight killing and taking captive done afterwards close to Saintes. The place where there should have been a battle but where there was none is worth a visit for its own sake. It is worth it, if only to look out from the castle and to take in, more fully than we do at Saintes itself, the full expanse of the alluvial meadows which form so marked a feature of the neighbourhood. Here they lie wholly on the left bank of the Charente, the castle-hill of Taillebourg coming near to the right bank. The little town climbs the hill by the side of the castle. He who has been at Taillebourg and then reads the account in Matthew Paris will be inclined to cry out when he reads of “civitas Tailleburc,” and reads further, “est autem civitas illa nobilis valde.” Gregory of Tours found it hard to understand why the “castrum” of Dijon was not called “civitas,” but he would have groaned at the thought of a word which he so pedantically left to its proper use being applied in a mere literary fashion to such a “castrum” or “locus” as Taillebourg. For Matthew Paris is clearly literary; he almost savours of fine writing, not to say of the grand style. “Est autem civitas illa nobilis valde, uberrimis vineis opulenta, fluvium cum pratis amoenis et ponte optimo habent iocundissimum, scilicet Charentam profundam et invadibilem.” We shall have a word or two to say

about the “pons optimus;” what Matthew has given us is a capital description of the view from Taillebourg, but it does not go far towards proving Taillebourg itself to be a “civitas valde nobilis.” He would have relied on merits of another kind to prove the nobility of the city of Bordeaux, or even of Angoulême. The nobility of Taillebourg clearly lay in the vineyards and meadows of its neighbourhood, not in anything that commonly goes to make the nobility of a city. It could never have been much more than a small town which had grown up at the gate of the castle; it has, we really think, the poorest church that we ever saw in France, and not much to show in any other way. There is of course always a certain picturesqueness about any town that runs up and down the sides of a hill; but that is about all that Taillebourg, apart from its castle, has to show. And the odd thing is that Matthew Paris does not mention the castle. In describing the surrender of the place to Saint Lewis, he talks of “civitas” and “cives,” just as if he were speaking of Bordeaux. Yet it must have been the castle which the King of France mainly wished to occupy. There is now nothing very special to see in it, nothing like the donjon of Lewis the Eighth at Saint-Emilion; but the site alone must have made it important in warfare at any time. It stands on a rock above the river; we are tempted to call it a peninsular rock; only that might imply that it stands in the river, while all that we should mean would be that it is a dry peninsula, a hill all but isolated, connected with the main ground by a narrow neck. Nor does the hill even rise immediately above the river; there is no wide meadow

on this side as there is on the other; but there is the road and the railway and a good many of the houses of Taillebourg between the castle and the Charente. The hill is by no means narrow; there is room for pleasant walks and woods around the house which stands within the precinct. It just flashes across the mind—Did the “civitas valde nobilis” stand here when Matthew wrote? It can hardly be.

From the castle we look on the meadows which Matthew praises; but where is the “pons optimus”? As the stream of Charente now flows, there is no bridge at all; but we do not try whether the river is “invadibilis,” for we cross to the other side in a ferry-boat. But there is something which Matthew may possibly have meant by his “pons optimus.” We have casually referred to the causeway, and a most remarkable work it is. A road supported by pointed arches crosses the meadow from the little village of Saint-James—as usual, *James*, not *Jacques*—near where the ground begins to rise a little, to the ferry where we cross to and from Taillebourg. It must be a mile or more in length, and the greater part of it is still in fair repair. Very needful such a causeway must be when the meadows are flooded, and in the thirteenth century they doubtless were oftener flooded than they are now. Can this work be the “pons optimus” of Matthew? The story would almost suggest that it was then a bridge in the strict sense, that the Charente has changed its course, and that there was then a wider space, a space on which an army might encamp, between the castle-hill and the river. This is surely more likely than to understand Matthew as taking no notice

of the causeway, and as speaking of a bridge which has now no being. For it does not often happen that where a bridge has once been mankind are found willing to fall back on a ferry. Even if the river has not changed its course, still a causeway on arches, if not exactly a bridge, comes very near to the nature of one; we might say that it becomes a bridge whenever it is needed to act as such. Anyhow here in these meadows is the place where Henry, Duke and King, encamped when he did not fight any battle of Taillebourg. He set forth with a grand defiance—*diffiducatio*—which he sent to the King of France who was fast taking the castles of Count Hugh of La Marche. It needs a little effort to fancy Saint Lewis carrying on common local warfare of this kind like an every-day king; but so it is. And Count Hugh, it must be remembered, is the husband of the King of England's mother, the father of the half-brothers whom the King of England had to provide for at home, and whom his dutiful stepson always addresses as “domine comes pater.” He must have been an old man by this time, as he figures in Richard Lionheart's doings at Messina, where readers of Lingard may hardly have known him in the very humdrum description of “Hugh Browne.” King Lewis had taken this place and that, and the citizens of Taillebourg had surrendered their “city” to him without any trouble. He and a few nobles were dwelling within it, while the rest of this army pitched their tents in the meadows beside the river between the town and the bridge, looking like a great and populous city. This makes it almost certain that the course of the river must have

shifted. Meanwhile the King of England and his army had occupied the meadows on the other side, a far smaller host, it would seem, than that of the French King. An ugly quarrel followed between Count Hugh and his two stepsons; he had failed to support them, as he promised; in short, they were betrayed. It was hardly handsome of Hugh when he tried to throw the blame on his wife and their mother; but she may have been a difficult person to deal with, as it comes out that some thought that she was better called Jezebel than Isabel. The younger of her sons, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, not yet "Romanorum Rex semper Augustus," crossed the bridge and obtained a day's truce from the French King. He was a *persona grata* in the French court and camp, both as the King's kinsman and as having gained French good will by generous dealings in the Holy Land. A third reason for granting his request was that it was Sunday. The truce was granted; as soon as the sun was down, King Henry and his army made the best of their way to Saintes. In the night the French, whose numbers were continually increasing, began to cross the river. That was their Monday's work: on Tuesday they followed the King of England to Saintes. Outside the gate, among vineyards and narrow paths, a skirmish followed with no important results on either side, though both sides lost some killed and some taken. Earl Simon of Montfort and of Leicester was there, fighting valiantly for the king of whom he held his earldom, against the king in whose dominions he was born. John Mansel, the King of England's special clerk and counsellor, the chancellor who helped himself so largely to the King's

spiritual patronage, was also there in the character of a temporal warrior, and took captive the seneschal of the Count of Boulogne.

Such was the battle of Taillebourg, so far as there was a battle of Taillebourg. The sad ending of Henry the Third's expedition, how everybody gradually forsook him, how he lost Saintes and so many other places, is part of general, not of local history. But the local story is plain enough on the spot, if we only suppose that the long causeway once spanned the Charente itself. We can see the meadows on the two sides of such a river covered with the tents of the two armies; we see Taillebourg and its castle rising above the French position, while that of the English is strengthened by a range of low hills at their back. But it would be hard if we brought away nothing but the prospect of a meadow, even though armies had once encamped on it. The hamlet of Saint-James does not give us much, though there does seem to be a desecrated chapel. Another village to our right hand as we tread the causeway from Taillebourg is richer. That village, if there had been a battle of Taillebourg, if the King of England had not run away in such hurry to Saintes, could not have failed to play a considerable part in that battle. The village stands on a hill above the meadows; it has two small castles—we can call them nothing else—and between them a church of Saint Seurin—Saint Severinus, well-known at Bordeaux—of no small interest. It is a small cross church, with a mid-tower mainly Romanesque, but with its outline somewhat changed through the tower, which still keeps a lower stage of Romanesque arcades, having been raised by another stage, with thirteenth-

century windows, with trefoil heads. The church keeps its plain apse of the original work without chapels, little altered, except by the addition of a great buttress at the extreme east-end, which may have been found needful to keep the walls up. It has an original doorway on the south side, and a later one at the west-end. But the most curious thing about the building is the internal arrangement. The nave is much wider than the tower and eastern limb. Nothing is more common in an Aquitanian church than for the nave to be much wider than the choir; witness Orthez, with its triple chancel arch. But in those cases there is no central tower. The western arch of the lantern is therefore far from being the full width of the nave, and the northern and southern arches are very narrow indeed, but good work with pointed arches. The result is a strange shape given to the cupola. It is octagonal, but octagonal after the manner of Ely, with the cardinal faces much wider than the others. The little church of Saint Seurin has a character of its own; it is not exactly like anything else in its own neighbourhood or elsewhere, and it is pleasant to add this little bit of architectural researches to the not altogether satisfactory memories of the meadows and causeway of Taillebourg.

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## V. ANGOULÊME.

Ecolisma keeps its name, like Burdigala. It does not preserve the name of a tribe, but, like a Mercian shire-town, it gives its own name to a district, that Angoumois, the Ecolismian county, which answers, with some little change of boundary, to the modern department of Charente. It has no very great fame in ancient times, but it plays its part along with other Aquitanian cities in Gregory of Tours. It gave a Queen to England, that Isabel whom—though we will not call her Jezebel—we should remember with more liking if she had not sent the children of her second marriage to fatten on the spoils of England. In later times, under the Valois and Bourbon Kings of France, Angoulême was one of the towns which were picked out to give the style of duke and count to members of the royal family. A renowned Duchess of Angoulême lived into our own times, and long before that a Count of Angoulême grew into Francis the First. But Angoulême is one of the sites where one half grudges the memory of these mere bearers of appanages and titles; the spot deserves to be something of itself, the seat of an independent commonwealth or of an independent prince. It is a very distinct hill-city, far more so than most of its neighbours. Bordeaux of

course makes no pretension to that character; Saintes has lost it by creeping downstairs from the height of Mediolanum: at Périgueux the hill town is not the old Vesona, but the later borough of Saint-Front, and Saint-Front itself, *puy* as it calls itself, is by no means set on so high a hill as that of Angoulême. Angoulême, as far as site goes, is the right thing. It stands well on its hill, looking grandly down over river and plain, on a prospect so wide that one wishes that it contained some more strongly marked objects than any that it can show. And so with the city itself; we cannot get over a feeling that it is not quite worthy of its site. Why is there not as much to see as there is, we will not say at Bourges, for Angoulême does not claim to be the seat of kings and patriarchs, but say at Saintes itself? There are indeed the two things without which a city hardly can be, the great church and the great house, the palace or castle of the spiritual or temporal chief. But in many cities there is so much besides, walls, houses, other churches; in Gaul, above all we look for the secondary minster, the *basilica* besides the *ecclesia*. Here at Angoulême the *ecclesia* is nearly everything, the castle of the counts has lost all personal being. Except we went on purpose for the view, we should hardly go to Angoulême at all, were it not for the cathedral church of Saint Peter.

And truly Saint Peter of Angoulême is worth a journey. It is one of the greatest domical churches of the south; but it has departed a good deal from the full perfection of the type as carried out in Saint Front of Périgueux, and seemingly in Saint Front alone. Perhaps that is as

much as to say that Saint Front is not the perfection of the local type, that it is something standing by itself, or in company with Saint Sophia and Saint Mark—shall we add Saint Anthony of Padua?—and that the other domical churches form another type, following Saint Front in the use of cupolas, but not in its special grouping of them. If we make this distinction, the church of Angoulême clearly rises a step; of any class of Gaulish domical churches from which Saint Front is shut out, Saint Peter's is undoubtedly the head. It stands well, none the worse perhaps for not being quite on the top of its hill. From below we catch the outline of the one visible cupola, of that one of the twin towers which is left, and nothing is lost in effect because there is something above and behind them. The one remaining tower counts among the very stateliest—we were going to say of its own class, but it cannot be said to belong to any class. Its general feeling makes us think of Italy rather than of Gaul; but Gaul, like England, in its finished Romanesque eschews mid-walls, and in this Angoulême follows the common custom of Gaul. But what would have been the effect if the original grouping had lived on whole and perfect? The church was cruciform, with towers over the transepts, not massive towers like those of Exeter, Ottery, and Geneva, but towers soaring high like Schaffhausen and Saint Zeno. At Le Mans again we find lofty towers in the same place, or rather, as at Angoulême, we find one only; for Hildebert had to pull down his twin towers at the bidding of the Red King, and later ages have rebuilt the southern one only. But neither Exeter with its

long unbroken roof, nor Le Mans, with the choir and transepts of the days of French kings rising high over the nave of the days of Cenomannian counts, has anything to set against the central cupola which at Angoulême stood between the two lofty towers. The grouping may well have been unique, and we can hardly judge of its effect from the present mutilated state of the building. As it is, the tower and the cupola group as they can with one another; it is purely a grouping of contrast; neither has anything to balance it. When both towers were standing, they balanced one another, and kept joint watch over the cupola between them. And the look of the church differed a good deal in 1886 from its look in 1856. In the earlier year the cupola did not stand out as a cupola; it was roofed simply as a round or polygonal central tower. It might not be wise either to rule very positively whether the effect produced by removing this roof and letting the cupola proclaim itself as what it is, is a gain in present appearance, or again to rule which is likely to have been the original appearance. Saint Front clearly gains by having all its five cupolas brought to light, but the case of Saint Peter's is not quite the same as the case of Saint Front. Saint Peter's has three other cupolas which certainly were never seen, or meant to be seen, from outside. Saint Front is certainly Byzantine; Saint Peter's has nothing Byzantine about it. There is the cupola at the crossing; but the transepts, as we have seen, have no cupolas, but towers, and the nave looks outside much like any other aisleless Aquitanian nave; it is not till we get inside that we find that its roof is a succession of domes.

The central cupola, rising high above those of the nave, at once distinguishes the church of Angoulême from buildings like Saint-Emilion or Bourdeille or *La Cité* at Périgueux, where, if there is a crossing, it is not marked by a lofty cupola. One hardly knows what to say; we feel that the towers and the cupola belong to two distinct regions of architectural thought. Is it well to bring out the contrast as strongly as may be or in every way to veil it? We look back at a drawing of the east end as it stood in 1856. The central octagon with its conical roof certainly did not look amiss, and we must protest by the way against the removal of the large chapel of late date which had supplanted one of the original chapels of the apse. No doubt we see better now what the original end was like, but we could have inferred that for ourselves, and it is not the original east end that we see.

But the glory of the tower itself, whether better with or without its fellow, remains untouched. The conception is Italian, though of course no true Italian design—Vercelli and Saint Abbondio at Como are at least half German—would have made one tower, much less two, into part of the substance of the building. Nor are the details Italian; in one stage we have coupled windows; in none have we mid-walls. But it rises, stage upon stage, six stages clear of the body of the building, with all the majesty of the noblest towers of Verona or Lucca. It would be hard to find such a work elsewhere either in Gaul or Britain. We study the towers of Périgueux and Brantôme, as landmarks in architectural history and as having a true stateliness

of their own; but here is something more, here is a real work of art of the highest class. In this island we have nothing like it; we have only a dim feeling that this is what Earls Barton and Saint Michael's at Oxford might have grown into after ages of evolution. Yet after all, have we not a faint yearning after mid-walls? Some of the stages come very near to what a man either of Lucca or of Lincoln must feel to be the right thing, and yet we have not the thing itself. Be this as it may, the tower of Angoulême stands without a rival; it need not dispute with Saint Zeno or Saint Frediano; it has much in common with them, but it has put on a distinct character of its own which hinders direct comparison.

The Angoulême tower has a distinct character of its own in another way. It does not, as at Exeter, form a transept, nor does it, as at Le Mans, stand at the end of a transept. It strictly, as we before said, stands over the transept. The tower itself, as seen outside, nowhere comes down to the ground; the transept forms a base on which the tower sits. The transept projects further north than the tower; to the west it has its own finish, above which the tower rises; to the east it does become more strictly a bay of the transept, with the transept-apse between it and the body of the church.

The main grouping of the tower is with the great cupola and with the eastern apse. The tower has put Italian ideas into our head, and we almost look for the open gallery, like Lucca and so many Italian churches, and so many German churches which have followed

their pattern. But no; the parapet rests on a mere corbel-table, and the seeming windows below are couplets under containing arches. In truth they are not windows at all, but ornamental arcades relieving outside the space which is occupied within by the conch of the apse. At a second glance, we still grudge the destruction of the later chapels, as we do when we go round the transept and see that the like process has gone on against the walls of the nave. No doubt the original effect is better brought out; we better see the long coupled Romanesque windows; but architects, and above all French architects, find it very hard to understand that what history needs is not the original effect, when that has once been changed, but the effect which has been given to the building by the various changes which have modified the original effect. We may often regret those changes; but it is not our business to try to counterwork history by trying to undo them. So we cry out again when we get fully round to the west front of Saint Peter's. In 1886 the "restorer" had been busy there and he had given it quite another shape from what it had in 1856. We saw the new finish, the gable between something not exactly either towers or turrets, not rising at all comfortably from the singularly flat front. We felt that things were not as they were in past times; we turned to our drawing, and found arrangements which we cannot call beautiful, which are not likely to have been the work of the original architect, but which still somehow brought out the leading idea of the front better than what is there now. The new towers, turrets, whatever we

are to call them, with their round spires, are neither one thing nor the other; there is too much of them for mere pinnacles and not enough for real western towers. Western towers too, begging pardon of Angers and Cahors, are out of place where there are no aisles. They are said to take the place of two towers or turrets, destroyed, like the great south tower, in the Huguenot wars; possibly they represent them. Now the front, as it used to be, had no finish at all; and somehow, being what it was, it did the better for having no finish. It ended in a flat top between two odd little turrets—if that be the right name for them—finished with cupolas. They simply sat on the wall, and did not pretend to have anything to do with anything below them. Now we do not profess to say that the front really was finished with a flat top; but we do say that the flat top was not out of place for such a front. Never was anything in the world so utterly flat, without break or projection of any kind. Here is a wall covered with arcades, at least with arches. Flatness is clearly aimed at; the architect wished to make his front flat, and he succeeded. We may like his work or not; but, at any rate, it has a character of its own unlike anything else. It is as unlike Pisa or Lucca as it is unlike York or Abbeville. Wherever the architect could put a horizontal line he put one; but he made no arcades running across the whole face. And surely there never was a west end of a great church with so little to show in the way of windows and doors. The plural indeed is not to be used. The width of the front is occupied by five blank arches, of which the

central one is both wider and taller than those on each side of it, rising in short as high as it could. Within this is placed the west window, a single round-headed light, and below it the single western door-way, only very slightly recessed. Or more truly, the doorway is a square-headed one, with an arch over it, the form out of which the tympanum grew, but which need not have provoked the modern architect to stick in a tympanum of his own. The rest of the front on each side is covered with various arrangements of blank arches, with a good deal of imagery. It is surely the flattest design in the world.

The straight vertical and horizontal lines of the west-end certainly do not prepare us for the dignity and variety of the inside. Here to be sure the lines of the cupolas and their supports give us curves enough, recessing enough, shade enough. The aisle-less nave is covered with three plain cupolas on pointed arches; in the middle rises the greater cupola which is seen outside, thickly lighted by windows, making a noble lantern, while the smaller cupolas are unpierced. Only the windows in the cardinal faces are original; the others were cut through in the seventeenth century; but they fit in wonderfully well. In the north transept, with its arches behind arches, we see clearly how far the tower is from occupying the whole southern limb. Here and in the mid-cupola height comes out; in the nave we hardly feel its absence, but the east-end seems painfully low; we do not remember that it is so in the domical churches generally; but then we try to call up any on a large scale, Saint Front is new,

*La Cité* is square-ended, Cahors has been altogether recast.

When we have done with Saint Peter's, there is not much to see at Angoulême in the way of churches. Saint Andrew's keeps a low local barrel-vaulted nave, and a later and taller choir, with a flat east end. As it has windows of good tracery, it does not look amiss outside; but within it is in the very vilest French style, with those horrible discontinuous imposts which look, as Dr. Whewell said—or was it Professor Willis?—as if they had been run into them when they were soft. But the most curious thing is the tower, one of those late towers, of which we have mentioned some, which have caught the notion of Romanesque, which look like Romanesque at a distance; when we come near, we see that the round-headed windows have quite late details.

The counts of Angoulême, like other princes and lords, had their castle, and a fine castle it was, within and without, in 1856. There was the great round tower and the great polygonal tower, and smaller towers of each shape, with corbel-tables and roofs, making altogether a goodly mass of picturesque grouping. Between 1856 and 1886 a modern architect was let loose upon the old fortress; he pulled down the main part; but he kept the two great towers, and worked them into a modern town-hall. After all that he has pulled down, and all that he has set up, in church and castle, M. Abadie—such is his name—seems to be looked on as quite a great man.

We would fain here have more to say about

Angoumois the land as well as about Angoulême the city. So we hoped to have done; but the fates were against us. We had to hurry by a crowd of attractive places, all marked down for study, and to make no halt between Angoulême and Paris, save where at Blois Saint Nicolas, once Saint Laumer, has the most northern of cupolas beneath its mid-tower, and where the castle of a crowd of Stephens and Theobalds who have a place in Norman and English history has grown into the mighty murdering-house of the later Valois.

THE END.

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